

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

JUNE 1909 · FIFTEEN CENTS



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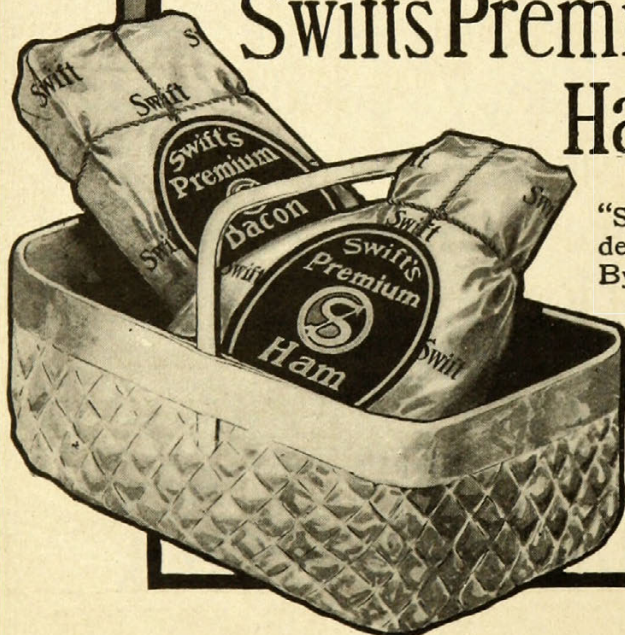
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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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while I am standing in this position with one shoulder higher than the other. See how the sliding cord in the back has equalized the strain. I don't feel my suspenders at all, no matter how I reach, stretch or stoop. And you should be just as unconscious of your suspenders. Don't make yourself uncomfortable by

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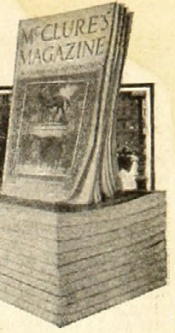
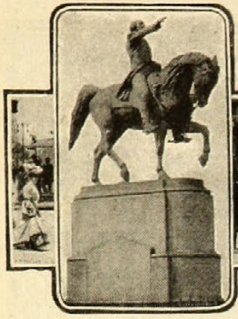
for whether you realize it or not they are binding your shoulders and pulling on your back all day long. And you know a business man ought to look out for his suspender comfort just as much as the man who exercises violently. You will never appreciate what real suspender comfort is until you try a pair of

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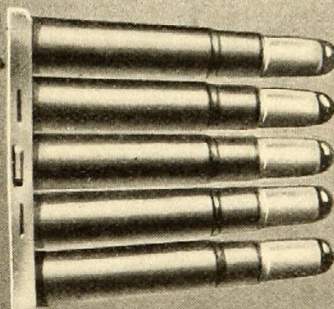
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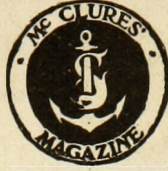


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MRS. FREMONT OLDER

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OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE

By ELEANOR STUART

THE story of a religious war, full of the lure of savage Africa.

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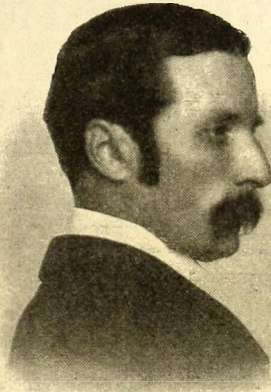
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By WILLIAM ARCHER

A RCHER, the great the first time. Perhaps only a English critic, after critic, internationally famous for three trips to this country to study the negro problem in the South, has written an article that only a man of his reputation would dare to write. There are vital aspects of the negro problem which have been tacitly ignored by writers in both the North and the South. It has taken an Englishman to state these difficulties for his sound judgment, penetration and fairness, could write upon a subject so serious and painful without incurring the charge of sensationalism.



WILLIAM ARCHER

Mr. Archer's article, according to those to whom it has been submitted, is the greatest contribution that any one man has made to the discussion of the negro problem, and it is safe to say that it will cause more talk than anything that has ever been written on the subject.

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By BURTON J. HENDRICK

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Bulletin of Doubleday, Page & Co.

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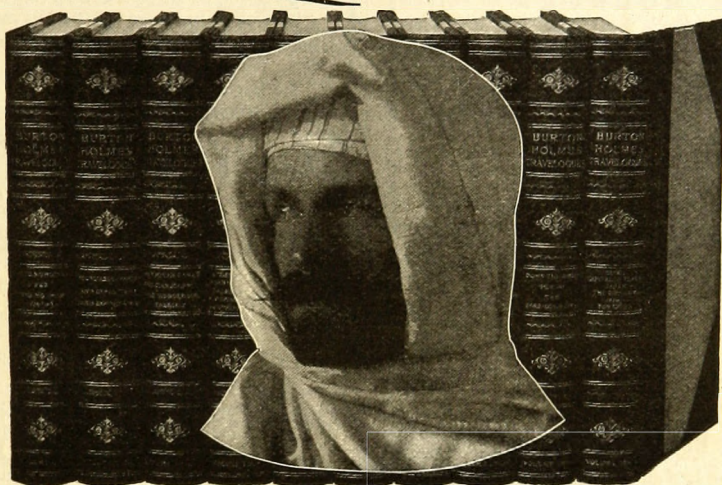
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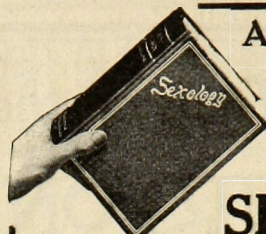
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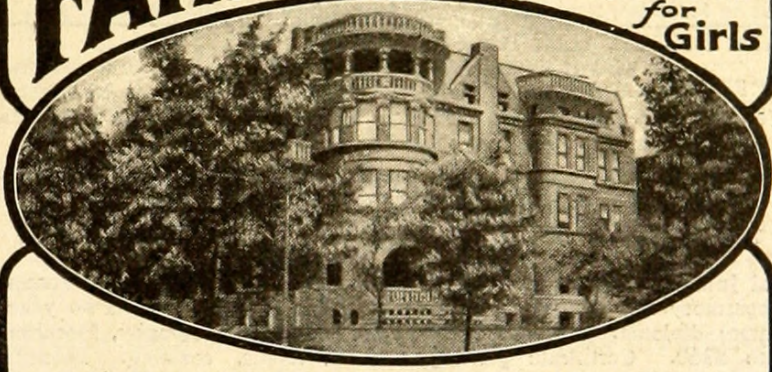
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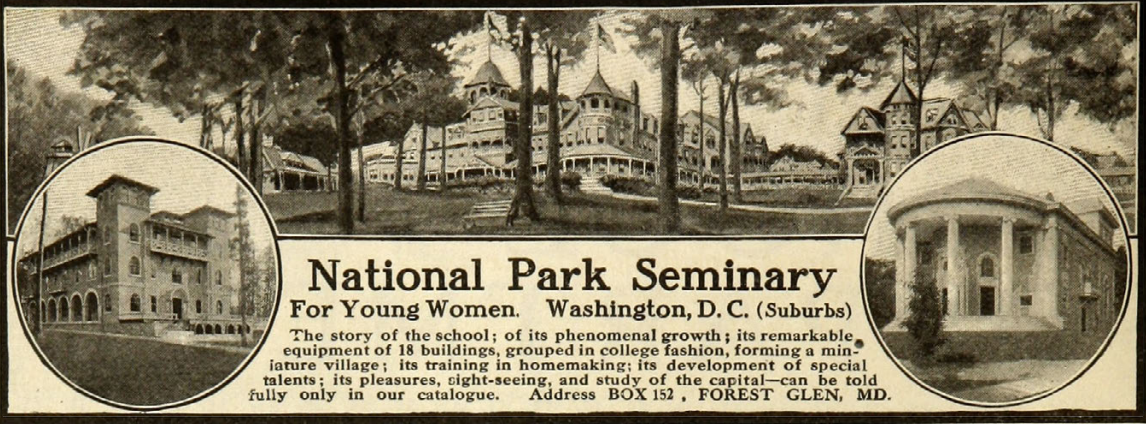
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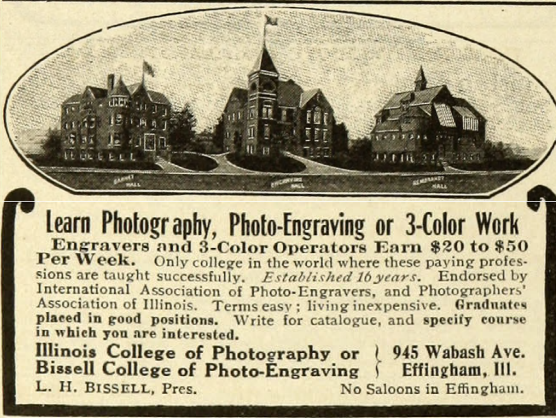
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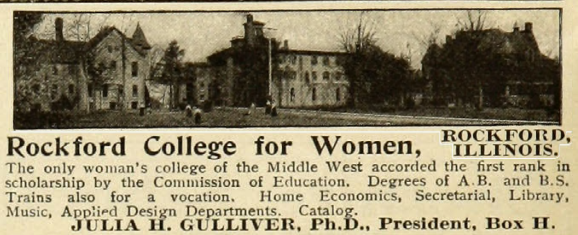
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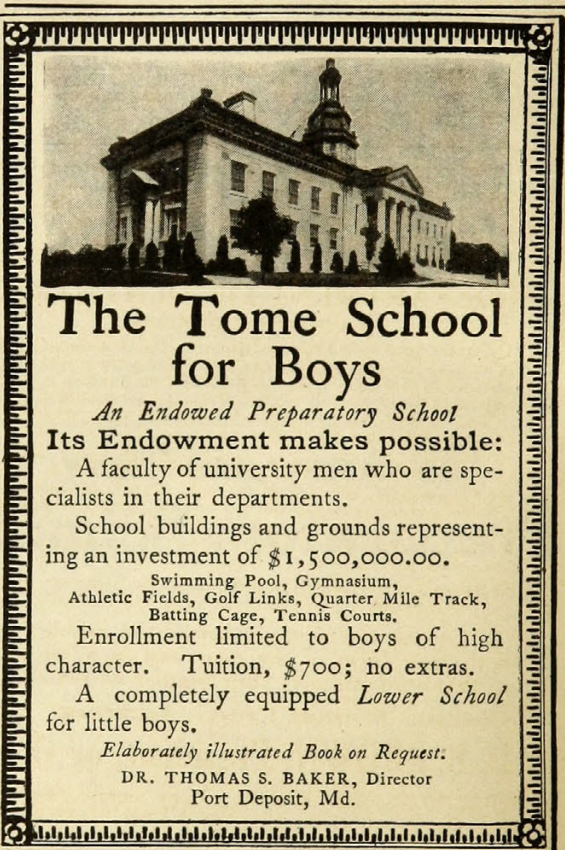
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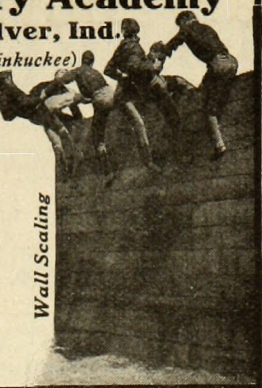
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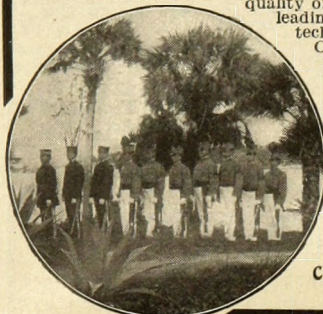
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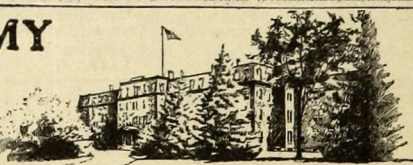
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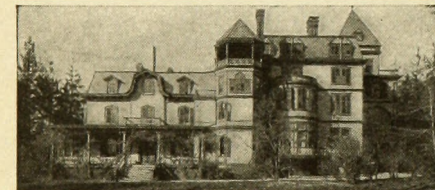
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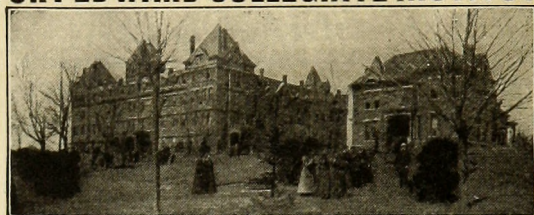
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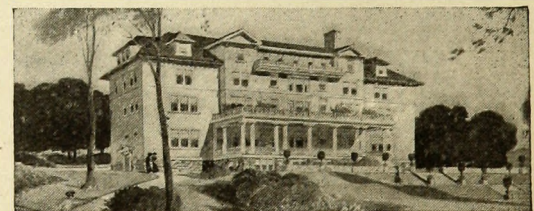
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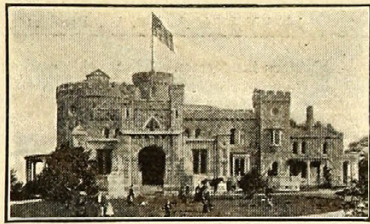
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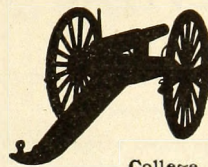
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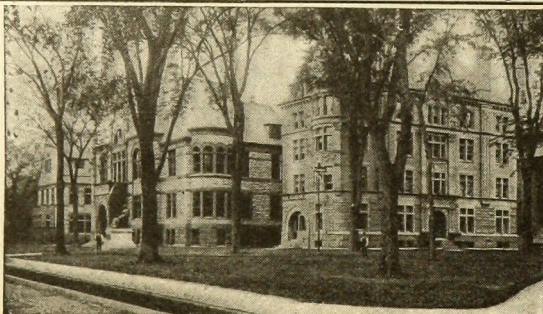
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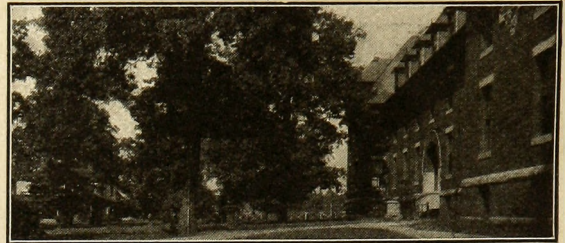
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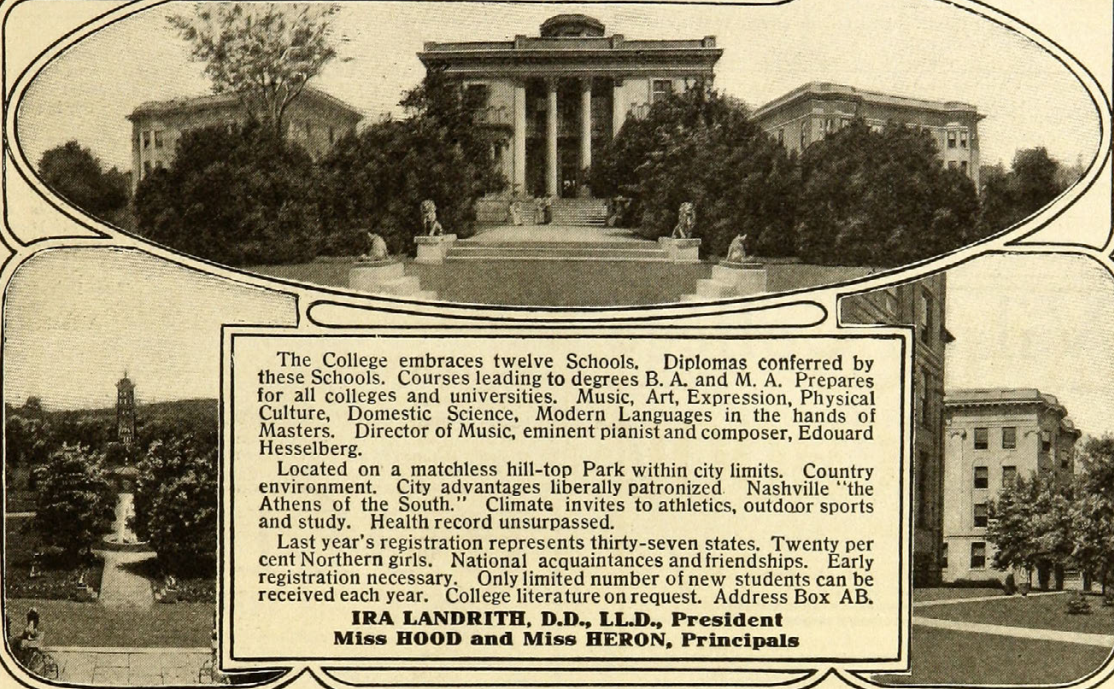
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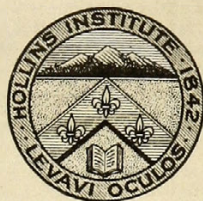
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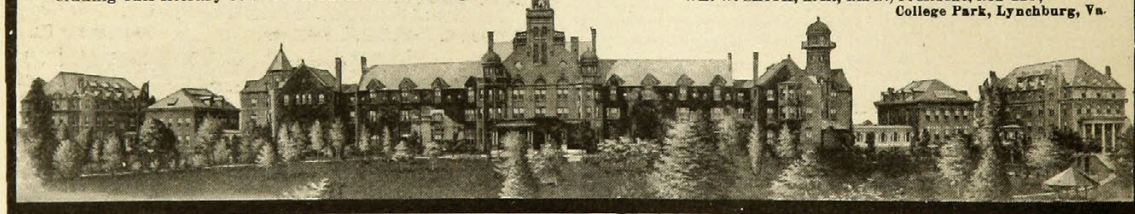
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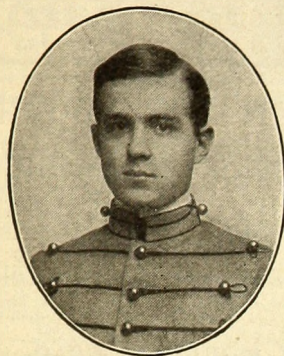
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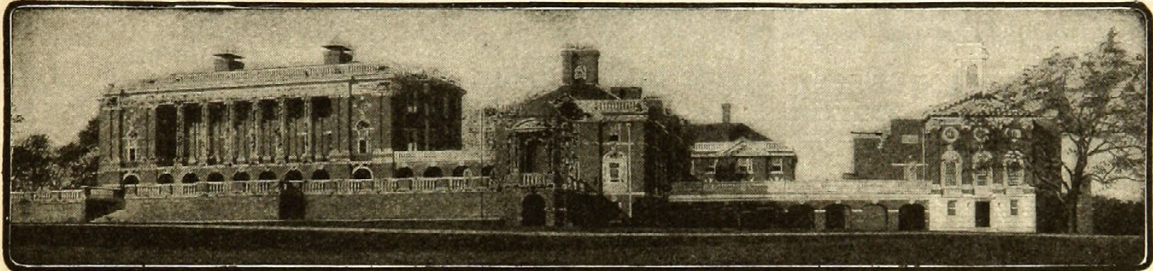
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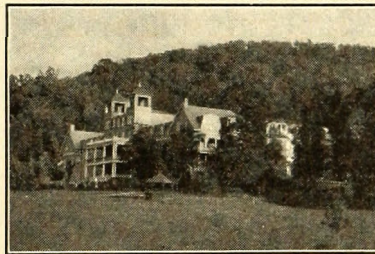
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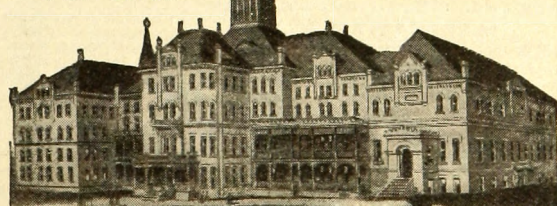
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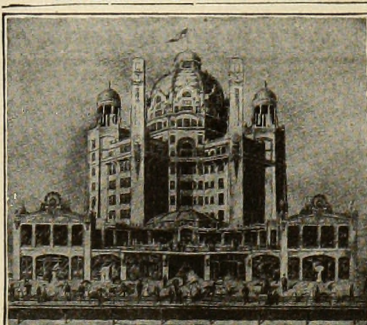
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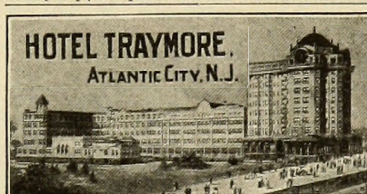
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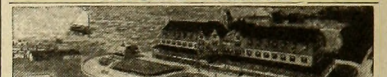
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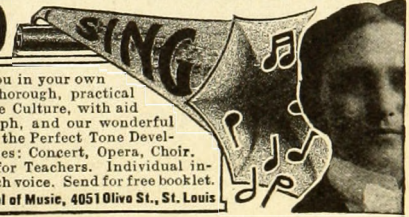
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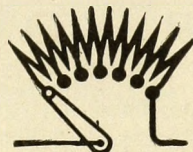
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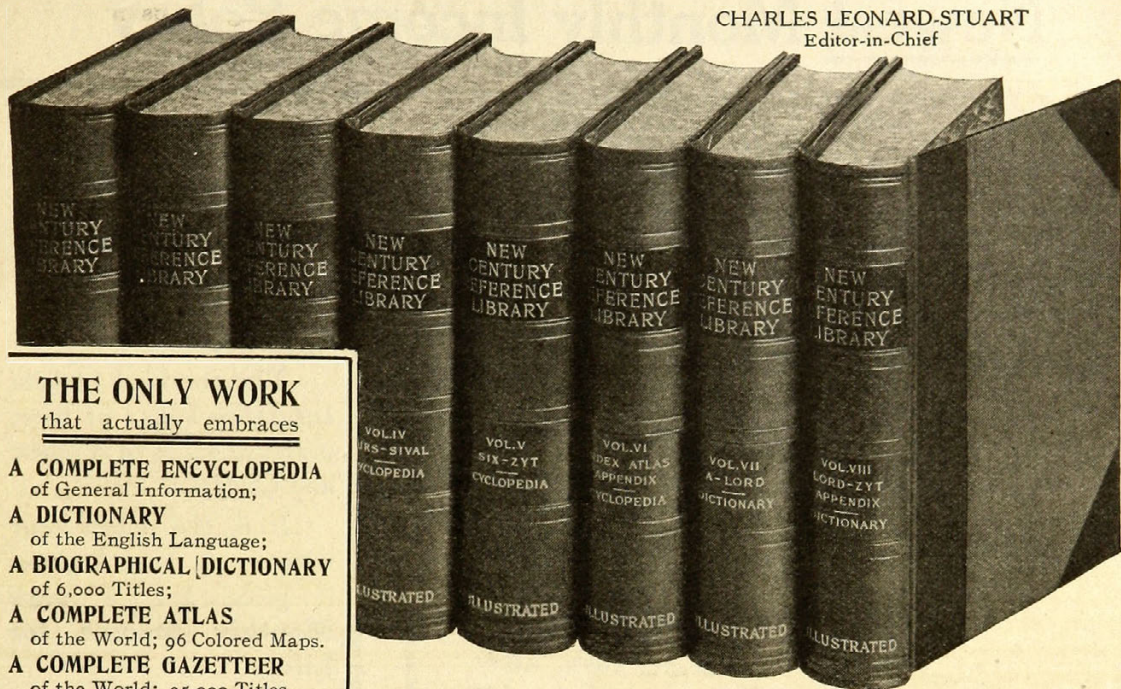
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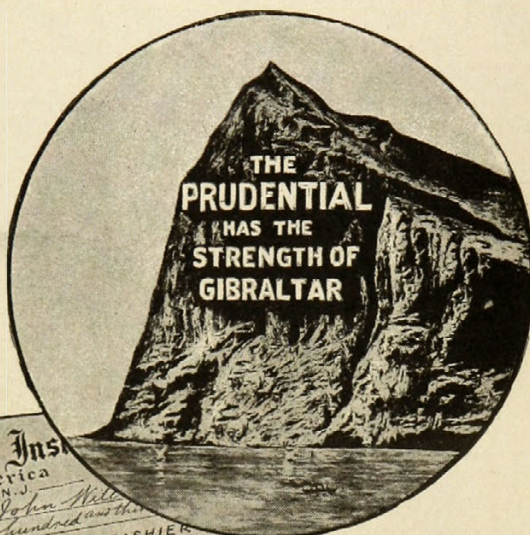
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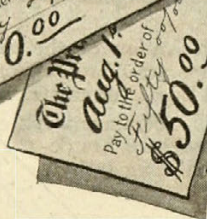
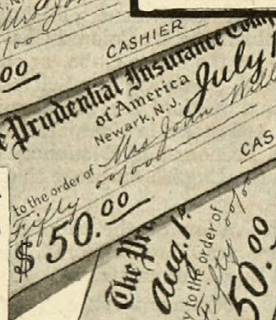
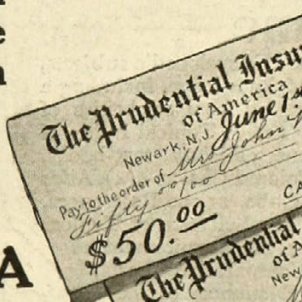
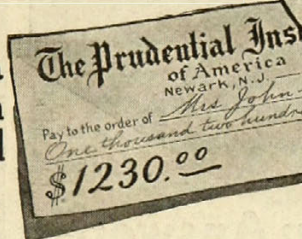
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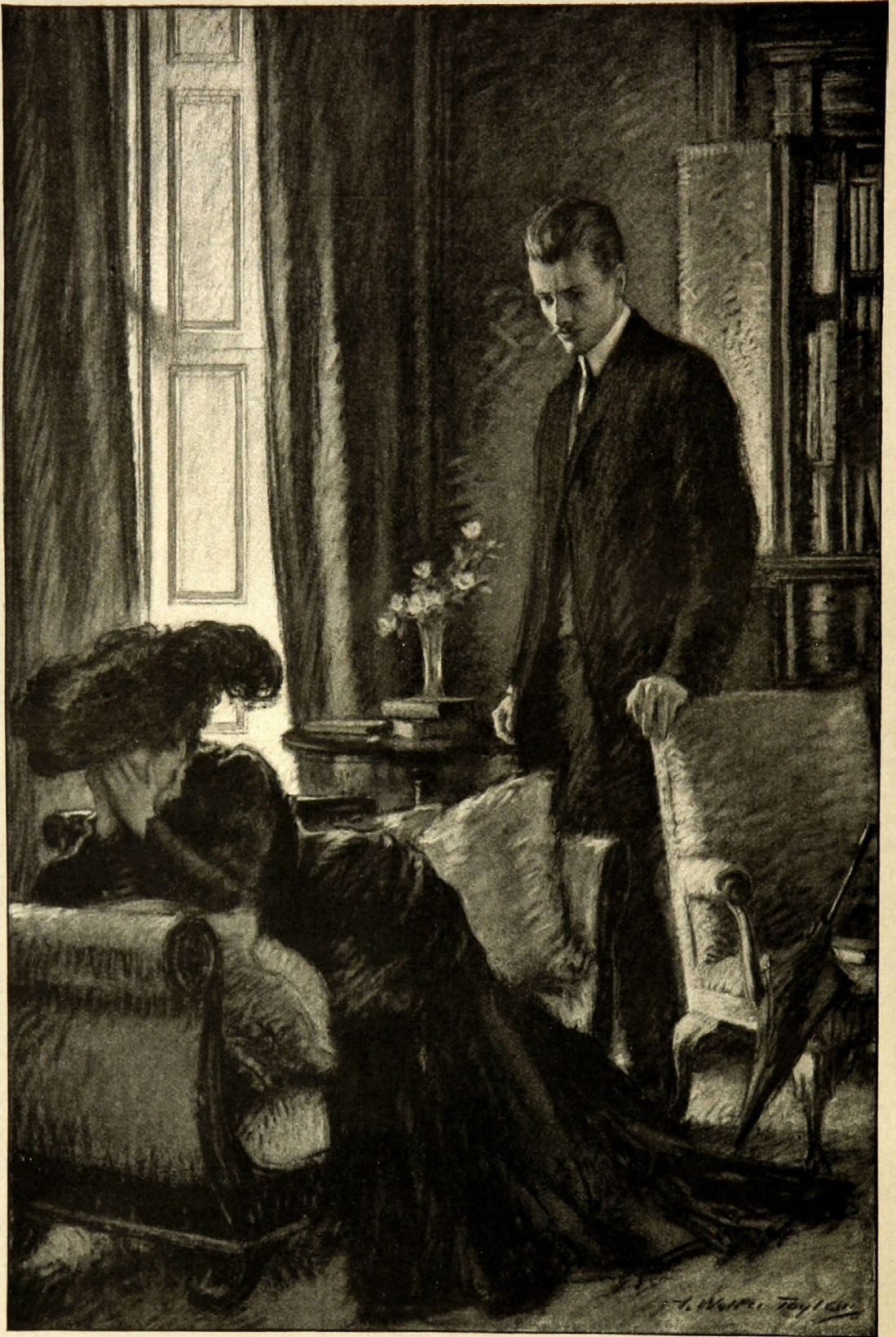


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See page 221

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII

JUNE, 1909

No. 2

TAMMANY'S CONTROL OF NEW YORK BY PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS

A STUDY OF A NEW PERIOD OF DECADENCE IN
THE POPULAR GOVERNMENT OF GREAT CITIES

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

AUTHOR OF "THE CITY OF CHICAGO," "GALVESTON: A BUSINESS CORPORATION," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

FROM 1870 to 1890 the Democratic party was in absolute and natural control of New York City. By reason of great changes in the population, its natural popular majority then left it. From 1894 to the present day — fifteen years — it has been in charge of New York two thirds of the time. In all of that period, with one doubtful exception, it has never had one majority of the popular vote at a city election that was not obtained through the votes of trained bands of "repeaters," composed largely of professional criminals. The history of this artificial control of a population of four million people and an annual expenditure of \$150,000,000, and its disastrous results, is striking and important.

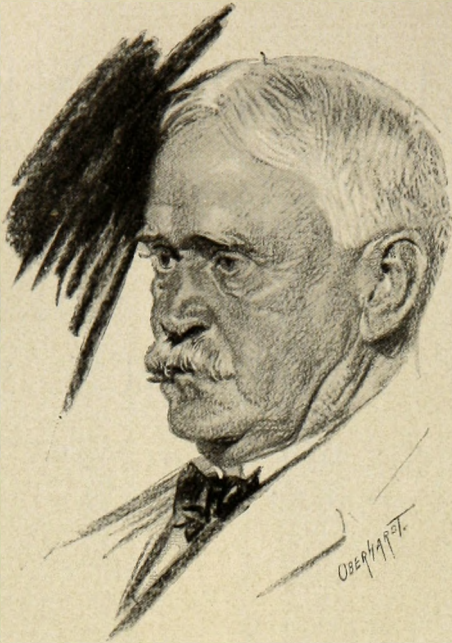
From the time of the immigration after the Great Famine up to 1880 the Irish peasants had lain in a solid mass from the East River to the Five Points. By 1880 there were 150,000 of them there. Just north of them lay the German peasants — 100,000 more; and farther north and west hundreds of thousands more of these immigrants and their children — new peoples, in a strange land, groping darkly with new and strange conditions of life. In all, the European immigrants and their sons and daughters made three quarters of the city. These people — not the little froth of life in gay hotels and theaters and on Broadway — made

the real New York — and make it still. For fifty years it has been a city of European peasants and their close descendants.

In the '80's the Irish slums on Cherry Hill and in the Five Points were as foul as any in the world. The population, after stewing in its tenements for thirty years, was down to the dregs — the weakest and the worst. Scores of tenement saloons, reeking "dead house" grogeries beneath the level of the sidewalks, and sailors' dance-halls, with names unspeakable, lined the streets; in every shadow bands of soft-fleshed young thieves — good, strong Irish peasant stock, rotted by the unhealthy city life — whistled and watched and waited for the drunken laborer reeling home by night. Out of this place twenty-five years ago came the most remarkable and probably the strongest politician in New York to-day.

A Charge and a Denial

In April, 1889, Inspector Thomas Byrnes, chief of detectives, who for fifteen years herded the criminal population of New York like sheep, asked the Legislature for a peremptory bill giving him power to arrest on sight all criminals whom he found in New York on the day of the Centennial celebration in May. After the bill had passed the Senate unanimously, he learned that it was being held up in the Assembly by a young slum politician



"BATTERY DAN" FINN, MAGISTRATE

and assemblyman who owned a chain of saloons through the Five Points and the Bowery. Inspector Byrnes then made this public statement:

"Timothy D. Sullivan, better known as 'Dry Dollar' Sullivan, associates in New York with thieves and disreputable citizens. Peter Barry, one of the leaders of the famous Whyo gang, was one of his boon companions. Barry is now serving seven years in State's Prison. Tommy McAveny, general thief, is another chum of Sullivan. Some time ago, when Tommy Nichols and John Clark were arrested for burglary, Sullivan tried his hardest to get Cottrell, one of my detectives, to make it light for them. Sullivan also associated with Johnny Hand, Danny Lyons, James, alias Figs, Lyons, and Dan Driscoll, hanged for murder, and dozens of other criminals."

The professional criminal of that time, as appears from the list of names in Byrnes' statement, was Irish; his specialty was thieving, burglary, or crimes of violence. He was the product of an unfortunate time and place, heedless, dissipated, and quite unorganized.

On the day after Byrnes had made these remarks, Sullivan arose on the floor of the Assembly and answered him, detailing his boyhood acquaintance with some of these criminals, and telling the story of his life. He said in part:

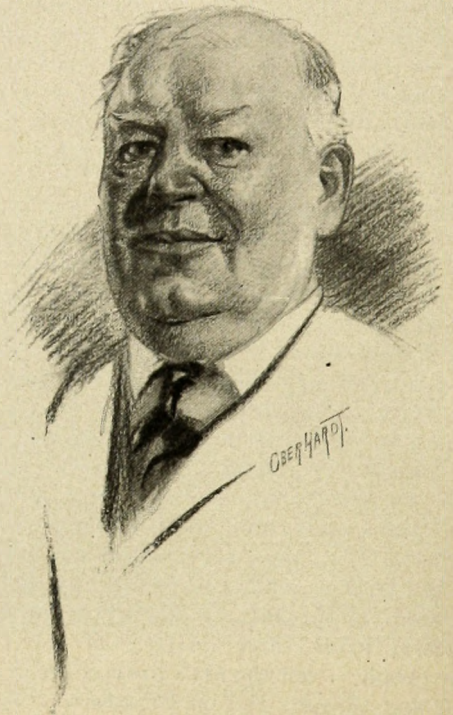
"If Mr. Cottrell or any other policeman says I ever approached him to make it light for any thief, he is a liar. If Inspector Byrnes says I did, he is a liar. . . . My father died when I was four years old, leaving me the second

youngest of four children. My mother struggled along as best she could, but when I was between six and seven years old, not quite seven, I had to go downtown and help to keep the rest of us together—sell newspapers and one thing and another. . . . I can prove that since I was seven years old until the day before I came to the Legislature, I never lost two days' work in my life. Now, I do not think I have had much time to associate with thieves."

Sullivan's speech, delivered with great earnestness in the hoarse vernacular of the Five Points, was a novelty, and made a deep impression upon the Assembly. Strong Republican members shed tears in open session. Byrnes merely reiterated his charges, and said succinctly: "He defends the only days of his life when he made an honest living."

A New Kind of Politics in New York

Sullivan's own district did not accept his statements as literally as did the members of the Legislature, partly, no doubt, because it was familiar with the ordinary daily duties of a slum politician, which ninety per cent. of the members of the Legislature did not dream of. The constituents of these men are not interested in the tax rate, for they have no property. Hundreds of them in the course of each year face the sharp necessity of evading or escaping the penalties of the law. The local politician is the one who must negotiate this. The only



SHERIFF FOLEY

question is how far he will go in doing it. In the '80's the professional thief was not generally thought of sufficient consequence to work for.

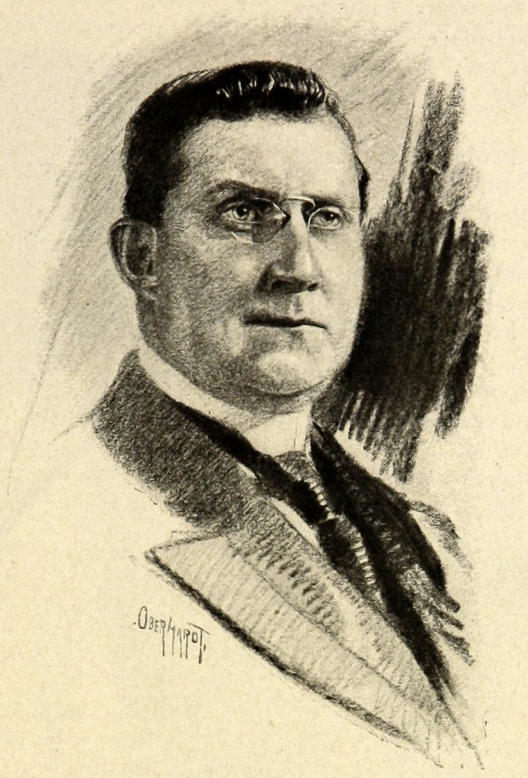
Sullivan represented most directly his own election district at Five Points, at that time perhaps the worst slum in the world. His chief saloon was opposite the Tombs Police Court. Policemen and court officials were in and out of it, and one of the clerks of the court was said to be a silent partner in the enterprise. The Five Points grinned at Sullivan's speech in the Legislature and were much pleased. It is familiar in the Bowery to-day. An old member of the Whyo gang of criminals, with whom Sullivan associated as a child, said less than three months ago:

"There was a new kind of politics started in New York with that speech. The politicians seen right after that that the man who was ready to come out and take a chance for us fellers would get the votes."

Tammany Hall Loses New York

The real government of New York was then, as it has been a large part of the time ever since, in the hands of the Democratic organization of Tammany Hall. This body is governed by the thirty-five leaders elected by the Democrats of the Assembly districts of Manhattan and the Bronx. Each of these Assembly districts contains from 40,000 to 80,000 inhabitants—a good-sized city in itself. They are subdivided into election districts, in charge of the election district leaders, who get out the vote. In 1892 "Dry Dollar" Sullivan carried for Cleveland every vote but four out of 392 in his election district. In December Croker promoted him to be leader of the Bowery Assembly district, just north and east of his old Five Points election district.

In 1894 a catastrophe overtook the Democratic party of New York. For the first time since the Civil War the city elected a Republican mayor. The overturn was attributed



CHARLES F. MURPHY, LEADER OF TAMMANY HALL

directly to the disclosures of police scandals by the Lexow investigation. But the real underlying cause was a deeper thing; a great racial change in the population of the city had turned against Tammany Hall the natural balance of voting power by which the Democratic party had held the city.

From 1870 to 1890 two thirds of the voters of New York City were Irish and German peasants and their sons—persons who had never before been under a free representative government. The chief social centers of these two peoples were liquor saloons; and the owners of these saloons, who handled their votes,—first for American

manipulators and political criminals like Tweed, and later for themselves,—delivered them in mass to the Democratic party. That party could split in two in the '70's and '80's and still carry the city.

But beginning with the '80's the great Jewish and Italian immigration, which has overwhelmed the two earlier races, began to pour into the city. These people, especially the acute and intelligent Jew, could not be handled by the old-time brutal, saloon-keeping Irish politician. The natural rule of the Democratic party in New York had come to an end. Tammany Hall, from that time on, was compelled to resort to an entirely artificial method of control. To do this it merely developed further the system of fraudulent voting by "repeaters"—men who vote repeatedly on false names—which the Democratic party had used for forty years in State and national elections, and in local contests between themselves. The new development of this came in the Bowery.

The Criminal Metropolis of America

The Bowery, when "Dry Dollar" Sullivan became its leader, was not a successful Democratic Assembly district. Its chief underlying business was then, as now, the furnishing of liquor, prostitution, clothes, and lodging for vagrants, thieves, and rough transient laborers.

In the early '90's it had the worn, hang-dog aspect natural to market-places of this kind. In the middle of the '90's, however, all this changed. The Bowery had organized politically.

This organization was in two main divisions. The head gamblers and the merchants of prostitution, then, as now, were election district captains, who brought out the vote; and the vagrants, minor gamblers, and thieves furnished the voting "repeaters." The Bowery Assembly district was very soon the banner Democratic district of New York. Its peculiar business interests grew in direct proportion to its vote. Customers were robbed and assaulted boldly in its saloon market-places of prostitution. Western gamblers and swindlers commenced to



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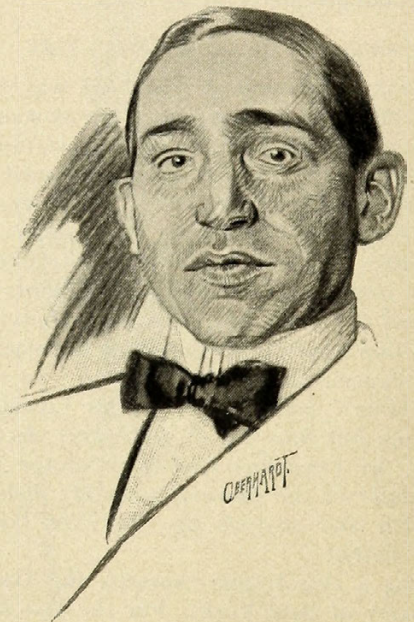
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work. Two men with thieves' names dropped in from other cities and established national headquarters for yegg burglars,—the most dangerous criminals of the present time,—who were then just coming into prominence. These men, it was found, made especially good "repeaters." The Eagles, a great national organization of sporting men, bartenders, politicians, thieves, and professional beggars, made Sullivan their head. And the Bowery became the recognized metropolis of American criminals, as it is to-day.

The New Politician from the Red Light District

About the same time another population of criminals was learning the lesson of political self-government. The stream of Jewish immi-

gration, which started in the '80's, had concentrated itself upon the district just east of the Bowery, driving first the German and then the Irish inhabitants before it. In this new Oriental population were tens of thousands of adult males who were unmarried or had left their families abroad. A great opportunity offered itself for supplying this section with



PAUL KELLY

FIRST LEADER OF THE ORGANIZED ITALIAN CRIMINALS

fifty-cent prostitution — which was taken up first by the region about the Bowery, and later by the members of the new population themselves. Once having entered into this business, Jewish commercial acumen developed it to great proportions. Starting in a small way in the late '80's, it grew until at its height a decade later at least three or four thousand men and women were engaged in it. By this time the place was notorious across the world as the Red Light district.

This Red Light district brought a new and very important Democratic politician into New York — the pimp, or retailer of women, who grew up in this district in numbers undreamed of in the previous history of the city. The active Tammany managers of this — the Eighth — district were large operators in the sale of prostitution. An organization of criminals, like that in the Bowery district, conducted the "repeating" and intimidation of voters at the polls. These men were in three separate groups — the pimps, led by a saloon-keeper, now an election district captain in the Eighth Assembly District; the gamblers, led by a gambler and ex-thief named Sonny Smith; and the thieves, led by a thief named Lollie Myers, now in Sing Sing. These gangs were used, at first, fully as much for the intimidation of the Jewish voter as for "repeating." The Jew makes the most alert and intelligent citizen of all the great immigrant races that have populated New York. He was a city dweller before the hairy Anglo-Saxon came up out of the woods, and every fall the East Side resolves itself into one great clamorous political debating society. In spite of all the efforts of the organized Jewish criminals in this district, it repeatedly gave a slight Republican plurality.

But if the Jewish criminals were not able to carry their district politically, they were by no means refused the reward for their services

through Tammany influence. Their organization for the defeat of justice, called the Essex Market Court gang, was one of the chief scandals of the Lexow investigation. Its headquarters were in a saloon — operated first by a Jew who called himself "Silver Dollar" Smith, and later by Martin Engel, the leader of the district — which was situated opposite this court in much the same relative position as that of "Dry Dollar" Sullivan's old saloon to the

Tombs Court. Here Sullivan appeared again. He was one of the strong political friends of the leaders in this district, and was publicly advertised as the vice-president of the Max Hockstim Association, the society of politicians, pimps, and thieves which was the leading social and political organization there.

Out of the Bowery and Red Light districts had come the new development in New York politics — the great voting power of the organized criminals. It was a notable development, not only for New York, but for the country at large. And no part of it was more noteworthy than the appearance of the Jewish pimp, a product of New York politics, who has vitiated, more

than any other single agency, the moral life of the great cities of America in the past ten years.

The New Criminal Moves Out on the City

In 1898 Brooklyn, with a tendency toward Republican pluralities, was incorporated into New York City. In 1898 a Republican Legislature appointed a metropolitan election board to enforce against election "repeaters" new laws directed against the vagrant and the loafer; and under these laws that class of "repeating" has ever since been continuously cut down. In 1901 and 1902 the professional gamblers, who numbered as high as eight and ten thousand men at times during the Van Wyck administration, were thrown out of business by a reform movement. Thus Tammany



"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN

Hall, having already lost her natural control of New York City, was now deprived to a great extent of both her oldest and her cleverest classes of "repeaters." At this time the new schools in the Bowery and Red Light Assembly districts, which trained criminals as "repeaters," assumed the great importance to the Democratic party that they have to-day.

Criminal life has its history — however unlikely this may seem from the stereotyped middle-class view-point — as certainly as any other rank in society. The Irish professional criminal — the bold and ugly burglar of the '80's — was already decadent in the late '90's. But the two new political criminal districts were made nurseries in crime for the children of the two new races of immigrants — the Eighth for the Jews, and the Bowery district for the Italians. The young children of these peoples were given primary criminal instruction, in many cases by the old Irish criminal. Little boys of ten and twelve were carefully trained as pickpockets in the Jewish district; and little girls of thirteen and fifteen started as prostitutes. Out of this training developed the two racial gangs of professional criminals that have replaced the earlier Irish type — the great East Side band of Jewish pimps and thieves and pickpockets, and the great Italian band of cutthroats and pimps who have their headquarters to-day in Chatham Square and in Harlem. Out of these two political-criminal gangs, with the various members of other races that have been absorbed by them, has come two thirds of the professional crime that has so alarmed the city of New York. In many ways these gangs stand in the same relation to New York as the notorious Apaches, composed of almost exactly the same kind of criminals, do to Paris.

"When times are right," said a criminal a few months ago, "they go out every afternoon, just like mechanics goin' to work."

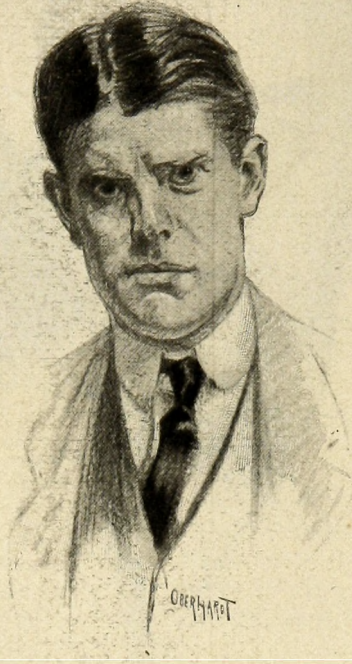
At about the opening of Mayor Van Wyck's administration in 1898, the big body of East Side criminals began to push its operations out of the comparatively bare field of the Jewish district. This was already badly overworked by the young thieves who swarmed on Grand and Hester streets, where even street-car conductors

were trained pickpockets. So, with the return of Tammany Hall, the pickpockets one by one made their entrance into the rich general field in the Sixth Avenue shopping district. The more aggressive pimps placed their women in the rich general market-place of the West Side, notorious across the world as the Tenderloin, and in the large markets about Fourteenth Street, operated by active Democratic political workers in the vicinity of Tammany Hall.

The Forming of the Great East Side Gang

In 1901 popular disapprobation of the method of conducting the business of the Red Light district made it good politics for Tammany Hall to make changes there. Florence Sullivan, a manager of some of Timothy D. Sullivan's enterprises, was made leader of the Eighth Assembly District in place of Martin Engel. Mr. Engel retired from politics, and has not since been active in the politics of the district or the City. A new trend now developed on the East Side.

About 1898 there drifted into the district from the section of Corlear's Hook on the East River, long famous for Irish gangs of thieves and river pirates, a young Irishman, with a monkey-like face, who became known as "Monk" Eastman. He was a pimp, a thief, and a trainer and manager of young Jewish pickpockets. He had a staff



JUDGE "FREDDY" KERNOCHAN

of them, whom he sent out over the city to steal. In a similar way, he sent out decoy pigeons trained to lure the flocks of the East Side to his premises. He was also an ugly fighter, and not afraid to use a revolver — an accomplishment less common then than at the present time.

Before the election in the fall of 1901, in the Eighth District word was sent out to all the criminal population of the East Side that "Monk" Eastman was the sole leader of the election "repeaters," that every criminal was expected to be out early on election day and do his part, and that in return the politicians would stand for "anything but murder" from the criminals. At six o'clock election morning there were from ten to fifteen "repeaters" in line at every election booth in the district. That year the Democrats lost, but they never lost again.

From that time on the real history of the

great East Side gang really began. It was something entirely new in the history of the city. Criminally considered, it was not a gang at all, like the old Irish gang, but a series of gangs. Yet the members of this series were bound together as a whole, generally with one leader. The reason was entirely political. The leader was the go-between — who offered votes to the politician, and who offered political protection in time of trouble to the criminal. The time had come, as an old criminal expressed it, when "the gang needed the politician, and the politician must have the gang."

"Monk" Eastman, Political Bandit

"Monk" Eastman was the first general leader of the East Side gang. He was first the agent who in times of need could always be appealed to by the criminal for political influence with the police or courts. In addition, he established himself, with a few followers, as a sort of licensed bandit on the East Side. He compelled thieves, gamblers, and operators of disorderly houses to pay him a share of their profits. He also furnished for hire small gangs of "strong-arm" men — to employers for assaulting strikers, to unions for assaulting "scabs," and to individuals to punish private grievances. He was arrested dozens of times — once for murder, and frequently for serious assault; but he always escaped. In July, 1903, when arrested on the charge — which first gave him general city-wide notoriety — of having led a band of hired thugs in brutally assaulting a coachman of David Lamar, at Long Branch, New Jersey, he exclaimed to the policeman taking him:

"You're arresting me, huh? Say, you want to look where you're goin'. I cut some ice in this town. I made half the big politicians of New York."

A State senator, "Tom" Grady, defended Eastman, and he was acquitted, as usual. But in April of 1904 he was arrested for robbery and shooting at officers in the great city highway of Forty-second Street, and the evidence was such that he was sent to prison for ten years. He had relied once too often upon his political influence.

The Life and Murder of "Kid" Twist

Eastman was succeeded as chief of the East Side criminals by a much more acute leader — a hatchet-faced young Jew called "Kid" Twist. Eastman could be counted upon for some four or five hundred "repeaters." Twist could easily raise double that number — each man being good for from five to ten votes at election time, and from ten to twenty at primaries.

Under Twist the East Side gang assumed its present position — the strongest in New York.

Twist organized the tribute from the district on a calm, cold-blooded business basis, one particular stroke of commercial genius being to compel all the small refreshment and confectionery stores of the district to buy a so-called celery tonic, which he manufactured. Those refusing his demands he punished by breaking up their establishments, and — according to well-settled general belief on the East Side — by murdering them. At least two murders on the East Side are taken for granted, by every one familiar with conditions, to have been directed by him, though probably carried out by a lieutenant. He was arrested for both of these murders and for dozens of other offenses, but, like Eastman, was always discharged. After ruling for four years, without one practical interference by the law, he was finally executed, according to the unwritten law of the criminal gangs, on May of a year ago. He and his lieutenant, "Cyclone Lewis," were shot and killed at Coney Island by Louis Poggi, a member of the Italian Five Points gang located south and west of the Bowery. Twist is believed, by those in a position to know, to have left a fortune of from \$50,000 to \$100,000 accumulated during his leadership by his careful business management. Such things as this occur in a city like New York only through a political license to commit crime.

Tammany and the Black Hand

Sometime last year, a few months before the killing of Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino of the New York police force by so-called "Black Hand" criminals in Italy, a skilled Italian criminologist was brought to New York to study the question of Italian crime in this city. This man made a report on the subject to Professor J. W. Jenks, a member of the special immigration commission now working under Congressional authority. In this report he said:

"Another thing that must be considered is that many of the most desperate Italian criminals, after living in America a short time, associate themselves with some political gang, for which they do work and receive in exchange unlimited protection. I have heard very often, in the case of a narrow escape from a criminal conviction: 'Nothing doing against him. He is a Tammany man.' The infamous Paul Kelly and Jim Kelly, notorious gang leaders on the lower East Side, are Italians associated with political gangs, and prove this assertion."

The Italian criminal gang sprang up — as did the Jewish — in connection with the development of a large new market for prostitution.

The great Italian immigration had established in New York City by 1901 a population of some 250,000 persons of the peasant laboring class, including the second generation. Eighty per cent. of these immigrants were males. The great centers of this population were in the tenement section, in "Dry Dollar" Sullivan's Assembly district, just east of the Bowery, and in the old-time Irish Second Assembly District just south. A large business in Italian prostitution was started in Sullivan's district. In this the young second-generation Italian criminal developed along somewhat different lines from the Jewish criminal in the Red Light district. The Italian tended toward rougher crime than the Jew — such as robbery by violence and threats of violence.

In the last of the '90's a young Italian named Antonio Vaccarelli made a reputation in a small way as a prize-fighter. After the common custom of both the Italian and Jew of his class, he assumed an Irish name — Paul Kelly. This man was interested to some extent in the sale of prostitution. He made his headquarters in various disorderly places in the Italian criminal section east of the Bowery, and secured a large following of young Italians from the Italian criminal section, by forming so-called athletic clubs, which gave disreputable dances. In a short time Kelly became the leader of the Italian criminal and semi-criminal class in the Sullivan district, and was capable of getting out a considerable number of "repeaters."

The Red Lights Come into the Fourth Ward

The first marked triumph of the gang of Italian "repeaters" came in the fall of 1901, when Tom Foley, now sheriff of New York, decided to run against Paddy Divver, the old-time saloon-keeping Tammany leader of the Second Assembly District. Foley was vigorously backed by Big Tim Sullivan. The issue made by Divver was expressed on banners hung across the streets of the district:

"Don't vote the Red Lights into the old Fourth Ward."

The Second Assembly District primary of September 17, 1901, is famous as one of the most savage political fights in the barbaric political history of the Democratic party of New York. It was the last stand of the old-time type of Irish peasant saloon-keeping leader in the old Irish immigrant stronghold of New York. The old order was overwhelmed by the new. The new "repeaters"—largely young Italian criminals—swarmed over the line from the Sullivan Bowery district. The polls opened in the afternoon; as early as two o'clock in the morning the lines of the in-

vaders formed before the polling places. They were thoroughly drilled. A regular commissary department furnished them with breakfast and luncheon, whisky, cigars, and even benches to sit on. The old-time Irish residents and "repeaters" howled with impotent rage. They were outnumbered, held back from the polls, and in many instances calmly blackjacked. The police did not interfere. And the final vote was over three to one for Foley. Soon after this the prophecy of the Divver banners was fulfilled. A large business in fifty-cent prostitution for Italians was started in the Second Assembly District, employing from 750 to 1000 women. There had been a market for sailors in this section — rough, drunken, hardened women hanging over half doors. This was falling away with the dying of the trade of the old clipper ships. The new institutions were different; nothing disorderly; merely the slight and pathetic figure of a shawled Italian girl standing in the doorway of rickety old-time brick residences.

The Rise and Abdication of Paul Kelly

Immediately after the success of the Foley-Divver primaries in the Second Assembly District, Paul Kelly, the leader of the Italian gang, was arrested for assaulting and robbing a man on the street. The case was so flagrant that his discharge could not be effected; but it was so manipulated before it came to sentence that for an offense that should have cost him from ten to twenty years, Kelly got nine months. Recorder Goff, in sentencing him, said:

"The conduct of the police in this case was shameful. They discharged the defendant in the face of all the facts. It shows an absence of honesty and good faith on the part of the police. It was not until you [Kelly] had committed another assault that they were shamed into making an arrest. You should have been convicted of highway robbery. Instead you were convicted of assault only."

Kelly, at the end of his brief sentence, started in earnest to build up his Paul Kelly Association. This included not only thieves and pimps, but occasional criminals in such rough laboring classes as the teamsters. It had branches in Harlem and New Jersey, and at one time Kelly claimed to have two thousand members. This was no doubt an exaggeration, but at the height of his power Kelly could unquestionably furnish a thousand "repeaters" in cases of emergency. Kelly pointed with pride to the fact that Timothy D. Sullivan — "the Big Feller," as he was now generally called — was an honorary member of this association.

Meanwhile, Kelly received sufficient financial backing to obtain and operate a vile saloon on Great Jones Street just west of the Bowery, probably the most notorious place in the city at that time. He ruled the gang from here until 1905, when dissension arose in his following, and the southern end of it split off entirely and formed the Five Points gang, with rendezvous in Foley's Assembly district. Two attempts were made to kill Kelly on two consecutive nights in the last of November, evidently by the seceders. In the first, "Eat-'em-up" McManus, Kelly's "bouncer," was murdered, and in the second a youth named Harrington—the latter in Kelly's saloon. A patrolman, passing on his rounds in the early morning, when the place was usually full of light and noise, saw it dark and deserted. He entered it, and found the legs of the dead man sticking out of a closet. The only semblances of life in the big silent room were a lurking cat, a loud-ticking clock, and the usual huge portrait of "the Big Feller"—which appears like a bland heathen divinity on the walls of all the Bowery dives—glooming out into the dark.

Kelly's place was closed immediately after this by direct orders of William McAdoo, the Commissioner of Police. He moved his enterprises to the Little Italy colony in Harlem, which had now reached great size, and his power over the Italian gang in the southern end of the city was split up between the various leaders of the notorious Five Points gang—Jack Sorocco, Chick Tricker, Jimmy Kelly, and others, whose saloons have taken the place of Paul Kelly's as headquarters for the election "repeaters," and as most notorious market-places for vice.

A New Spectacle in Popular Government

This is the history, roughly outlined, of the two great tribes of criminals who furnish the nucleus for the gangs of trained "repeaters," with which the element now ruling Tammany Hall controls the city of New York. These two gangs could probably not furnish at best over 2500 "repeaters," or 20,000 illegal votes, at the most strenuous election; while Tammany undoubtedly gets 50,000. The old method of voting the zealous officeholder, or the venturesome vagrant, or saloon dependent, or such gamblers as are still at work or hope to get to work in the city, is naturally still in operation to a considerable extent. There are plenty of other smaller gangs of "repeaters," too,—like the Irish gang of "Humpty" Jackson in the East Side district of Charlie Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall; and the similar gang in the Irish tenement district on the West Side; and

the large gangs of inter-State "repeaters" brought in from New Jersey and Philadelphia. But all of these—local and foreign—gravitate naturally toward the rendezvous of the two great local gangs below Fourteenth Street, the recognized centers of both the criminal and the illegal voting population of New York and its vicinity.

No stranger spectacle has ever appeared than the present organization of this criminal population of New York as professional fraudulent voters. The two thirds of a million registered votes of the city are divided so closely along conventional party lines that only a slight balance is needed to secure control of the government. This balance is furnished by these organized criminals, trained to manufacture fraudulent votes at elections and primaries. And by this means not only the city but the party organization is held in absolute control. The government of the second largest city in the world, when the system is in full working order, depends at bottom upon the will of the criminal population—principally thieves and pimps. The eighteenth-century governments founded on mercenary troops offer mild examples of social decadence compared with this.

The Fine Art of "Repeating"

The work of these "repeaters" is done on a most elaborate and careful system. If they are captured and convicted, they are sent to prison. So, in the first place, they can be voted only in very strong Democratic districts, where the Republican half of the election officials are weak or complaisant. To insure absolute freedom, in several of the Assembly districts of Manhattan the Republican district organization is elected by Democratic "repeaters." And in all of the so-called "gorilla" districts there are specialists, sometimes election district captains and sometimes not, who make it their business to negotiate for this vote, plan its schedules, and see that individuals arrested at the polls are bailed and in every way protected from the law. Although thousands of "repeaters" are operating at the polls in Manhattan every year, the average annual number of persons convicted in election cases for the past nine years has been fifteen.

In general, registration or voting by "repeaters" proceeds along these lines: Between the heads of the Assembly district and the leaders of gangs, an estimate is made of the number of "repeaters" to be furnished. The "repeaters" are then gathered at some central place—often the Assembly district club-house—and sent out through the election districts in

squads of ten or twelve under a lieutenant. This lieutenant has some token or "high sign" — a peculiar button or a motion of the hand — to show to the election district captain. All business is transacted between these two men.

This voting proceeds on a regular schedule. In the morning the fictitious registration is usually voted, with those names of residents who have died, moved, or gone to jail that it has been possible to get past the Republican board of elections. In the afternoon there is a general clearing up of the registration that has not previously been voted on. There are innumerable stories of the boldness of these "repeaters." For instance:

Some years ago a middle-aged man, who is now an assemblyman from the East Side of New York, was standing in the line before an election booth, when he was startled to hear the man just ahead of him — a youth of some twenty years — demand a ballot in a familiar name.

"Here," said the assemblyman, "that's my father's name."

The husky youth turned, glaring down upon him, then kicked him sharply in the shins.

"Shut up, you fool," he said hoarsely, "don't you know your own father?" He then proceeded to vote.

The New Order in Tammany Hall

The advantage of having clean-cut, intelligent criminals ready "to take a chance" at beating the growing complexity of the election laws, was immediately apparent to men who had hitherto depended for this work upon the hazy-minded vagrant and drunkard. By 1902 every election district but one in the great East Side tenement section below Twenty-sixth Street — with its half million of population — was a so-called "gorilla" district. There were many new leaders. In 1900 William Sohmer, an old-time German leader, was replaced by a Jew named Julius Harburger, backed by the Sullivan interests, in the Tenth District; in 1901 Foley, assisted by Sullivan, beat the old-timer Divver in the Second District; Florence Sullivan succeeded Martin Engel in the Eighth; and Big Tim Sullivan was succeeded by his cousin, Little Tim, in the Sixth. In 1902 "Battery Dan" Finn succeeded the old-time Democrat, M. C. Murphy, in the First District — Italian "repeaters" from the Sullivan and Foley districts figuring largely in the primaries.

The allied leaders of the big "gorilla" districts were now the most powerful men in Tammany Hall. Not only were they furnishing the strong Democratic majorities to an organization that was famishing for votes, but

within the organization they themselves were men to be feared. The big gangs in their districts could and did swarm out and overwhelm the local gangs of other Tammany leaders who were displeasing to them. The matter came to a head in the fall of 1902, when Charlie Murphy, the present leader of Tammany Hall, was elected. The "gorilla" districts, including his own, held the balance of power that chose him. In the convention that elected him, his own district was denounced for sending out "repeaters" to carry another district against a leader who was the head of the opposition. A new management, founded definitely on the "repeating" criminal, had begun in Tammany Hall. The following year it voted itself again into control of the city.

The Mysterious "Big Feller"

It was at this time that Big Tim Sullivan began to take his present strange position in New York politics as the mysterious "Big Feller," looming up in the dusky background of the city's life; not connected in any direct way as manager of a Tammany district, yet probably the strongest politician in Tammany Hall, excepting none. His word is law to thousands; and his mere appearance on the street in company with a man establishes that man's credit and reputation solidly with the lower political world of New York. But usually he keeps himself aloof, sees few people, does business by word of mouth only, and is represented by half a dozen lieutenants, business and political. Only occasionally does his name come to the surface in the business world — connected with a chain of salacious theaters, with penny slot-machines, with moving-picture enterprises, with race-tracks. But whenever business is mentioned he quickly draws back out of public sight.

He never neglects the Bowery, however. Once a year, at Christmas time, he feeds and shoes the professional vagrant — "the poor, unfortunet fellers" — who, with the "unfortunet woman," forms the chief stock pathetic theme of the Bowery politician, as characteristic as the patter of the professional beggar. In the State Senate, where he now is, he introduces bills for a Columbus holiday, to the great pleasure of his Italian constituents; and bills to remove clubs and blackjacks from the police, in which the vagrants and criminals are much interested. He believes that local politics offer a larger field than national, having withdrawn voluntarily from Congress.

"There's nothing in this congressman business," he is reported to have observed on retiring. "They know 'em in Washington. The

people down there use 'em as hitchin'-posts. Every time they see a congressman on the street they tie their horses to him."

The Chief Issue in New York Elections

In 1897 Tammany had won the election of the first administration of Greater New York by the foolish splitting of the anti-Tammany forces; in 1901 she was beaten by Fusion; in 1903 she elected McClellan by a 63,000 majority. The chief issue in 1903, as in every election in New York, with one exception, for the past fifteen years, was whether there should be a "wide-open town"—that is, whether vice and profitable crime should be allowed in the city. The criminal interests, which worked vigorously for McClellan—if they did not really elect him—expected that the McClellan administration would give them an opportunity to carry on their lines of business.

As it happened, the McClellan administration did nothing of the sort. William McAdoo, the Police Commissioner of the first term, although deceived by many of his assistants,—as most honest police commissioners, not in any way excepting ex-President Roosevelt, have been,—did make a conscientious effort to clean the city. It is verbal history in the Police Department that his work against the criminal gangs of the East Side was an opening wedge in the break that came later between the Mayor and his former supporters.

In the second administration—in spite of the certainty that McClellan's 2791 plurality over Hearst was cast twenty times over by professional "repeaters"—his Police Commissioner, General Theodore Bingham, was still more aggressive against the criminal element than McAdoo. Added to this was the fact that the District Attorney's office under Jerome—contrary to past custom—was making an aggressive campaign to do its duty in prosecuting crime. There were lapses from absolute efficiency in both organizations, but in general the politicians were not able to use these two agencies of the law as the instruments of evading the law. Their activity was thus transferred to the last avenue of escape, the minor criminal courts of the city, and the fact that the avenue afforded in this direction was so large was no doubt partly responsible for the appointment of the so-called Page Commission by the Legislature to investigate conditions in these courts.

A Puzzle for the Criminal

The only practical way of considering professional crime is to view it from the standpoint of the criminal. At bottom it is merely

one method of getting a living, and the criminal always sees it as such. As a matter of fact, civilizations develop professional crime exactly as they develop all business. New conditions create new opportunities. In the past decade bank burglary has died out, killed largely by the electrical protective devices and by private police systems. The great natural developments have come along the lines of the retail sale of prostitutes, and of small burglaries and picking pockets.

The chief factor that makes criminal business profitable or unprofitable, and closes or opens fields of enterprise, is the pressure of the law. From the viewpoint of the professional criminal it is a curious fact, to which he cannot reconcile himself, that the most serious and effective laws in the past ten years have been directed against offenses that he cannot understand to be criminal at all, such as prize-fighting and gambling on the horse-races; while, with one exception, the laws against selling prostitution are a joke. It is not possible, for instance, to punish any man for the most degraded of all crimes, according to the social code of the criminal world,—that of living on the earnings of a prostitute,—by more than six months in jail; quite aside from the fact that it is almost impossible to punish these men at all. The same is true of all dealers in prostitution and all prostitutes. The result of this ill-balanced criminal code is that the criminal himself is forced into business that he considers beneath him. This has been especially true of gamblers. Since the enforcement of Governor Hughes' excellent bill against race-track betting last year, many men who formerly earned their living on the race-track have become pimps.

A Purely Political Business

Prostitution, the present mainstay of the criminal class in New York, is now almost entirely a political business; that is, its affairs are conducted almost exclusively by men who are active lieutenants or "repeaters" at the polls for the Democratic organization. This has come about by a perfectly logical development. For years this business was conducted in New York—as in most American cities—in large private houses. These were closed up, first by the breaking up of the Red Light district by the Low administration, and later by the raids of the District Attorney's office upon the Tenderloin in 1907. The women were necessarily driven upon the streets, or into notorious saloons.

Since the early '90's a large part of the women in houses had practically been owned by the French maquereaux—importers of

Frenchwomen from the international wholesale markets for prostitution in Paris. These men had no direct connection with New York politics; many of them could not speak English. In a business that required continual political influence they were constantly worsted by their business rivals — the native-born Jewish and Italian operators who had strong political influence as "repeaters." The raids of 1907 were a last severe blow to the Frenchmen. They were unable to afford proper political protection to their women when they were exposed to the vicissitudes of work on the street, and they moved out in large numbers. An expert criminal in this line stated recently that of over four hundred Frenchmen whom he knew personally in the Tenderloin before the 1907 raids, not one hundred are active now. Their business has been taken over by the Jewish and Italian operators, who now form respectively something like two thirds and an eighth of the men in this business here.

An interesting incident in connection with this business happened only recently. After leaving the Red Light district, the social and trade organization of the Jewish dealers in prostitution — the New York Independent Benevolent Association, whose membership is restricted to Hebrews — established its clubhouse on Second Avenue, in Coroner Harburger's Assembly district, where the great settlement of this class of traders still exists. Within the last few months the New York State Commission of Immigration has had occasion to investigate the affairs of this society. At the opening session Harold Spielberg, the Democratic assemblyman from the Tenth District, appeared as the attorney to defend them.

The large dealers in prostitution — the owners of the notorious saloon market-places — are still more clearly political workers. Practically all of the saloons and so-called hotels in the large cheap market around Chatham Square and the Bowery are in the hands of men who are active political workers, or leaders of gangs of election "repeaters"; on Fourteenth Street the same condition exists; and in both of these markets, the hangers-on and waiters, who are generally pimps, are active "repeaters." In the large markets in the Tenderloin more of the owners contribute money than active work to the political campaigns, but the waiters are in exactly the same position as those in the other districts, as, in fact, they are throughout the town, as far as Coney Island. Election and registration days see a scanty outfit of waiters in the lower places of amusement in Coney Island, or, in fact, in any of the notorious saloons in New York City.

A Court Dealing with 150,000 People

The operation of this great criminal business, in which, directly or indirectly, certainly from 10,000 to 20,000 persons are engaged in New York City, depends clearly upon the law, and upon its interpretation by the local criminal courts. The relations existing between it and these courts, as revealed by the hearings before the Page Commission, necessarily constitute a matter of great public interest. The lowest court of these — the magistrates' court — has entire charge over the offense of prostitution, which, under the archaic law of New York, is classed as a minor misdemeanor.

This magistrates' court constitutes one of the most extraordinary and important institutions of New York. Last year, before the magistrates of Manhattan and the Bronx alone, there were 175,000 arraignments of not less than 150,000 individuals — as many people as live in the large cities of Denver or Toledo. There are sixteen magistrates — eight of whom are sitting at one time in the nine courts that take care of this business. The time allowance for the hearing of each case averages a little over six minutes; court clerks quote an unofficial record of one hundred cases disposed of in one hundred minutes; and the official records show from three hundred to four hundred cases in one session of the night court. Perhaps nowhere in the world is there such an example of slap-dash judicial action as must necessarily be given by these judges. The amount of business thrust upon them is a scandal in itself. The ease with which minor court officials, like court clerks, with political affiliations, can minimize offenses, or mislead a judge dealing with this amount of business, needs no explanation.

A Crime that is Practically Licensed

For the period of a little less than six months, extending from June 5 to November 28 of last year, the New York Police Department made a compilation of statistics from finger-print records of the prostitutes arrested and brought before the magistrates' courts from the Tenderloin police precinct, covering the territory between Twenty-seventh and Forty-second streets north and south, and between Fourth and Seventh avenues east and west. Twelve hundred and twenty-eight individual women of the street were arrested in that comparatively small territory. The total number of arrests was 3145. These women arrested were, with negligible exceptions, perfectly well known to the police, who naturally never take the chance of arresting a woman who may be innocent.

The magistrate dealing with these cases, if he finds the defendant guilty, has the option of imposing a small fine or a short imprisonment. Of the 3145 cases recorded, only 411, or 13 per cent., were given prison sentences. The rest, all but a small number, were either discharged or fined from one to ten dollars, and turned loose immediately upon the streets. Further figures indicated that of the 13 per cent. who were sentenced, at least a third who should have served from twenty days up, under the law, as previous offenders, really served the minimum of five days. In brief, the general result of the law as administered by the present board of magistrates and carried out by the workhouse management under a well-known Tammany leader, was that prostitution was practically licensed in New York by the payment, two or three times a year, of a fine of something less than one night's earnings. Only once in seven times did the woman arrested receive the only punishment that seriously annoys her — that of going to the workhouse; and only once in fifty did she serve a sentence of over five days' duration. This, of course, refers only to the women who were so unfortunate as to be arrested. The police believe that these did not exceed half of the women in this district, which covers only one section of the Tenderloin.

The Magistrate and the Streets

Practically all of these cases now come before the night court, where each magistrate has taken his turn at sitting. The number and conduct of the women in the streets of New York depends entirely upon what magistrate is sitting in the night court. There are two Tammany leaders of Assembly districts who are police magistrates — an ex-rough, known as "Battery Dan" Finn, and J. J. Walsh, a former attorney for the strongly organized retail liquor dealers' association. When these two men are on the bench of the night court, the streets swarm with prostitutes.

The reason for this is shown clearly by the official figures of the Police Department concerning the arrests of 1908 in the Tenderloin police precinct. These show 147 cases brought before Judge Finn, and four sentences of imprisonment. Judge Walsh had twenty cases and one imprisonment. On the other hand, when the bench was occupied by two judges who gave severe workhouse sentences — Judge Corrigan, who sent two thirds of his cases to the workhouse, and Judge Cornell, who sent one third — the streets were comparatively clear of women.

It is a rather notable fact that while the

magistrates' bench as a whole has proved far from serious to the prostitute, the prostitute has proved very serious to the magistrates' bench. During the past year, 1908, two of the sixteen magistrates in Manhattan and the Bronx were involved in public scandals connected with cases of prostitutes which appeared in New York courts. One of these men was removed by the Appellate Court, and the other resigned.

It is not difficult to trace the main political chain that extends from the smallest political worker interested in the sale of prostitution up to the judge's bench. The Mayor of New York — who is said to appoint more judges than any other man in the United States — has in two thirds of the last twenty years owed his nomination and election to the active vote-getting machinery of Tammany Hall. Three quarters of the present board of magistrates were appointed by Mayor McClellan, most of these in the earlier days of his mayoralty, when he was closer to Tammany Hall than now.

A Criminal Never Convicted

Now, if the interests of the prostitute are excellently safeguarded under the administration of the law by the magistrates' courts, the business of her political protector, the pimp, is doubly secure. At most he is only subject to a six months' penalty as a common vagrant. But, practically speaking, he can never be arrested at all, because the only valid evidence against him must come from the woman who supports him, who neither desires nor dares to testify against him. There are thousands of these men in New York, and their convictions do not reach a score a year. The matter can be summed up best in the testimony of Police Commissioner Bingham before the Page Commission:

"We cannot get these men. If they could be caught, the whole 'white slave' trade would drop, and the whole social evil be intensely ameliorated, because these men work in a regular trust."

To this might be added that no local authority ever "got" these men, and that the only successful prosecution of them, and the only one they ever feared, has been that started by the Federal authorities in Chicago and New York during the past two years. The local politician has as yet no influence with the Federal courts in favor of prostitution. He delivers no important part of the votes that choose the Federal authorities.

The business interests of this particular class of "repeaters," it will be seen, are well conserved by the actual working of the law. The

disorderly saloon business, conducted by the leaders of "repeaters," and by the various Tammany election district captains and other district politicians, comes in contact with another court — the court of Special Sessions, whose members are also appointed by the Mayor, but who sit three at a time instead of singly in handling their work.

Saloons Punished, One Fifth of One per Cent.

The disposition of all cases against liquor dealers by this court — and practically all criminal cases against New York saloons come within its province — has long been familiar as one of the most notorious perversions of justice in the city. The court is overcrowded with work, and by a settled policy the consideration of saloon cases is delayed until after other business. In addition, the clerk of the court, a Tammany Assembly district leader, C. W. Culkin, who recently resigned after having been charged by District Attorney Jerome with the improper handling of court funds, has had charge of making out the calendar. The assistant clerks under him, who do the active work, have exercised their power of postponing cases, or otherwise interfering with the court docket, to such an extent that two officials have been removed for this cause during the past year. One of the present judges on this bench is Lorenz Zeller, a former attorney of the powerful New York brewers' association.

The practical operation of the machinery of justice against saloons concerned in offenses against the excise laws of New York was strikingly shown before the Page Commission by F. W. Stelle, a lawyer of the State Excise Board, who presented the actual figures in the cases brought against New York saloons in 1907. There is only one penalty that interests the saloon-keeper — the forfeiture of the unexpired term of his \$1200 annual license, which results after convictions of a certain class in the city courts. During the year from May 1, 1907, to April 30, 1908, there were 2857 arrests, at 2026 saloons, which came before the courts. Among these there were twenty-two cases — all but four of disorderly houses — where there were forfeitures of licenses; of these, seventeen came in cases which were so delayed that the conviction took place in April, when the license had but a few more days to run. That is to say, out of the brave showing of 2857 arrests under the excise law, only five, or less than one fifth of one per cent., received any punishment of the slightest consequence.

Criminal Courts Useless Against Political "Dives"

Several excellent organizations are concerned in prosecuting cases against disorderly saloons in the hope of cleaning up the city. One of the most important of these is the Committee of Fourteen, which has directed its efforts against the places known as Raines Law hotels. The secretary of this, F. H. Whitin, presented to the Page Commission a table showing clearly the method by which offenders of this class evade the law by having their cases postponed in the Special Sessions court until the forfeiture of their licenses means practically no loss to them. In the year from October, 1906, to September, 1907, the average delay, from the time of the holding of the defendant by the magistrate until the trial in the Special Sessions court, was 156 days, over five months, of which delay more than four months occurred in the Special Sessions court itself. There were 52 cases that were tried by Special Sessions; four licenses were suspended, and seven persons — all employees — received prison sentences. Not one proprietor was sentenced. All these prosecutions, it must be remembered, were against the most flagrant violators of the law in the city.

One chief reason for this failure of justice may be best shown by two particular, typical examples. The first of these was in the case brought last year against the saloon at 128 Park Row, run by Jack Sorocco, one of the chief leaders of the Five Points gang of "repeaters." This saloon is perhaps the worst in New York, as familiar an object in the life of the Second Assembly District as the Flatiron Building is in the region about Madison Square. When action was brought against it last year in the Special Sessions court, Alfred E. Smith, the assemblyman from this district, — who, oddly enough, is a member of the Page Commission for investigating the New York courts, — came forward to state to the court that from his knowledge there must be a mistake in the charges against the place and its proprietors. The case was then dismissed. In the second case, against the notorious hotel at 23 Bowery, for a dozen years the headquarters of thieves and prostitutes, the politicians in the Sullivan district became so insistent in their demands for dismissal that the judges were constantly summoned from the bench to answer telephone calls asking that the prisoner be set free.

Finally, as a result of the persistent failure of energetic efforts of the Police Department and other agencies to secure justice against the most notorious market-places of prostitution in

New York, actions in cases of this class have been transferred bodily from the criminal to the civil courts, where conviction also carries with it the forfeiture of the saloon license and the bond. In other words, the system of criminal courts having proved itself utterly useless in dealing with this class of crime, the police and State officials have been driven to a legal subterfuge in another court in order to maintain decent conditions in New York City.

The Modern Organization of Thieves

The organization to prevent the administration of justice in the second general class of crimes in which "repeaters" are engaged, proceeds along different lines. These crimes — of thieving and robbery — constitute felonies. They are passed from the magistrates' court to the grand jury and the court of General Sessions. In this last court they are given jury trials under single judges, who are elected by popular vote. All but one of the present judges are Tammany Hall nominees. Their natural obligations to their party weigh little with some of them, but greatly with others.

It is not generally realized how thoroughly organized for defense certain large classes of criminals are. The statement, for instance, of Magistrate Corrigan before the Page Commission, that "one attorney comes pretty near representing all the good pickpockets in New York," would not seem probable to the average man; yet it is certainly true. It is also a notorious fact that in the four busiest magistrates' courts of the city there are professional "fixers," well known by name or nickname to every one familiar with New York courts, whose business it is to pervert justice by reaching the complainant, witnesses, police or court officials, through one means or another. And in a class above these stands a notorious East Side Jew, ostensibly a diamond merchant, who is a "fixer" on a national scale, traveling across the country to help big thieves whenever they are in trouble. Professional crime, like all other lines of enterprise, is compelled, by the great modern tendency of business, to organize. It has done so as thoroughly as it could.

There are seven distinct lines of defense to which, in New York, a trained felon can resort to escape imprisonment. The first is the suppression of testimony of either complainant or witnesses, or the manufacture of false testimony. The others are the use of money or influence with the police, with the magistrates' courts, the grand jury, the District Attorney's office, the petit jury, or the presiding judge. In every Assembly district in the criminal sections of the city, there is some

agent of the Democratic political machine, watching continually to help the criminal escape justice at every stage, from the magistrates' court up.

One Thief in Three Set Free

It would be impossible to deal with all these barriers to justice; but in the last one — the action of the General Sessions judge on the case — there has been a striking development during the past decade which deserves notice. This comes in the form of the suspended sentence. Ten years ago the suspension of sentence on a convicted felon was unusual in New York courts. This condition has now entirely changed.

During the past four years alone the number of persons convicted for violent assault, burglary, and larceny, who have been released on suspended sentence, has trebled. In 1908 one person, out of every three who were convicted for those crimes, was released on a suspended sentence. As this court has no adequate means of keeping control of the hundreds of persons it has released on suspended sentence, this release now amounts to acquittal in the case of all but the most repentant of offenders. It may be added that these particular crimes not only are the principal ones that now concern the City of New York, but that they are the especial crimes in which the Jewish and Italian professional criminals are concerned.

Now, the release of many of these criminals — especially the young first offenders — is undoubtedly in many cases an excellent thing. There has been a very general movement in this direction throughout the country. But this practice certainly cannot be defended in cases of second offenders, whose release is, in fact, specifically forbidden by the State law. Yet there are many such releases.

Convicted Criminals Double in Eight Years

The vicious circle of New York politics is closed by this notorious laxness of the criminal courts toward the professional offender. The safer the crime, the more criminals; the more criminals, the more votes for the element that now rules Tammany Hall; the more votes for these leaders, the more certainly they influence the maladministration of justice. From the election district captain, who signals the criminal into the polling booth, to the district leader on the bench or at the head of the workhouse or the court machinery, the hand of not one Tammany politician touches the machinery of justice but to retard or pervert its action.

And so, although all the forces of the Police

and the District Attorney's departments are bent to check the recurrent "waves of crime" that fill the newspapers, crime increases. In the past eight years the number of persons convicted for burglary, assault, and larceny on Manhattan Island has doubled, while the population has increased less than twenty-five per cent.

In the meanwhile, all kinds of cures are cried aloud to the public for its defense, except the obvious one — the checking of the operations of this ghastly merry-go-round of politics. More police, more jails, more private organizations to enforce the law are desperately called for. No one arises to draw the logical connection between the safety with which crime is committed and the increase of the criminal population; or to point out that under existing laws, as administered by New York courts, the pimp is entirely safe, the prostitute has a one-in-fifty chance of punishment, the market-places of prostitution and headquarters for criminals have been practically immune; and that of all persons arrested for burglary or thieving, one in four is convicted and one in six imprisoned.

The Great Larry Mulligan Ball

Yet open advertisement of the exact condition of affairs is continually slapped in the face of the public. The Lawrence Mulligan Association, for example, the political club of Big Tim Sullivan's step-brother, with its annual tribute from the city's criminals and prostitutes at its "grand civic ball"! No other single episode could comprehend the whole situation like this.

That night — the eve of St. Patrick's Day — the streets of the Tenderloin lie vacant of its women; the eyes of the city detective force are focused on the great dancing-hall — stuffed to the doors with painted women and lean-faced men. In the center box, held in the name of a young Jewish friend, sits the "Big Feller" — clear-skinned, fair-faced, and happy. Around him sit the gathering of his business and political lieutenants, of the heavy, moon-faced Irish type — the rulers of New York: Larry Mulligan, his step-brother, the head of this pleasing association; Paddy Sullivan, his brother, the president of the Hesper Club of gamblers; John Considine, business associate, owner of the Metropole Hotel, where the "wise ones" gather; Big Tom Foley; and — an exception to the general look of rosy prosperity — Little Tim, the lean little manager of the old Third District and leader of the New York Board of Aldermen.

The council unbends; it exchanges showers of confetti; the "Big Feller" smiles gayly upon the frail congregation below him — the tenth

short-lived generation of prostitutes he has seen at gatherings like this since, more than twenty years ago, he started his first Five Points assembly — he himself as fresh now as then. In the rear of the box a judge of the General Sessions court sits modestly, decently, hat in hand. In the welter on the slippery floor, another city judge, known to the upper and under world alike as "Freddy" Kernochan, leads through the happy mazes of the grand march a thousand pimps and thieves and prostitutes, to the blatant crying of the band:

"Sullivan, Sullivan, a damned fine Irishman!"

"Repeating" Runs Wild

In the period during which, according to court records, professional crime was doubling, the election and, more especially, the primary frauds by the professional criminal class ran wild — in spite of the work of the State and private agencies to prevent it. The Democratic primaries of 1906, which firmly established three more "gorilla" districts on Manhattan Island, were in these districts simply riots conducted by gangs of armed "repeaters." An official touch was given to these primaries by the fact that scores, if not hundreds, of the "repeaters" were fitted out and empowered to act as deputy sheriffs. Criminals from out of town, as well as in town, were among these officials, and the deputy sheriffs' clubs and badges, which they took home with them in paper bags, still constitute a standing joke in the criminal world.

The then sheriff of New York, Nicholas J. Hayes, was waging a fight on his Harlem district in the primaries of the year when this extraordinary thing occurred. He won handsomely. Percy Nagle, the ex-gambler and ex-superintendent of streets, who won in another Harlem district, had his head cut open by a blackjack and three fingers broken, while fighting on this memorable day, and was arrested for leading a gang of men in an attempt to stuff a ballot-box. After he had left the hospital he was honorably discharged by the police magistrate who heard his case, although a crowd of Nagle supporters were threatening physical violence to the complainant within a dozen feet of the magistrate's desk. "Repeaters" from Little Italy in Hayes' district, to which Paul Kelly had moved his headquarters and personal enterprises, were prominent in these primary fights. The hospitals about these districts were full of men on the evening of primary day, a large number of them with fractured skulls.

In the Eleventh District, on the West Side,

"The" McManus defeated the old-time leader, George W. Plunkett, this year with comparative quiet. In the next year there was a savage fight between the same two men for this district. Great bodies of "repeaters" from the Italian and Jewish gangs in the so-called Sullivan districts, and a band of men from Newark, beat all records at stuffing ballot-boxes. During the day these men started shooting revolvers in the street, like a crowd of cow-boys in a Western mining town. In the occasional cases of arrest by policemen, the accomplices, again with deputy sheriffs' badges—by reason of which they exceeded the patrolman in authority—insisted on taking charge of the prisoner. They then led him around a corner and calmly released him.

These years marked the height of disturbance in New York primaries. The election in the fall of 1907 of Tom Foley, the leader of the Second Assembly District, as sheriff of New York probably exceeded all previous records for "repeating" at election time. There was an extremely active prosecution of "repeaters" this year, forwarded very greatly by Mr. Hearst's newspapers, which were backing the Independence League candidate who opposed Foley. The office of the State superintendent of elections, now under the management of William Leary, reported the greatest number of convictions of "repeaters" for a number of years.

A Drop of 30,000 in the Vote of "Repeaters"

In 1908 there was a lull in "repeating," due partly to lack of immediate interest, but largely to new election legislation, passed as a result of flagrant frauds. This bill, introduced by a young assemblyman and lawyer named E. R. Finch, unquestionably frightened the "repeaters" and their managers. Their concern was principally with the new provision known as the signature law.

Two necessary processes have to be gone through with in election frauds—false registration and false voting. As the "repeaters" are from a class of men of irregular habits, who are not always accessible, no attempt has been made in the past to have the same individual register and vote upon each false name. The signature law demanded that the voter's name be signed in a book, both at registration and election time, so that they appeared practically side by side. A comparison of these signatures was expected to prevent all voting upon another man's registration.

The estimates of those most familiar with the methods of election frauds in New York agree that some 30,000 fraudulent votes were cut

out of the election last fall, largely through fear of this measure. From the gubernatorial election of 1906 to the presidential election of 1908, the registration of the city increased 20,000 votes, about three per cent. In the same two years the registration in the eight most notorious "gorilla" districts in the southern part of Manhattan decreased 8200, or twelve per cent. The Democratic vote for governor fell off 17,000 in the city, about five per cent.; and in the eight districts twenty-one per cent. There was a loss of 10,500 votes in eight Assembly districts of the 63 in Greater New York—in spite of the notorious fact that Tammany Hall, intending from the first to betray Hearst in the gubernatorial fight of 1906, sent out fewer "repeaters" than in any election before 1908. The comparison—which is the best available—does not give a fair idea of the curtailment of the illegal vote last year.

It is the belief of the expert observers of the fraudulent vote—of Mr. Finch, the author of the bill, of the State superintendent of elections, William Leary, and of Isaac Silverman of the Fidelity Secret Service Bureau, which has had charge of the Republican county committee's work along this line—that, in spite of the bill, at least 20,000 fraudulent votes were cast by "repeaters" in the election of 1908. And those most interested in this matter have not contented themselves with general figures.

A Quarter of the Registration False

Immediately after the last campaign, two election districts were selected in two of the most typical "gorilla" Assembly districts in the city. A careful canvasser was sent through these districts to see what names in the registration list could be found in the residences given. In each of them—widely separated both in distance and in character of population—fully a quarter of the names were found to be entirely fictitious. Further investigation showed that four fifths of these false names were voted on. If there were only fifteen Assembly districts of the 63 in the city, voting but two thirds of the false registration indicated in these two districts, the false vote on false registration alone would have been over 20,000 last year—a year freer from election frauds than any in the last twenty.

Now these votes, it must be remembered, are wholly fictitious. The additional votes by "repeaters" on names of actual persons recently dead or moved from the district, or of persons who neglect to vote or are forestalled at the polls, would add thousands more. There is general agreement both by those enforcing and breaking the law that it must be strengthened

to be effective. For this reason Mr. Finch, the author of last year's bill, brought before the Legislature this fall provisions improving it, and intended to add to the difficulty of "repeating." These measures may have passed the Legislature before this article appears in print. They certainly should become law.

Tammany's Last Stand this Fall

Meanwhile, it is commonplace talk in the underworld — the small percentage of population that gives more careful consideration to the practical politics of a large city than all the rest of the citizens together — that next fall's election will see "repeating" on a greater scale than ever before in the history of the city. Tammany's Assembly district experts — many of whom sat back and studied last year's operation of the new election law — have expressed themselves as satisfied that there is "nothing to it; they won't compare the signatures." Beyond that, study of the two special election districts canvassed last fall shows that they will go further and will defeat the amended law by the new and more elaborate method of having one particular man register and vote on each false name.

The present situation is this: Tammany — now in a considerable and growing popular minority in New York — stands to lose control of the most tremendous political prize on the

continent — the handling of a municipal expenditure of \$150,000,000, and the control of tens of millions more in semi-public expenditures. For its mercenaries, the criminals who have carried its past elections, this fight means life or death — the chance or loss of the chance to make a living. The professional criminals and politicians, whose whole careers are concerned in the control of the city, will make the most desperate fight of their lives to carry New York this fall.

On the other hand, the general public is more than usually interested in the coming election. Its concern has been aroused by two notorious and closely related facts — the approach toward bankruptcy of the richest city in the world, under the class of rulers it has had; and the continued raids of thieves and burglars upon the private property of citizens. There is an excellent chance to defeat Tammany this fall. Once thoroughly defeated, that moribund and unnatural social growth — founded for years upon the thief and the prostitute — would collapse. By natural processes it should have been dead twenty years ago.

However, it is too early to prophesy. The leadership of the opposition forces in New York has too often been dilettante or selfish. There is already talk of the old criminal foolishness of splitting the anti-Tammany vote between two candidates.

THE HILLS

BY

FRANCIS E. FALKENBURY

UP through the hills where the sky is gray and changing,
 And the merry wind is knocking all the forest things about;
 Where the hare and the fox the russet vales are ranging,
 And the corbies answer hollow as they scatter at your shout—
 Soft through the woods where the merry wind is shouting
 Through the heaven-kissing pines, where at eve the owlets hoot;
 The little screeching owlets that are always fearing, doubting
 That I will not keep the promise that I made them not to shoot—
 Asleep in the hills with the bright stars shining o'er us,
 The smell of fern and bracken coming through the camp-fire's smoke:
 The wind up in the pine-trees humming soft its gentle chorus;
 And the noises in the darkness of the woodland's furtive folk.



THE HOME-COMING

BY

ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

PARSONS knew little of the great wave of protest that swept over the Army of the Potomac when Hooker was replaced by Meade. The sad depression of the North, sick at heart since December, did not move him; he was too thoroughly occupied with his own sensations. He sat alone, when his comrades would leave him alone, brooding, his terror equally independent of victory or defeat. The horror of war appalled him. He tried to reconstruct the reasons for his enlisting, but found it impossible. The war had made of him a stranger to himself. He could scarcely visualize the little farm that he had left, or his mother. Instead of the farm, he saw corpse-strewn fields; instead of his mother, the mutilated bodies of young men. His senses seemed unable to respond to any other stimuli than those of war. He had not been conscious of the

odors of the sweet Maryland spring, or of the song of mocking-birds; his nostrils were full of the smell of blood, his ears of the cries of dying men.

Worse than the recollection of what he had seen were the forebodings that filled his soul. In a day — yes, an hour, for the rumors of coming battle forced themselves to his unwilling ears — he might be as they. Presently he too would be lying, staring, horrible, under the Maryland sky.

The men in his company came gradually to leave him to himself. At first they thought no less of him because he was afraid. They had all been afraid. They discussed their sensations frankly as they sat around the camp-fire, or lay prone on the soft grass of the fields.

"Scared!" said the oldest member of the company, who was speaking chiefly for the encouragement of Parsons, whom he liked. "My

knees shook, and my chest caved in. Every bullet killed me. But by the time I'd been dead about forty times, I saw the Johnnies, and something hot got into my throat, and I got over it."

"And weren't you afraid afterwards?" asked Parsons, trying to make his voice sound natural.

"No, never."

"But I was," said another man. His face was bandaged, and blood oozed through from the wound that would make him leer like a satyr for the rest of his life. "I get that way every time. But I get over it. I don't get hot in my throat, but my skin prickles."

Young Parsons walked slowly away, his legs shaking visibly beneath him.

Adams turned on his side and watched him.

"Got it bad," he said shortly. Then he lay once more on his back and spread out his arms. "God, but I'm sick of it! And if Lee's gone into Pennsylvania, and we're to chase him, and old Joe's put out, the Lord knows what'll become of us. I bet you a pipeful of tobacco, there ain't one of us left by this time next week. I bet you —"

The man with the bandaged face did not answer. Then Adams saw that Parsons had come back and was staring at him.

"Ain't Hooker in command no more?" he asked.

"No; Meade."

"And we're going to Pennsylvania?"

"Guess so." Adams sat upright, the expression of kindly commiseration on his face changed to one of disgust. "Brace up, boy. What's the matter with you?"

Parsons sat down beside him. His face was gray; his blue eyes, looking out from under his little forage-cap, closed as though he were swooning.

"I can't stand it," he said thickly. "I can see them all day, and hear them all night, all the groaning, — I —"

The old man pulled from his pocket a little bag. It contained his last pipeful of tobacco, the one that he had been betting.

"Take that. You got to get such things out of your head. It won't do. The trouble with you is that ever since you've enlisted, this company's been hanging round the outside. You ain't been in a battle. One battle'll cure you. You got to get over it."

"Yes," repeated the boy. "I got to get over it."

He lay down beside Adams, panting. The moon, which would be full in a few days, had risen; the sounds of the vast army were all about them — the click of tin basin against tin

basin, the stamping of horses, the oaths and laughter of men. Some even sang. The boy, when he heard them, said, "Oh, God!" It was his one exclamation. It had broken from his lips a thousand times, not as a prayer or as an imprecation, but as a mixture of both. It seemed the one word that could represent the indescribable confusion of his mind. He said again, "Oh, God! Oh, God!"

It was not until two days later, and they had been for hours on the march, that he realized that they were approaching the little Pennsylvania town where he lived. He had been marching almost blindly, his eyes nearly closed, still contemplating his own misery and fear. He could not discuss with his comrades the next day's prospects, he did not know enough about the situation to speculate. Adams' hope that there would be a battle brought to his lips the familiar "Oh, God!" He had begun to think of suicide.

It was almost dark once more when they stumbled into a little town. Its street, washed by rains, had been churned to thick red mud by thousands of feet and wheels. The mud clung to Parsons' worn shoes; it seemed to his half-crazy mind like blood. Then, suddenly, his gun dropped with a wild clatter to the ground.

"It's Taneytown!" he called wildly. "It's Taneytown."

Adams turned upon him irritably. He was almost too tired to move.

"What if it is Taneytown?" he thundered. "Pick up your gun, you young fool."

"But it's only ten miles from home!"

The shoulder of the man behind him sent Parsons sprawling. He gathered himself up and leaped into his place by Adams' side. His step was light.

"Ten miles from home! We're only ten miles from home!" — he said it as though the evil spirits which had beset him had been exorcised. He saw the little whitewashed farmhouse, the yellowing wheat-fields beside it; he saw his mother working in the garden, he heard her calling.

Presently he began to look furtively about him. If he could only get away, if he could get home, they could never find him. There were many places where he could hide, holes and caverns in the steep, rough slopes of Big Round Top, at whose foot stood his mother's little house. They could never find him. He began to speak to Adams tremulously.

"When do you think we'll camp?"

Adams answered him sharply.

"Not to-night. Don't try any running away business, boy. 'Tain't worth while. They'll shoot you. Then you'll be food for crows."

The boy moistened his parched lips.

"I didn't say anything about running away," he muttered. But hope died in his eyes.

It did not revive when, a little later, they camped in the fields, trampling the wheat ready for harvest, crushing down the corn already waist-high, devouring their rations like wolves, then falling asleep almost on their feet.

Well indeed might they sleep heavily, dully, undisturbed by cry of picket or gallop of returning scout. The flat country lay clear and bright in the moonlight; to the northwest they might almost see the low cone of Big Round Top, to which none then gave a thought, not even Parsons himself, who lay with his tanned face turned up toward the sky. Once his sunken eyes opened, but he did not remember that now, if ever, he must steal away, over his sleeping comrades, past the picket line, and up the long red road toward home. He thought of home no more, nor of fear; he lay like a dead man.

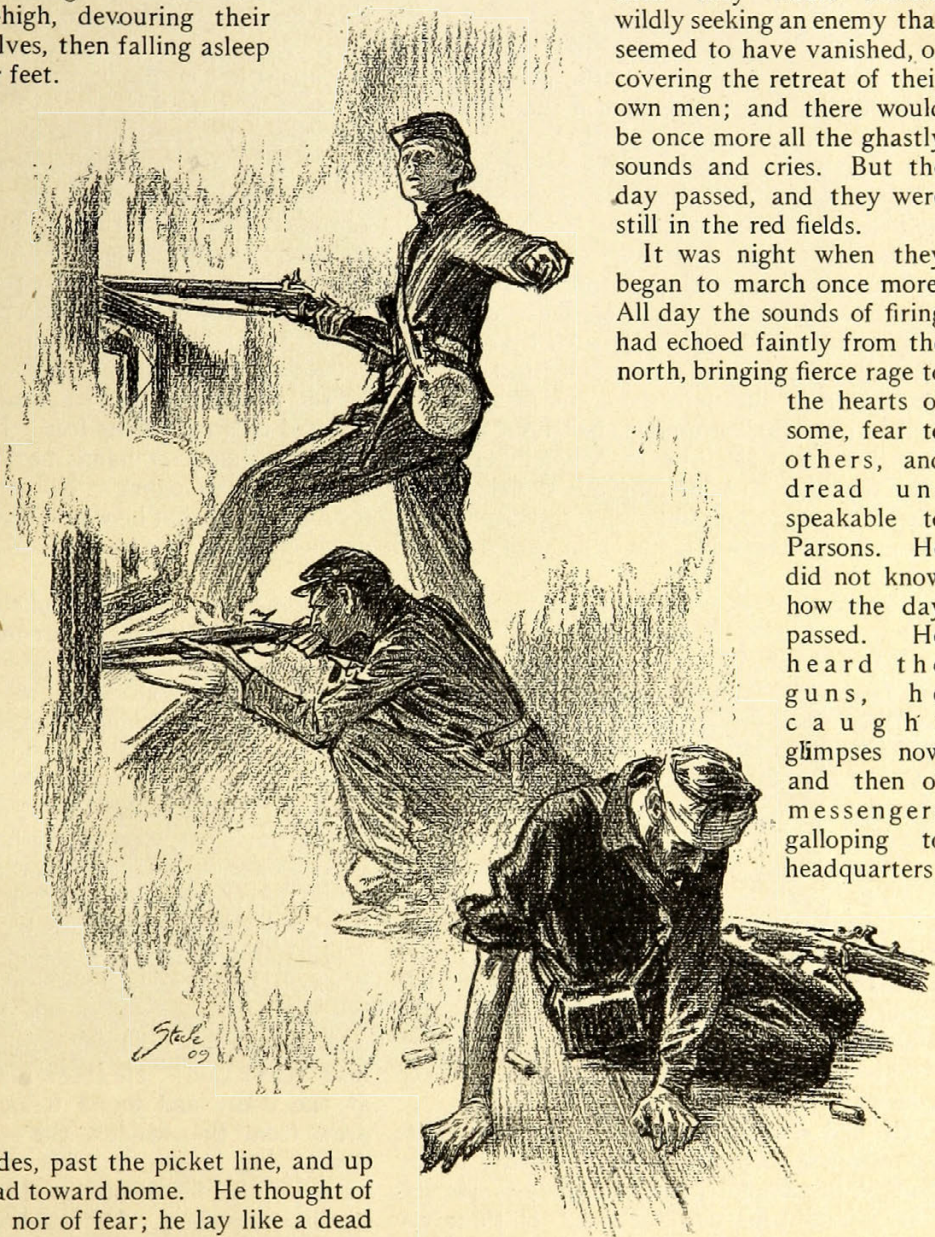
It was a marvelous moonlit night. All was still as though round Gettysburg lay no grim armies, seventy thousand Southerners to the north, eighty-five thousand Northerners to the south. They lay or moved quietly, like great octopi, stretching out, now and then, grim tentacles, which touched or searched vainly. They knew nothing of the quiet, academic town, lying in its peaceful valley away from the world for which it cared little. Mere chance decreed

that on the morrow its name should stand beside Waterloo.

Parsons whimpered the next morning when he heard the sound of guns. He knew what would follow. In a few hours the firing would cease; then they would march, wildly seeking an enemy that seemed to have vanished, or covering the retreat of their own men; and there would be once more all the ghastly sounds and cries. But the day passed, and they were still in the red fields.

It was night when they began to march once more. All day the sounds of firing had echoed faintly from the north, bringing fierce rage to

the hearts of some, fear to others, and dread unspeakable to Parsons. He did not know how the day passed. He heard the guns, he caught glimpses now and then of messengers galloping to headquarters;



"IT WAS HE WHO DIRECTED THEM IN
FORTIFYING THE HOUSE"

he sat with bent head and staring eyes. Late in the afternoon the firing ceased, and he said over and over again, "Oh, God, don't let us go that way! Oh, God, don't let us go that way!" He did not realize that the noise came from the direction of Gettysburg, he did not comprehend that "that way" meant home, he felt no anxiety

for the safety of his mother; he knew only that, if he saw another dead or dying man, he himself would die. Nor would his death be simply a growing unconsciousness; he would suffer in his body all the agony of the wounds upon which he looked.

The great octopus of which he was a part did not feel in the least the spark of resistance in him, one of the smallest of the particles that made up its vast body. When the moon had risen, he was drawn in toward the center with the great tentacle to which he belonged. The octopus suffered; other vast arms were bleeding and almost severed. It seemed to shudder with foreboding for the morrow.

Round Top grew clear before them as they marched. The night was blessedly cool and bright, and they went as though by day, but fearfully, each man's ears strained to hear. It was like marching into the crater of a volcano which, only that afternoon, had been in fierce eruption. It was all the more horrible because now they could see nothing but the clear July night, hear nothing but the soft sounds of summer. There was not even a flag of smoke to warn them.

They caught, now and then, glimpses of men hiding behind hedge-rows, then hastening swiftly away.

"Desertin'," said Adams grimly.

"What did you say?" asked Parsons. He had heard distinctly enough, but he longed for the sound of Adams' voice. When he repeated the single word, Parsons did not hear. He clutched Adams by the arm.

"You see that hill, there before us?"

"Yes."

"Gettysburg is over that hill. There's the cemetery. My father's buried there."

Adams looked in under the tall pines. He could see the white stones standing stiffly in the moonlight.

"We're goin' in there," he said. "Keep your nerve up there, boy."

He had seen other things besides the white tombstones, things that moved faintly or lay quietly, or gave forth ghastly sounds. He was conscious, by his sense of smell, of the army about him and of the carnage that had been.

Parsons, strangely enough, had neither heard nor smelled. A sudden awe came upon him; the past returned: he remembered his father, his mother's grief at his death, his visits with her to the cemetery. It seemed to him that he was again a little boy stealing home from a day's fishing in Rock Creek, a little fearful as he passed the cemetery gate. He touched Adams' arm shyly before he began to sling off

his knapsack and lie down as his comrades were doing all about him.

"That is my father's grave," he whispered.

Then, before the kindly answer sprang from Adams' lips, a gurgle came into Parsons' throat as though he were dying. One of the apparitions that Adams had seen lifted itself from the grass, leaving behind dark stains. The clear moonlight left no detail of the hideous wounds to the imagination.

"Parsons!" cried Adams sharply.

But Parsons had gone, leaping over the graves, bending low by the fences, dashing across an open field, then losing himself in the woodland. For a moment Adams' eyes followed him, then he saw that the cemetery and the outlying fields were black with ten thousand men. It would be easy for Parsons to get away.

"No hope for him," he said shortly, as he set to work to do what he could for the maimed creature at his feet. Dawn, he knew, must be almost at hand; he fancied that the moonlight was paling. He was almost crazy for sleep, sleep that he would need badly enough on the morrow, if he were any prophet of coming events.

Parsons, also, was aware of the tens of thousands of men about him, but to him they were dead or dying men. He staggered as he ran, his feet following unconsciously the path that took him home from fishing, along the low ridge, past scattered farm-houses, toward the low cone of Round Top. It seemed to him that dead men leaped at him and tried to stop him, and he ran ever faster. Once he shrieked, then he crouched in a fence corner and hid. He would have been ludicrous, had the horrors from which he fled been less hideous.

He, too, felt the dawn coming, as he saw his mother's house. He sobbed like a little child, and, no longer keeping to the shade, ran across the open fields. There were no dead men here, thank God! He threw himself frantically at the door, and found it locked. Then he drew from the window the nail that held it down, and crept in. He was ravenously hungry, and his hands made havoc in the familiar cupboard. He laughed as he found cake and the loved "drum-sticks" of his childhood.

He did not need to slip off his shoes for fear of waking his mother, as he had used to do, for the shoes had no soles; but he stooped down and took them off with trembling hands. Then a great peace seemed to come into his soul. He crept on his hands and knees past his mother's door, and climbed to his own little room under the eaves, where, quite simply, as though he were a little boy, and not a man deserting from



"'I CAN'T STAND IT,' HE SAID THICKLY."

the army on the eve of a battle, he said his prayers and went to bed.

When he awoke, it was late afternoon. He thought at first that he had been swinging, and had fallen; then he realized that he still lay quietly in his bed. He stretched himself, reveling in the blessed softness, and wondering why he felt as though he had been brayed in a mortar. Then a roar of sound shut out possibility of thought. The little house shook with it. He covered his ears, but he might as well have spared himself his pains. That sound could never be shut out, neither then, nor for years

afterward, from the ears of those who heard it. There were many who would hear no other sound forevermore. The coward began again his whining, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" His nostrils were full of smoke; he could smell already the ghastly odors that would follow it. He lifted himself from his bed, and, hiding his eyes from the window, felt his way down the steep stairway. He meant, God help him! to go down and hide his face in his mother's lap. He remembered the soft, cool smoothness of her gingham apron.

Gasping, he staggered into her room. But

his mother was not there. The mattress and sheets from her bed had been torn off; one sheet still trailed on the floor. He picked it up and shook it. He was imbecile enough to think she might be beneath it.

"Mother!" he shrieked, "Mother! Mother!" forgetting that even in that little room she could not have heard him. He ran through the house, shouting. Everywhere it was the same — stripped beds, cupboards flung wide, the fringe of torn curtains still hanging. His mother was not there.

His terror drove him finally to the window overlooking the garden. It was there that he most vividly remembered her, bending over her flower beds, training the tender vines, pulling weeds. She must be there. In spite of the snarl of guns, she must be there. But the garden was a waste, the fence was down. He saw only the thick smoke beyond, out of which crept slowly toward him half a dozen men with blackened faces and blood-stained clothes, again his dead men come to life. He saw that they wore his own uniform, but the fact made little impression upon him. Was his mother dead? Had she been killed yesterday, or had they taken her away last night or this morning while he slept? He saw that the men were coming nearer to the house, creeping slowly on through the thick smoke. He wondered vaguely whether they were coming for him as they had come for his mother. Then he saw, also vaguely, on the left, another group of men, stealing on toward him, men who did not wear his uniform, but who walked as bravely as his own comrades.

He knew little about tactics, and his brain was too dull to realize that the little house was the prize they sought. It was marvelous that it had remained unpossessed so long, when a tiny rock or a little bush was protection for which men struggled. The battle surged that way; the little house was to become as famous as the Peach Orchard or the Railroad Cut, it was to be the "Parsons House" in history. Of this Parsons had no idea; he only knew, as he watched them, that his mother was gone, his house despoiled.

Then, suddenly, rage seized upon him, driving out fear. It was not rage with the men in gray, creeping so steadily upon him — he thought of them as men like himself, only a thousand times more brave — it was rage with war itself, which drove women from their homes, which turned young men into groaning apparitions. And because he felt this rage, he too must kill. He knelt down before the window, his gun in his hand. He had carried it absently with him the night before, and he had twenty

rounds of ammunition. He took careful aim: his hand, thanks to his mother's food and his long sleep, was quite steady; and he pulled the trigger.

At first, both groups of men halted. The shot had gone wide. They had seen the puff of smoke, but they had no way of telling whether it was friend or foe who held the little house. Then there was another puff, and a man in gray fell. The little group in blue hastened their steps, even yet half afraid, for the field was wide, and to cross it was madness unless the holders of the house were their own comrades. Another shot went wide, then another man in gray dropped, and another, and the men in blue leaped on, yelling. Not until then did Parsons see that there were more than twice as many men in gray. The men in gray saw also, and they, too, ran. The little house was worth tremendous risks. Another man bounded into the air and rolled over, blood spurting from his mouth, and the man behind him stumbled over him. There were only twelve now. Then there were eleven. But they came on — they were nearer than the men in blue. Then another fell, and another. It seemed to Parsons that he could go on forever watching them. He smiled grimly at the queer antics that they cut, the strange postures into which they threw themselves. Then another fell, and they wavered and turned. One of the men in blue stopped at the edge of the garden to take deliberate aim, but Parsons, grinning, also leveled his gun once more. He wondered, a little jealously, which of them had killed the man in gray.

The six men, rushing in, would not believe that he was there alone. They looked at him admiringly, grim, bronzed as they were, the veterans of a dozen battles. They did not think of him for an instant as a boy; his eyes were the eyes of a man who had suffered and who had known the hot pleasures of revenge. It was he who directed them in fortifying the house, he who saw the first sign of the creeping Confederates making another sally from the left, he who rushed out into the woods when, reinforced by a hundred of their comrades, they used the little house only as a base toward which to retreat. They had never seen such fierce rage. The sun sank behind the Blue Ridge, and he seemed to regret that the day of blood was over. He was not satisfied that they held the little house; he must venture once more into the dark shadows of the woodland.

From there his new-found comrades dragged him helpless. His enemies, powerless against him by day, had waited until he could not see them. They carried him into the house, where they had made a dim light. The smoke of battle seemed to be lifting; there was still sharp

firing, but it was silence compared to what had been, peace compared to what would be on the morrow.

They laid him on the floor of the little kitchen, and looked at the wide rent in his neck, and lifted his limp arm, not seeing that a door behind them had opened quietly, and that a woman had come in from the deep cellar beneath the house. There was not a cellar within miles that did not shelter frightened women and children. Parsons' mother, warned to flee, had gone no farther. She emerged now, a ministering angel. There was food in plenty; there were blankets, bandages, even pillows for

bruised and aching heads. Heaven grant that some one would thus care for her boy in the hour of his need!

The men watched Parsons' starting eyes, thinking they saw death. They would not have believed that it was Fear that had returned upon him, their brave captain. They would have said that he never could have been afraid. He put his hand up to his torn throat. His breath came in thick gasps. He muttered again, "Oh, God! Oh, God!"

Then, suddenly, peace ineffable came into his blue eyes.

"Why, *Mother!*" he said softly.

THE CASTLE OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST

(*Ordem de Cavallaria de Nosse Senhor Jesus Christo, 1334. Thomar, Portugal.*)

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

IT is too beautiful to be
 A ruined thing;
 It is more wonderful than fame,
 More wistful than the spring.
 (Hark, like the wind's wash in the pines,
 Or surge of distant seas,
 Yon white tree vastly nourishes
 Armies of singing bees.)

The tangerines drop by the tower,
 A caged bird calls;
 The placid verger stops to tell
 Of battle on these walls.
 Ah, to have been in those old days
 The Master of the Knights,
 Building one's great imaginings
 On castled heights!

But the Ancient First Embroideress
 Silently works to fling
 Green robes around the crumbling doors
 That housed a king.
 It is too beautiful to be
 A ruined thing;
 It is more wonderful than fame,
 More wistful than the spring.



FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

BY

HULBERT FOOTNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

IN Haverland, one of the ancient Dutch towns on Long Island included in the metropolitan boundaries, there stands, under the magnificent elms on the edge of a little green where three streets converge, a lunch wagon. Presumably it is open for business during the day; but no sign of activity can be perceived through the windows, which are of colored glass, and one hesitates to enter a place of so gypsy a character in broad daylight. After dark, however, the red panes shine with a lurid boldness, and late at night, especially on a cold night, a savory emanation of hot coffee and fried onions is likely to tempt the most respectable citizen to sample the hospitality within.

The lunch wagon is presided over during the long hours of the night by Mat Lennon, a thorough-going lad of seventeen, who sizes up his customers warily and, when there are none, fills the van with the sound of his cheerful whistling. That his occupation has a romantic side never occurs to Mat; the mystery of the dark, the stillness, and the remote stars is non-existent for him, who never puts his nose outside the little door during his hours on duty; nor does he ever see anything out of common in the character of the men brought forth between midnight and dawn: the diverse secrets of the sparkling-eyed lovers, the sullen unfor-

tunates, and the furtive predatory spirits are all unguessed by Mat, who is solely concerned as to whether his customers have the money to pay for what they order. In brief, Mat is a normal boy, simple, aggressive, and scornful of aught beyond his ken. He is a well-favored boy, with cheeks of an extraordinary redness, considering the nature of his occupation, and a valiant blue eye. His martial expression is further carried out by a stiff cockade or cow-lick of his sandy hair, mounting guard over his forehead.

At four o'clock one raw morning in November, Mat, in a fit of unusual industry, was washing the shelves of his little pie-cupboard, whistling loudly and unmelodiously to the humming accompaniment of the big coffee urn. Outside, Haverland was wrapped in an unearthly blackness and stillness. It was one of those nights when low-hanging clouds seem to be pressing the very breath out of the earth. Inside, it was precisely such a warm, bright, cozy little refuge as a weary and freezing traveler might dream of to keep himself going: the new varnish, the red panes (each depicting in clear glass the figure of a medieval gentleman in full dress), and the nickel and porcelain cooking utensils were all vying with each other in reflecting the shine of the electric lights. A sliding door occupies one side of the wagon; and across

one end is built a little counter with a leaf that lifts to let Mat in and out. As he stands behind this counter, behind him again is another shelf, which carries his whole paraphernalia: to wit, a tiny gas stove, with a frying pan, and a hood to carry off the fumes, a little steam table for keeping the beans and chowder hot, the big nickel-plated coffee urn already mentioned, and the pie-cupboard with a screen door. Under this shelf is a cupboard and refrigerator a little larger than doll's size, and in the spare corners within reach of Mat's hand there are various boxes and shelves; for every inch of space in a lunch wagon must be utilized, just as in the cabin of a canal boat, which it resembles not a little.

Outside the counter the remaining wall space is occupied by a narrow shelf set about with round stools. Here Mat's customers, after re-

ceiving their suppers at his counter, put them away at leisure. As many as eight men have been accommodated at one serving; but that, it must be confessed, was a tight squeeze.

On the raw morning in question Mat had had the wagon to himself for some little time, and in the ordinary course was not expecting another customer for three quarters of an hour — when, upon the arrival of the next car from town, at the end of its run, he was sure of at least two coffees for the chilled motorman and conductor. Nevertheless, in the middle of Matty's musical fantasia, the door was slowly pushed back and a strange little figure, sidling into view, waited hesitatingly with a hand on the door, as if the slightest demonstration on Matty's part would instantly drive it forth again. It was that of a boy of twelve, though something about him seemed to hint at a



"MAY I COME IN AND GET WARM?" STAMMERED THE BOY"

greater maturity. He was clad in a well-patched coat and long trousers that had evidently been cut down from larger garments by inexperienced hands; for the mended knees of the original trousers flapped around his shins, the polished bends of the elbows stuck out half way to his wrists, and there was a quaint fullness to the breast of the coat and the seat of the trousers, which had been diminished with very indifferent success. This ample costume was topped with a battered, dusty derby of the kind a plasterer wears on working days, which came down over the curly brown hair to the ears of the wearer, enframing a pale, clean face, with great brown eyes distended by fear or anxiety, or both; and fresh, childish lips tightly compressed in what seemed to be some desperate determination. In one hand the boy carried a cheap little valise.

Mat glanced at the newcomer with careless suspicion; he saw nothing remarkable in the little fellow's clothes, for the boys who prowl around the outskirts of a great city at night are not over-particular as to their appearance.

"May I come in and get warm?" stammered the boy, in anything but the accents of a hardy little gamin of the pavements; this was the high-pitched voice of a home-bred child.

"Want to order anything?" demanded Mat.

"I haven't any money," said the little fellow, with a painful blush.

"Oh, well, you can stay until a customer comes in," said Mat, with a glance of boyish contempt at the weakling. He turned to his work again.

The little fellow seated himself on one of the

round stools and, resting his elbow on the shelf, leaned his cheek wearily against his hand and obviously tried not to look hungry. The grateful warmth seemed to make him drowsy, and presently his eyes half closed. Mat's attention was arrested by a long-drawn sigh. Upon turning around, he saw that the boy's head had fallen forward, that his face had grown even whiter, and his lips faintly blue. Mat, who outside of business was anything but hard-hearted, ducked under the leaf of the counter and, putting an arm around the young one, lifted him up. He had always heard that the thing to do when a person fainted was to loosen his clothes at the neck; so he hastily proceeded to unfasten the boy's shirt. Suddenly he paused, and over his rosy face there crept a deeper tinge of red; with fumbling fingers he quickly did up the buttons again; his arm closed more protectingly around the slim body it held, and he gazed at the little fellow with a new and gentler light in his wary blue eyes.

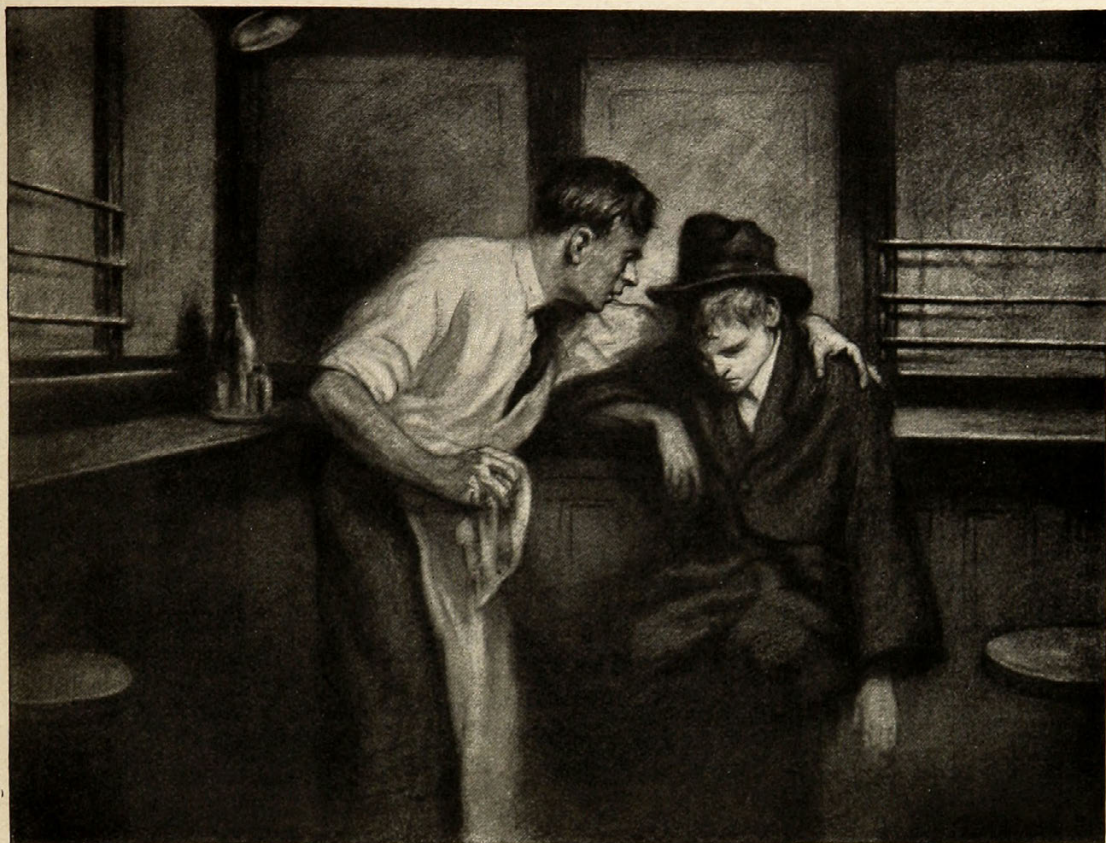
Mat was sorely perplexed what to do next; but in a moment, without calling for any further efforts of resuscitation, the little fellow heaved another sigh and opened his eyes. As soon as he realized that Mat's arm was around him, he quickly straightened up and shrank away. Though not in accordance with the facts as now known to Mat, we will, in deference to his attire, continue to speak of the little one in the masculine gender.

"You sort of keeled over!" said Mat genially.

The little fellow visibly brightened at his friendlier tone. "I'm sorry," he murmured apologetically.



"UNDER THE ELMS ON THE EDGE OF A LITTLE GREEN STANDS A LUNCH WAGON"



"HIS ARM CLOSED MORE PROTECTINGLY AROUND THE SLIM BODY IT HELD"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Mat heartily, returning to his place behind the counter. "All you need is some good hot grub. What'll you have?"

"I — I can't pay for it," stammered the little fellow, with the same painful blush.

"Who asked you to pay for it?" demanded Mat truculently, forgetting his previous attitude on the subject.

"You are very kind," said the little fellow gratefully.

"Kind nawthing!" exclaimed Mat, in the same tone of disgust. "Ain't I been broke myself? Fellows has got to help each other out," he added, with what was in Mat rare delicacy.

"A cup of coffee's enough," said the little fellow modestly.

"Oh, he —" Matty checked himself in confusion. How to maintain the fiction of the little fellow's manliness and at the same time pay due heed to the choice of language suitable for gentler ears was a sadly complicated problem for one of Matty's simple ideas. "I mean," he continued hastily, "you need something solid. Here, I'll give you a piece of pie to eat with the coffee while I flip you a hamburger. What kind of pie?"

"Cocoanut," murmured Matty's guest, thus pressed.

"I'll fry you an egg with the hamburger, too," said Mat recklessly. "Eggs is fine and heartening!"

Directly afterwards a delightful sizzling sound filled the cabin. The odor of onions frying is no doubt very distressing to many delicate nostrils; but at four o'clock in the morning, to the appetite born of an all-night walk, it must be granted there are worse smells. At least, the little fellow thought so.

When the hamburger and its accompanying egg were served, Matty leaned his elbows on the counter and gazed at the little fellow sedately eating his supper from the shelf near by, with a strange, wild pleasure he did not understand, or seek to understand. What a vastly different meaning the close, curling hair, the great brown eyes, and the lips like rose leaves had taken on in five short minutes! When Matty remembered lifting the little fellow up, the arm that had held him tingled. But the ridiculous battered derby was an offense in his eyes.

"Why don't you take your hat off?" he suggested suddenly.

The little fellow, thinking his manners were at fault, snatched it off his head with a blush. At the sight of his distress Matty wished to explain that criticism was far from his inten-

tion, but he had no phrases comprehensive enough to express this feeling; all he could do was to spread the little one more bread and butter. As a matter of fact, Matty thought the little fellow's manners, which he would have giped at in a male creature, uncommonly elegant. Removing the hat made a wonderful difference in his appearance. Matty gloated over the rich brown curls, which seemed to wink at the electric lights, and he was conscious of a novel wish to lay his cheek among them. He wondered dimly what made the little fellow look so sorry, and burned to right the wrong, whatever it might be. But hot food and drink were lighting up the eater's eyes with a renewed courage, and a faint pink stole into his cheeks. At the sight of it Matty beamed from every feature.

"Come far?" asked Matty.

"Not so very," returned the little fellow evasively.

"Where you bound?"

"New York."

Matty frowned.

"I'm almost there," said the little one hopefully.

"Twelve mile," said Matty discouragingly. "What are you going to do when you get there?"

"Get a job," returned the little fellow stoutly. "Carry bundles, or run errands, or something. I'm stronger than I look," he added, with a confident air.

Matty was much distressed at the thought of such innocence abroad in the city. "You don't know your way around," he protested.

"A fellow can always ask," said the little one, with an air.

Matty never thought of laughing. Bent on discouraging him, "The kids'll make a mock of your clothes," he said.

He promptly wished he had bitten his tongue before the remark escaped him; for the little fellow's eyes slowly filled, and he choked over his food.

"They're all right!" cried Matty, desperately remorseful. "I wouldn't laugh at them. I'd bust any kid's head that laughed when I was around. But city kids is fierce!"

The same air of desperate determination shone through the little fellow's tears. "I'll fight them, if they won't let me be!" he proclaimed.

Something in the way this was said made Matty's eyelids prickle. "You don't want to have anything to do with them!" he urged earnestly. "They're bad clear through. Ain't you got no folks to take you in?"

The little fellow was mum on this point. "I'm

not going to stay in New York long," he said. "Just till I get enough money to take me to Scranton. I'm going to live with my brother there. He's the finest fellow!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Never touches a drop!"

"Why don't you write and ask him for the money for your fare?" suggested Matty.

"He's got a family," said the little one, in the tone of one who must be fair. "I haven't any claim on him. But when I get there I'll work out my board. You won't tell if they should ask you where I went?" he struck in, with sudden terror.

"Ah-h! What do you take me for!" snarled Matty, hurt and angry at the bare suggestion of such a thing.

For a few moments nothing was heard but the subdued humming of the big coffee urn. The little fellow, having finished his supper, crossed his legs and leaned back, nursing one knee, in what he thought was a very manly attitude; meanwhile he was scowling fiercely to counteract the effect of the blushes that would rise under Matty's searching gaze. Matty was watching him in great perplexity as to how he might devise a means to delay the little fellow's rash attempt upon the city. Finally he could contain himself no longer.

"Scranton is hundreds of miles off!" he burst out. "You'd never make it in the world! Why, as soon as ever it's daylight you'll be found out!"

The secret had escaped! The little fellow dropped his knee and stared at Matty with wild, affrighted eyes.

"What do you mean?" shaped his lips.

Matty ducked under the leaf of the counter again and approached the little one's side. "You're no fellow!" he said, with rough, unaccustomed tenderness, unconsciously seizing a little hand in his earnestness and pressing it against his cheek. "Any one could see it with half an eye! You're too pretty and good and nice! Go back where you come from and get your own clothes. I'll go with you if you want. I won't let any one touch you. You hadn't ought to go into town. You don't know what you'd be up against!"

She slipped off the stool and, snatching her hand free (the masculine pronoun may as well be dropped), backed away from him. "You must be crazy!" she said, white and desperate. "Of course I'm a fellow! My name is Harry Covey."

"You can't fool me!" said Matty. "I know!"

An impending deluge of tears left her no resource but precipitate flight. With a miserable little offhand air, which was mocked by her shaking voice, she said: "Well, it's good your

thinking can't make me a girl. I must be getting along. Thank you for your kindness."

"Don't go!" cried Matty, in distress. "I was only joking," he hurriedly added. "Of course you're a fellow!"

She was already outside; but she had no sooner set foot to the ground than she swung about and, darting inside the wagon again, pulled the door shut and leaned against it, sick with fear.

"He's out there in the road!" she gasped. "Talking to a policeman!—My father! He'll surely kill me! Hide me! Oh, hide me!"

Matty wasted no time in getting the situation clear in his head, but, instantly seizing the little one's hand, he pulled her after him under the leaf of the counter. Under the solid part was a set of loose shelves on which Matty kept bread and other supplies. He pulled out the shelves, letting the food fall where it would, and into the niche thus vacated thrust the little one, effectually concealing her from the view of any one in the body of the wagon. She had just room enough to sit down. Matty had no sooner straightened his back than the door of the lunch wagon was slid back with a bang that made all the red panes rattle and, upon admitting the form of a brawny working-man, was closed with equal violence. Matty saw that this display of force was merely the result of a muscular habit of action. The man actually had the manner of one who seeks to close a door moderately; and he was plainly unconscious as yet of the proximity of his daughter.

The newcomer's bulk seemed to fill the entire van. It was not that he was so tall, for he looked almost dumpty; but that was the effect of his enormous breadth. His bull neck was forced forward by a thick roll of muscle across his shoulders, and this had the effect of making his great arms hang down, almost to his knees, it seemed. His swarthy, flushed face was cast in the unemotional mold that goes with great strength; and with the lowering, uneasy eye of the hard drinker, he had that grim, satiric mouth that, in elders, is such a terror to youth. Truly it was a formidable antagonist who faced Matty, and the little one's fear was explained. But at this moment the boy was ready to rejoice in any odds: his chin stuck out aggressively, and his eyes shot forth a steely spark, as he gave the counter a careless swipe with his towel.

The big man lounged in front of him with an exaggerated air of indifference. "Has there been a lad in here inside an hour?" he inquired in an offhand tone. "A little fellow with a white face, and pants like they was made for the front legs of an elephant, same girth all the way down?"

"There's been no boy in here," answered Matty, with entire truth.

The man elevated his eyebrows, which in him was tantamount to a shrug. "Well, then, I guess the little devil'll have to shoulder his own pick," he drawled, with the jocose air under which, in bar-rooms, every feeling is disguised. "Blamed if I'll walk the streets of town after him!"

At this display of apparent callousness, Matty's wrath began to rise. He felt it necessary, however, to curb it until he was better armed with information. To that end he inquired carelessly if the boy had run away.

"Just so!" said the man, dropping on the stool nearest the counter—the same stool the little one had occupied a minute or two before. "Lit out from Roslyn somewheres between nine and ten-thirty. I've followed him sixteen mile along a road as black as the pit, picking up a word here and there which kept me on his track. I thought sure I'd nab him before coming to the city line. Who'd ever have thought she'd have ——" He pulled himself up and glanced uneasily at Matty to see if his slip had been noticed.

"I thought you said a boy!" said Matty quickly.

"It looks like a boy," said the man doggedly, "and that's enough for the public!"

A purple spot burned in the middle of each of Matty's red cheeks. "You take it pretty easy," he said.

The man looked at him grimly. "My lad," he drawled, not without dignity, "the feelings of a full-grown man ain't to be so easy read off by a sliver like you!"

This slur on his youth at such a moment was too much for Matty's self-control. He was keyed up for great deeds. "Boy or girl," he said boldly, "I know what drove the kid away from home."

"And what might that be?" drawled the man, with grim, affected surprise.

Matty met his eye squarely. "Booze," he said laconically.

The man slowly raised his great bulk from the stool and pressed his huge knuckles on the edge of Matty's counter. A deeper tinge of red crept under his swarthy skin, and his eyes glittered dangerously. "And how do you know that?" he asked softly.

"I see it in your face," said Matty coolly.

The man's eyes blazed on Matty, and he raised his clenched fists in a frightful gesture of wrath. But the lad was nerved by a glimpse of a white, appealing face, bending over and looking out from under the counter; and his eyes were lit by a deeper flame than the man's own. They

did not flinch; and the man's arms, arrested in mid-air, dropped to his sides, and the clenched fingers relaxed. He turned to the stool again and, sinking heavily on it, appeared to stare hard at the sauce bottles on the shelf.

"Yesterday I would have killed a man for less," he said thickly. "But now — well, I guess it's coming to me!"

Matty was man enough not to pursue his advantage too far. He busied himself in picking up the things that had dropped behind the counter when he pulled out the shelves, managing to touch the little one's curls, by accident, as it were, in passing, and, as he stooped down, grinning reassuringly into her face.

Presently the man turned around on the stool with an expression of face that seemed to indicate that he was anxious to justify himself under Matty's charge. "Me and the kid was always good pals at ordinary times," he said simply. "But since she was a baby she was that comical scared of a man in liquor, I just couldn't help plaguing her whenever I had downed a few. Her ma used to hide her when I come home. Since the old woman died and the kid's brother went off and got married, them times of getting full was more frequent than formerly. It's expected of a widow man. Folks would think he was glad to get rid of his woman if he come home sober after she was gone. Well, when the kid begun to grow up, it seemed kind of unnatural that her, almost a woman growed, should have such a fool scare of her dad whenever he had an edge on, and I got sore-like on her, though a good girl she was and none handier around the house. Last night I got fuller than usual along of Clancy fresh-painting his place, but not to say loaded, for I counted every house on the way home and picked my own gate first go. But the kid, she riled me with her white face, disgusted and sick-like at the sight of her natural father; and in the end — well, I sort of raised my hand to her. Not a blow, you understand, just a little slap — but it was the first. She must have been cutting down her brother's old clothes all to-day, and to-night when I come home — she was gone."

"It was a cowardly act," said Matty.

"I ain't saying I don't regret it," muttered the man.

"It's up to you to take the pledge!" said Matty.

There was a gleam of interest, tempered by suspicion, in the man's eye. "You don't catch Dave Covey tying up to no salvation shark," said he.

"I'll write you up an oath myself," said Matty eagerly. "A good hard one you couldn't wiggle out of."

"Let her go!" said the man facetiously. "But mind, no hallelujahs!"

Matty had already dug out a pencil and a small square of wrapping paper, and was setting to work with a will. For several minutes there was no sound to be heard in the lunch wagon except the humming of the urn, the breathing of the three people, and the spasmodic scrunching of Mat's pencil, as he bore down hard. When he approached the end of his composition, he paused and with averted head asked the young one's name, waiting for the blessed sound of it with strained ears.

"Between you and me, Emma," said the man.

It was satisfactory to Matty. He wrote it down and also, as it were, put the name carefully away in his mind. He handed the paper across the counter, and waited anxiously while the man read it over. Upon completing it, Dave glanced furtively at Matty with what, had he been vainer, Matty would have known was unwilling admiration.

"Pretty tight!" he said in his offhand way. "But put in hard cider. Clancy always has it for them that has swore off."

Matty made the desired correction and returned the paper.

"You won't blow on me?" said the man, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Sure, I will!" said Matty boldly. "How can a man keep a pledge unless he knows everybody knows he's swore it?"

The man shrugged his eyebrows again. "It's coming to me," he said quietly.

Without any suggestion from Matty, big Dave then stood up and, squaring himself, raised his right hand aloft and delivered his oath in a great voice, while Matty stood by with the faint, abstracted smile of an author.

"I, Dave Covey," he read from the paper, "solemnly swears not to and binds himself not to touch or drink a drop or any other quantity of wine, beer, or spirituous liquors or hard cider for three years from to-night. And if he breaks his oath may the fires of hell light upon me; and if he breaks his oath I hereby give up all my rights and claims as a father on my said daughter, Emma Covey, for ever and ever, so help me God, Amen."

The instrument was duly signed by Dave and witnessed by Matty, who subsequently put it in the pie-cupboard for safe-keeping. Upon hearing the oath read, the little figure under the counter had evinced a disposition to emerge, but was restrained by a touch of Matty's foot.

"That was a good thought about the kid," said Dave reflectively. "That will hold me to it. But what made you hit on three years, now?"

Matty was drawing a cup of black coffee for

Dave to drink to the signing of the pledge, and the question took him off his guard. "I'll be twenty," he said simply. "I don't think a man ought to marry before then."

"So-ho!" drawled Dave, with his inimitable affectation of polite surprise. "Seems to me you're taking a pretty long shot!"

Matty recovered himself promptly. "She must have pluck," he said, as carelessly as Dave himself. "I'm willing to risk it."

"I never said but what she was as homely as a hedge fence," remarked Dave.

"Nor did you say but what she wasn't," retorted Matty.

"Well, I do say we've got to find her first," said her father.

This provided the opening Matty had been waiting for. "The trouble with kids when they light out," he said carelessly, "they'd come home quick enough, only they're scared of what they'll get."

"If I could find my little daughter," said Dave Covey, in a voice that was earnest enough in spite of the jocose drawl, "would I larrup her for running away? Not on your life, my lad! I'd apologize to her, I would. I'd say to her, 'Emmy, my dear, you're more of a man than your drunken old pa!'"

There was a frantic scramble underneath the counter, as of a gigantic mouse suddenly startled into action. Matty had a glimpse of a pair of baggy little trousers darting under the leaf of the counter as the little one precipitated her-

self on her astonished parent. He turned his back, and, with hot ears, clattered among his dishes. The little one uttered not a sound; but her father expressed over and over, in varying tones, an unalterable conviction that he would be condemned. When Matty ventured to turn around, big Dave was still sitting on the stool and holding the curly-headed little one close to his side. Father and daughter were cheek to cheek, and the sight of this parental privilege gave Matty an envious ache somewhere under his necktie.

"You're a smart kid, all right," said Dave to Matty, with a grin of admiration that made the boy's heart swell. "All I can say is, I give my consent to you know what, in three years."

The little one, who was one great blush, would not look anywhere near Matty, but kept slyly tugging at her father to be gone. When she finally got him started, she pulled him down and whispered in his ear.

"The lad says I must pay for the damage he did your stock," drawled Dave.

Matty flared up instantly. "I won't take a penny!" he shouted, with ridiculous force, considering the size of the place.

Still keeping a careful back to Matty, the little one whispered another message in her father's ear.

"He says will you come and eat it out next Sunday, then, and be interjooiced to him in her natural sex," said Dave.

"Sure!" cried the delighted Matty.

LAKE WINDS

BY EDITH WYATT

KEEN, fleet and cool, on your silver-breathed way,
Whirling the cirrus-cloud, brushing the mire,
Far down the roads of the night and the day,
Sing me the name of my proudest desire.

Midland wind, inland wind, buoying low,
Flying on Michigan's gray-dappled deep,
Swing me the strength and the splendor to know
Once, ere the hour of my infinite sleep.

Fling them but once to me — once let me go
Straight to some goal through all mist or all mire,
Knowing no thought but to live, as you blow,
Free in the name of my proudest desire.

THE ANIMAL MIND FROM THE INSIDE

BY

E. T. BREWSTER

ANIMALS do not reason. If any one truth has come out of all the critical study of the animal mind that has been going on since this century came in, this is it. Animals do not reason; they never have reasoned; they never by any possibility can reason. The wisest of them do, indeed, get into the borderland that separates reasoning from other mental processes; but no living creature, except man, ever gets unequivocally across the line.

All this, to be sure, science had made out in a general way twenty years ago. During the long controversy over the doctrine of evolution, the evolutionists, especially Romanes, by way of proving that the human mind and the animal mind are all of a piece, compassed sea and land to find one single clear example of reason in animals — and failed. This, however, is only negative evidence. But of late years, beginning with Lloyd Morgan, the whole matter has been gone over again, not by collecting more or less authentic anecdotes, but by means of the most carefully devised experiments. Animals have been placed in situations where the stupidest of men would certainly use reason, and where the animal had every incentive and every opportunity to use it. In no case has the animal done so. Instead, every time, it has attained its end by a mental process that looks like reason, but is not. To-day, therefore, science not only knows that animals do not reason; it understands also the mental process that, in the more intelligent creatures, gives rise to the fallacious appearance of reason. At the present time, we not only know that no living thing except man can reason; but we understand, in addition, the something just as good that enables other creatures to get on without reason.

The Domestic Animal Never Governed by Reason, Rarely by Instinct

All this ought to give much joy to such old-fashioned persons as cling to the opinion that men are endowed with reason, but animals are governed by instinct. Oddly enough, however, this time-honored opinion fares rather

harder at the hands of modern science than does the sentimental view. For if animals never reason, men rarely do; while, so far as instinct is concerned, man actually has more different instincts than any beast; and, on the other hand, among adult animals of the more intelligent species, pure instinct, so far from being the controlling factor in the creature's life, hardly has to be reckoned with at all. Even the mouse-killing impulse of the cat turns out not to be instinctive.

Of late years two schools of naturalists have divided the allegiance of the public between them. Both, from the standpoint of science, are totally wrong. Against Mr. John Burroughs on the one side, and against Dr. William J. Long on the other, and in general against them both, modern comparative psychology maintains four propositions: Animals do not reason at all. Men do not reason by any means as much as they are commonly supposed to. Men have more instincts than animals. Unmodified instinct is not an important factor in the lives either of men or of the half-dozen four-footed beasts that are most like men. This last proposition, however, is not true for the vast majority of living things. Barring a comparatively small number of the more intelligent species, the living world is pretty nearly the automatic affair that general opinion in preëvolutionary days thought it to be.

Science, then, maintains these four propositions. It is the humble task of the present article to set forth certain details concerning the first two of these, together with some fragments of the evidence on which these conclusions are based. Fortunately, much of this evidence requires for its appreciation nothing more than a little practice in analyzing one's own mental processes, together with some familiarity with at least one domesticated animal.

Reason No Higher than Other Mental Powers

First of all, then, the animals for the moment aside, what do we ourselves mean when we say "reason"? Time was when we thought

of reason as a God-given faculty or attribute of the human mind; something added to the intelligence, denied the brutes, and somehow taken away again from us, when too much philosophizing has driven us crazy. The "new psychology" has changed all this. We have no more a faculty of reason than we have a baseball-playing muscle. We use what muscles we have in a certain way, and it is baseball. We use what minds we have in a certain way, and it is reasoning. Reason, then, is neither higher nor lower than other mental powers. It is simply a convenient device for getting results. It has to be learned, like dancing. Some able men do little of it; some fools are impelled by circumstances to do a great deal.

The traditional example of the reasoning process is the syllogism concerning Socrates. All men are mortal; Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is mortal. It is the type of all reasoning. The mind passes deliberately and methodically from known premises to a conclusion that, if not precisely unknown, is at least usually unformulated. So with all reasoning—it explores the unknown, it gets somewhere, it prophesies the future, it tells what is likely to turn up.

But suppose, instead of constructing syllogisms about Socrates, I glance up from my work and see young Socrates playing in the yard. The thought flits through my mind, "After all, this fair youth is but mortal—the grass of the field—here to-day, gone to-morrow." Have I then reasoned concerning the mortality of Socrates? I certainly have not. I have made no effort to get anywhere, to solve any problem, to make clear any idea. I have merely indulged in a piece of reverie, which was no more reasoning than was the dream that produced "Kubla Khan."

Or suppose I am writing a life of Socrates. I search all the libraries of Europe. I read volumes of Greek text, I study Greek life, literature, art, history. I acquaint myself with all that has ever been written on Socrates. In the end, I produce a monumental work that remains for centuries the standard authority on the life of Socrates. Yet I need not have reasoned once during the whole process. So long as I simply accumulate knowledge, and piece together facts already in my mind, I am employing industry, attention, memory, imagination, judgment, sagacity—but not reason. But the moment I say, "Socrates carried a spear on the expedition to Potidaea, therefore Socrates was a man of sound physique," I have reasoned. I have formally, deliberately made my jump into the unknown.

The More a Man Knows, the Less He Needs Reason

So, I say, reasoning is a somewhat uncommon process even with the best of us. In fact, the more learning a man has, that is to say, the better acquainted he is with what has already been thought and done in the world, the less occasion he has to reason out anything for himself. The more expert one is, the more unhesitatingly does his mind run through to its conclusion without the need of conscious thought. Omnipotence, therefore, is of necessity unreasoning. Among all the attributes of Deity, no system of theology has ever included logic.

It is an illuminating experience, for one who wishes to understand the workings of the animal mind, to run through his own day's work, and make out how he himself does his profitable thinking. One gets up in the morning, bathes, breakfasts, catches his car, all with so little mental effort that these routine acts perform themselves exactly as well when the doer's mind is occupied with other matters. After one gets down to his work, he relies on his learning, experience, sagacity, judgment—there is a Wisconsin decision covering this point; the voters will never stand this bill; the Joneses' baby will certainly pull through. But a man may manage a railway, write a best-seller, get elected to Congress, and do less actual reasoning than he did when he was a school-boy, beginning geometry.

Whoso thinks himself to be a reasoning creature, let him try to catch himself in the act. For my own part, I am proud to say that I have reasoned twice in the same week—but it may be months before I shall have occasion to do the like again. Once it was to locate the obstruction in the house drain, the other time to find why a door would not open. I am not used to such accidents, and they drove me to reason. But a plumber would not have had to stop to reason in the one case, nor a carpenter in the other. Both would have found the circumstances too familiar to demand any more complex mental tool than intuition. My dog would not have bothered his head about either matter at all.

The Case of the Cook and the Ice-Cream Freezer

But if it is difficult to catch one's self reasoning, it is almost impossible to detect signs of reason in the less intelligent members of the community. I tried the experiment, once upon a time, on my cook. After I had studied her vainly for weeks, she informed me, one

day, that if I turned the handle of the ice-cream freezer backwards, the cream would unfreeze. She had been afraid to try it for herself, but she had seen kitchen clocks, and balls of string; she had selected the single point that all three have in common, and from that common property had spanned the gap into the unknown. It was the same sublime process as that by which Bessel predicted the discovery of the planet Neptune; the fact that the astronomer happened to be right is a mere detail.

In brief, then, we men reason only concerning the moderately unfamiliar. On the entirely strange we get no grip, while the known offers us no problems. The more uniform our lives, and the less our intellectual curiosity, the fewer occasions have we for reason. The beasts, whose lives are inexpressibly monotonous, and who have no intellectual curiosity at all, even if they had the power to reason, could hardly find a chance to apply it. If I were a schoolmistress teaching the rule of three, I might spend my entire working day in reasoning. If I were a horse or a dog, I should never so much as suspect the existence of the occasional matter that I now reason about.

Nevertheless, it does happen once in a while that an animal finds itself in a situation where, if the animal were a man, the inevitable course would be a simple piece of reasoning. The cat unlatches the door, the horse turns the button of the oat-bin, the dog takes the swing door with a rush to avoid the back stroke that pinches his tail. All these acts, and a thousand more, seem to imply reason. Many men, possibly most men, get such matters by reason.

In all such cases, however, the observer actually sees the result. The mental process he infers, and, as we now know, infers wrongly. But the modern experimenter does not infer; he sees. He does not wait for the beast to happen into the unusual situation in which alone reason is possible; he deliberately puts him there. Then, stop-watch in hand, and assistant at elbow ready to note down on the instant each detail, he explores the act from beginning to end; runs through, it may be, a thousand trials to test a single point; and makes more critical observations in a week than an outdoor naturalist or an animal-lover would make in several life-times.

The Proof that a Coon does Not Reason

One might dip almost anywhere into the literature of this subject. Cole, Berry, Kinnman, Small, Mills, Lloyd Morgan, Thorndike, Porter, Hamilton, Carr, Watson, Yerkes, studying cats, dogs, monkeys, rats, mice,

chicks, English sparrows, have all followed the same general methods, and reached the same general conclusions. I choose for convenience the study that H. B. Davis, at Clark University, made of the racoon. This I select partly because it is new, and partly because it deals with an interesting and little-known animal.

Consider then the following case, typical of this particular coon, typical of all coons, typical of all other intelligent creatures that have thus far been studied. Coon No. 5 has been fed from a box with an outward swinging door, which he has learned to open in one second after it has been fastened by a bolt on the left side. The bolt is now removed, and the door closed by a lever on the right side of the door. Imagine for a moment what a man would do; then compare this with what the coon did.

Although the bolt had been removed, the coon continued to work away at the place where it had been, trying to push something where nothing was. He rolled over and over in the violence of his efforts, until he actually stood on his head to work. Then, by accident, his hind foot slipped off the corner of the box, and, hitting the lever, released the door. Next time he was hungry, like a wise coon, but not like a wise man, he got in front of the box, stood on his head, and pawed the corner of the box until his hind foot slipped again. Eight times he followed this procedure; then he discovered that, after his hind foot had struck the lever, an added push with his fore paws helped to expedite matters. At the twenty-eighth trial he discovered that standing on his head was not an essential part of the process, and took to earning his dinner right side up. Nevertheless, he persisted in putting his hind foot on the lever before pushing it down with his front paws.

In short, the coon hit the proper action by pure accident. Then, being a clever little beast, he kept repeating as many of these random movements as he could remember. Being clever, he used his hand to help out his foot. Being also scatter-brained, he forgot, on the twenty-eighth attempt, to stand on his head. Obviously, the coon did not reason. Yet if the right man had seen him for the first time when he was making the hundredth trial, and after he had forgotten to stand on his head, and forgotten to use three paws, and forgotten everything else except to put out one hand and push, what a story it would have made!

The coon was not reasoning; he was not even learning consciously, as a man learns. He was merely forming a habit. The proof of this

may be found in any one of several thousand experiments; for example, the following:

Coon No. 1, confronted with a new fastening, opened it the first time in 180 seconds. The next trial took 81. That looks like learning; but it was not, for the third trial took 316 seconds. Gradually he forgot the movements that he had no need to make, until at the twelfth attempt he cut the time down to 6 seconds. But the fourteenth took 74. Then the animal caught the knack again, and six trials required from 2 to 4 seconds each. But the twenty-first trial took 60 seconds, and the twenty-second 30. Then the time fell rapidly to one second on the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth trials. But the twenty-ninth trial took 65 seconds again. Only with the thirty-first trial was the habit finally formed, so that the coon could do the trick at once, every time.

The difference between learning a lesson and acquiring a habit comes out still more strikingly when the fastening is shifted over to the other side of the door. Evidently, if the coon had the least idea what he was doing, changing sides would not make any difference to him. As it is, he has to begin all over again and learn the trick from the beginning. To be sure, he does know better how to go to work, for this time he spends only forty seconds at most. But it is only with the thirty-sixth trial that the coon finally learns to do the trick back-handed. Moreover, if the animal has learned to undo a certain fastening when approaching from the right side, and then is made to approach from the left side, nothing whatever being altered about the fastening itself, even then he must begin all over again and learn a new set of movements. In short, he does not understand how to work the fastening at all, as a fastening; he merely learns to make certain movements.

How a Man Unlocks a Box, and How a Monkey Does It

Contrast this with the behavior of a human being. A young child, too young to reason, is put through the same test — and performs it exactly as the animal does. A grown man, under the same conditions, does one of two things. If he can, he reasons the problem out, and does it right the first time and forever afterward. If part of the apparatus is concealed, so that the thing cannot be reasoned out, then the man experiments deliberately, and having once got the point (this usually occurs by the third trial) does it every time thereafter. In short, the man either knows how to work the lock, or he does not know. There is no almost

getting it, and then losing it again. The man knows when he knows: the animal does not.

This difference between the animal and the human idea of what constitutes "knowing" comes out nicely in another piece of work done at Clark University, A. J. Kinnman's study of rhesus monkeys, the *Bandar-log* of the "Jungle Book." The monkey, following the usual procedure, learned to get his food from a box, the lid of which fastened with a key. The key, however, could not be withdrawn from the lock. After the monkey had become familiar with the device, and could operate it as readily as a man could do, the experimenter took the key out of the lock and laid it on the floor in front of the box. The monkey picked up the key, played with it, but made no attempt to use it. Then the experimenter took up the key, and, fifty times in succession, with the monkey two feet away and watching every motion, he unlocked the box. The monkey would have starved before he imitated that simple act. He had learned to open the box by making certain movements; he had no idea of the key as an instrument in the process. We — sometimes — think instruments and means and causes; the animal thinks largely motions.

But perhaps the reader would like to try one of these experiments for himself. If so, there is a good one in the shape of an ancient joke which, I suppose, has been played on the house-cat ever since the days when the Pyramids were new. The materials are a hungry cat, a morsel of meat, and a wide-mouthed glass bottle, say a milk-jar. Put the meat inside the bottle, let the cat see it first through the bottom; then watch the struggle between the habit of going straight at things and the idea that it can't be done. In time, the cat will get its food — but the mental process by which it does so will not be within speaking distance of reason.

Golf-Playing an Example of Habit Learning

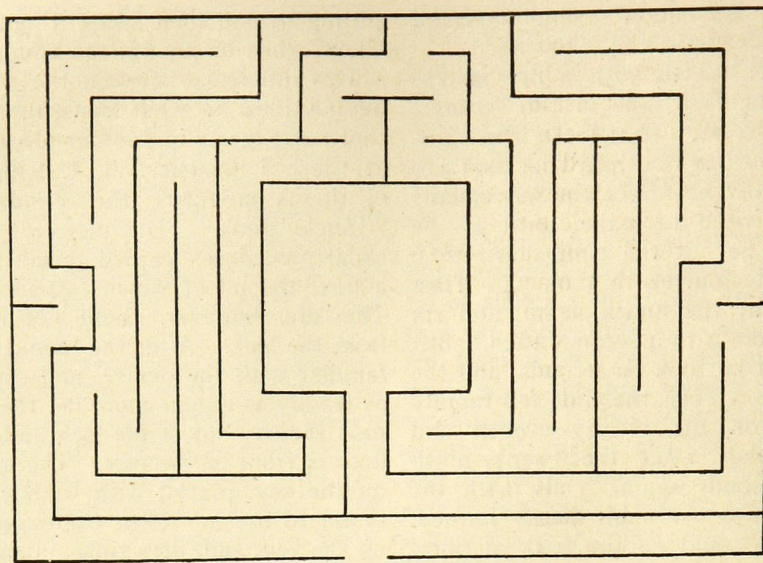
At the same time, neither cat nor coon nor monkey is by any means as different from ourselves, or as stupid, as it seems; for no small part of our own acts are done quite as the beasts do theirs. When we first took up golf, we slashed away as best we could, and when we did, by accident, make a proper stroke, we tried, as nearly as we could remember how it felt, to do it again. Sometimes we caught the knack, and were much puffed up. Then we lost it again, and said things. It was all precisely like the coon unlocking the box. All habit learning has its ups and downs, its off

days, its upsets from little alterations of circumstance. Nor is it, for me at least, to despise the coon because he is bothered when the bolt is shifted to the other side of the door and all his motions are reversed. I am a fair swimmer, left side down — though I am never sure that it is the left side unless I imagine

myself in the water. But let me try to swim on the right side, and straightway I am sorely put to it to keep my head above water at all. As for the Bandar and his key, ask any house-keeper why some faucets open with a quarter turn and some do not, and see how much more she knows about the reasons of things.

Whoso, therefore, would know how his dog's mind looks from the inside, let him put his hands behind him and tell how he buttons his coat. We select the garment more or less wisely; we do not know how we put it on. Not all of us, indeed, have noticed that the coats of our sisters and wives button on the opposite side from ours. Few of us have ever considered why. By a course of unconscious, blundering "trial and error" we have acquired a correct habit, but we do not know in what the correctness consists. In all this we are very much on the animal's level. The key to the animal mind is what we do in the morning, before we start for the office.

The distinction, then, between the way we learn dancing and the way we learn algebra, at once makes clear many paradoxes of animal behavior. Professor Thorndike of Columbia University, for example, trained his cats to escape from a box by unlocking a somewhat complex fastening. The reward of success was a piece of fish. Thorndike discovered that if he compelled a cat to walk into the box the animal soon learned, whenever it was hungry, to enter of its own accord, wait to be locked in, release itself, and get its food. If, on the



PLAN OF THE MAZE BUILT FOR WILLIAM III AT HAMPTON COURT

MODELS OF THIS MAZE ARE USED AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY TO TEST THE MENTAL POWERS OF ANIMALS. THE ANIMAL ENTERS BY THE OUTER OPENING AND FINDS ITS WAY TO ITS FOOD IN THE CENTER SPACE

other hand, instead of making the cat walk into the box, he picked it up and put it in, then the cat never learned to enter of itself. In short, the cats arrived quickly enough at the idea walk-into-the-box-and-get-food: they were quite incapable of grasping the idea be-in-the-box-and-get-

food. Where the man thinks, so to say, with his eyes and ears, the cat thinks with its muscles.

Training the Muscle-Memory of Rats

Or take this curious example of muscle memory. W. S. Small, another Clark University man, in putting rats through a maze, found that blind rats learned their way almost as quickly as normal animals; and having once learned the path, they remembered it quite as accurately, and followed it with as little hesitation. Evidently, therefore, neither sort had learned the maze as a mental picture. Both alike knew it as a habit of certain straight runs and turns.

Carr and Watson, working on the same problem at the University of Chicago, devised an ingenious experiment for testing still further this fundamental point. They built a maze on the principle of the trombone, so that four of the dozen or more passages could be lengthened or shortened at will. Seven rats, one of them blind, were trained until they could run through the maze without error and at full speed. Then the adjustable passages were made two or three feet shorter. Every one of the seven rats, in broad daylight, smashed into the end walls of the shortened passages. Moreover, it took just about as long to relearn the path as it had taken to master it in the first place, while an animal, though letter perfect on its last trial on one day, might go full tilt into the end wall on its first trial on the next.

Not only this, but in reacting from the long-run habit, the rat tended to turn too soon and so run into the side wall. Only with considerable practice could it hit the distance right. Stupid, to be sure; yet how exactly like the duffer at golf who, having topped his ball at one stroke, digs up the sod at the next, though he looks straight at the ball all the time!

One can easily guess what happened when certain passages of the maze were made longer. The rats ran their customary distance, then turned and butted into the side wall. Even after they learned the new habit and ran the maze correctly, they still swerved slightly at the old turns.

All this does not seem especially sapient on the part of the rat—but try altering the length of a tennis court, and then watch a good player reel off double faults. It is not a question of the amount of intelligence, but of the kind of memory. For the rat, the Hampton Court Maze is a leg-memory. For most of my readers who are interested to puzzle out the outline plan, it will be an eye-memory. For me it chances to be neither, but the verbal formula, "start to the left and when in doubt turn toward the outside." The first sort is the great stand-by of the beasts. The second seems to be the commonest form among men. We slaves of the typewriter are apt to do most of our remembering in words. But the musician who plays a long piece without notes has a habit-motion memory which quite outdoes that of a barnful of rodents.

Many are the pitfalls that beset the path of the student of animals who forgets the difference between the picture-memory of the man and the habit-memory of the beast. The horse finds his way home in the dark, with the reins on his neck and his driver completely bewildered. Ergo, the horse can see better in the dark than the man. But it does not at all follow. The man knows the way by the look of the places where he turns. The horse—and the blind man—knows it as a series of habitual acts. We do not consider the musician owl-eyed because he plays to us in the twilight.

The Animal's Almost Inconceivable Ignorance

By way of these considerations, we come back to the point with which we started. The certainty that the animal does not reason lies in the nature of its memories. All reasoning is from the known to the unknown. But no matter how much any man knows, he is able practically to reason only from so much of his information as is stored up in the form of

words, aided at times, and to some small degree, by mental pictures. What he knows as sounds other than words, as smells, tastes, and habits, is most useful and important for other purposes—but he cannot use it for reasoning. We know by experiment that animals do not reason; we know by introspection that they never can.

After all, however, the great disadvantage about learning habits instead of learning words is that learning habits is such desperately slow work. To know a thing only by doing it for one's self over and over again until the act becomes automatic is quite a different matter from being told once for all by somebody else. If a man lives ten times as long as his dog, and meanwhile picks up knowledge one hundred times as fast, the mental condition of the two will be different enough at the end of the chapter. We never understand animals until we understand that along with a sagacity often hardly less than our own, and a morality sometimes superior, goes an almost inconceivable ignorance concerning matters of fact. The fallacy of the nature-faker is, in part, this. He sees correctly enough that the beasts are clever. He assumes therefore that they are wise; and attributes to them information that, under their limitations, Herbert Spencer could not obtain. The fallacy of the animal-lover is like it. He sees that the animal is good (for character, being largely a matter of habits, is quite attainable by the dumb tribes), and then to the real industry of the horse, and the real devotion of the dog, he adds the quite imaginary knowledge of the man.

Lloyd Morgan's Story of the Cow and her Stuffed Calf

I know of no better single illustration of the animal's point of view than Lloyd Morgan's story of the cow who would not stand to be milked unless she could lick her calf meanwhile. A succession of offspring had stereotyped this absolutely irrational habit until, by ill fortune, one of her calves died. There is no reason why a bereaved mother should mourn her loss just at milking-time; but there was the fixed habit of making certain motions. The farmer, however, was a practical psychologist. He stuffed the skin of the calf with hay and let the cow have that to lick. To be sure, the hay calf had neither head nor legs—but a cow has no general ideas concerning the nature of calves, nor any special reason for assuming that calves should have heads and legs. It felt right; and it smelt right. It enabled her to go through the customary motions at milking-time. Therefore it was sufficient. "By

dint of caressing and licking her little calf, the tender parent one fine morning unripped it. The hay issued from within, and the cow, manifesting not the slightest surprise or agitation, proceeded tranquilly to devour the unexpected provender." Whoso gives heed to the lesson of this story is proof against the animal anecdote.

That the beast learns acts, not ideas, is a matter thoroughly understood by animal-trainers — whatever they may tell the public. When the performing lion, instead of jumping through the hoop, becomes confused and proceeds to mangle the trainer, the man appeals neither to his affection nor to his fear. He gives the signal for the next act, and the lion, like a well-oiled mechanism, takes up the customary routine.

The Horse So Stupid that He can be Taught Anything

Consider this paradox of animal-training. There have been on exhibition, at various times, horses who are — apparently — prodigies of mathematical insight — who can do anything with numbers that the trainer can do. Yet we absolutely know that no animal can so much as count at all. Furthermore, it is always the horse that performs these marvels, though the horse is the most utterly stupid of all the dumb creatures that man has made his friends.

That is precisely why the horse is always taken to be made into an arithmetician. He is so stupid that he can be taught anything, — any habit, that is, — and having no mind to be taken up with his own affairs, can be relied on to do exactly as he is told.

All these arithmetical fakes, whatever their details, are worked in essentially the same way. The horse is taught, by endless repetitions, some mechanical habit. A given signal, and he begins to paw the floor. Another signal, and he stops. Press the proper button, and he takes a sponge and rubs it over a certain spot on a blackboard, or picks up a card lying in a certain position. That is all he does. The meaning of the act exists for the spectator only. The pawings count the answer to a problem in addition, the card bears the reply to a question. But the horse does not know it. He merely follows a blind habit, just as he will stop when you say, "Whoa!" though you interpolate the word into your recitation of the Declaration of Independence. The reason why the horse is so available for this particular deception, and so generally useful to mankind, is that he possesses just the right degree of stupidity. If he were stupider, he

would be less plastic to acquire convenient habits. If he were cleverer, he would acquire too many habits for himself, and live too much his own life, like that particularly clever animal, the cat. The brightest children, likewise, are sometimes hardest to bring up.

How We Know that Animals Cannot Count

I have said that no animal can count. Perhaps it is worth while to tell also how we know. Obviously, they do not count one, two, three: for they have no words. Counting, however, could be done equally well with the fingers, or on the teeth, or in any other of a dozen different ways — provided always that some word, or object, or position, or movement, is made the sign of each number. Now, no animal has ever been known to employ arbitrary signs of any sort, still less has any animal ever been seen counting. Moreover, just as in the case of reasoning, we now know the precise way in which habit may give the deceptive impression of enumeration.

Most of the animal psychologists whom I have already cited have, along with their other experiments, tested their subjects' ability to handle numbers. The method is usually this: The animal is confronted with a row of five, ten, twenty dishes all exactly alike. His food, let us say, is always placed in the fifth from the right-hand end. The animal is given ample time to learn the fact. If, now, he always picks out the fifth dish, he probably counts. If, on the other hand, he frequently blunders and tries the fourth and the sixth, then he has merely formed a habit of going about so far along the line.

The two thousand tests to which James P. Porter of Indiana University subjected two English sparrows shall serve as the type of all. They proved beyond question that the sparrow does not count. After a bird had been given its food one hundred times in succession from dish number five, in the next twenty trials it went only nine times to the proper place. Moreover, after the bird became pretty certain of the situation of the desired dish when he came to it on the wing, walking up to it threw him all off again; while if he started his flight from a point to one side of his usual perch, he was likely to hit correspondingly to one side of his objective point. The sparrows guessed numbers better than most creatures who have been tested; they could not count certainly even two.

Neither instinct, then, nor reason is the key to the animal mind, but habit. The animal forms habits precisely as we do, and, precisely like ourselves, stores up as habits many com-

mon experiences of life. The difference is not so much that we have fewer habit-memories than the beasts, for we probably have more. Nor is it that we use them differently. The difference is that what for us is a mere side line is almost the entire stock in trade of the beast. We are, all of us, men and beasts alike, bundles of habits; but the man has more other things wrapped up in the package.

So it happens that we are always making one or other of two mistakes. An animal acquires a useful habit, slowly and with many trials. After he has it thoroughly learned, we see him perform it. If we see it once, we say,

"Lo, an act of reason." If we see it many times, we say, "Evidently a case of instinct." But no living being, save occasionally a man, ever acts both uniquely and right except by accident. Whoever reports differently is mistaken.

Whoso, then, would grasp the import of experimental comparative psychology, let him give heed to Charles Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig." There we have the way the brute mind works. The animal and the primitive man alike may learn to roast their pigs in electric ovens; they both have to begin by burning down the house.



THE EMIGRANT

BY

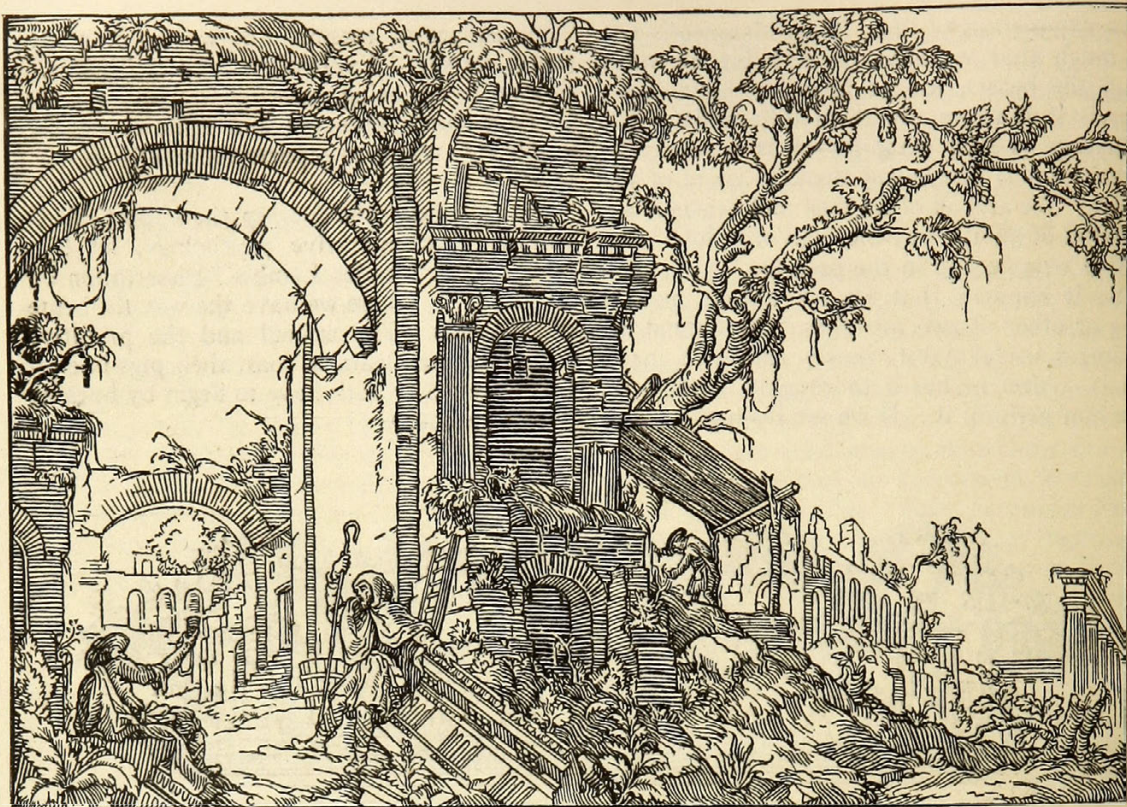
WALTER PEIRCE

THE land in purple distance dies,
And flowing leagues of sea
Grow wide about the whitening path
That parts my home from me.

The stars shine white at dawn; the sun
Burns through the leaden gray;
The sun dies out; the stars gleam pale,
And so day follows day.

And now about our reeling mast
The sea-gulls wheel and scream;
And through the dusk new land looms dim
As a remembered dream.

And I would rather face again
Those wastes of weary sea,
Than step upon that alien shore,
Where no man waits for me.



THE PALATINE

(IN THE "DARK AGES")

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

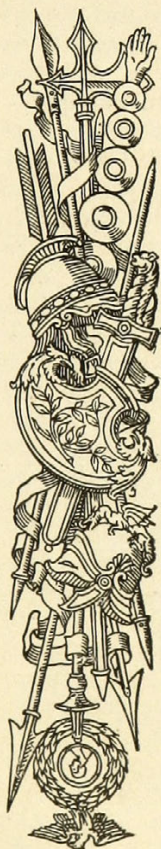
DECORATIONS BY T. M. CLELAND

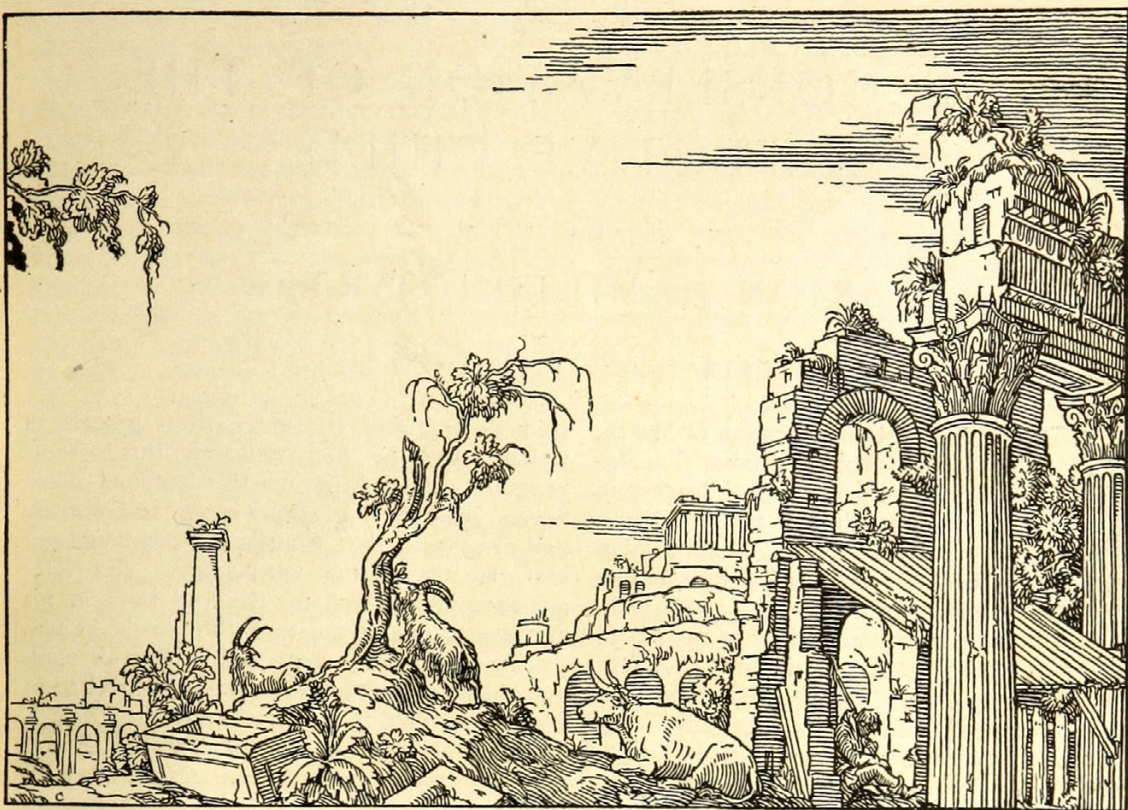


"HAVE you been with the King to Rome,
Brother, big brother?"
"I've been there and I've come home.
Back to your play, little brother."

"Oh, how high is Caesar's house,
Brother, big brother?"

"GOATS about the doorways browse;
Night hawks nest in the burnt roof-tree,
Home of the wild bird and home of the bee.
A thousand chambers of marble lie
Wide to the sun and the wind and the sky.
Poppies we find amongst our wheat
Grow on Caesar's banquet seat.
Cattle crop and neatherds drowse
On the floors of Caesar's house."





"But what has become of Caesar's gold,
Brother, big brother?"

"**T**HE times are bad and the world is old—
Who knows the where of the Caesars' gold?
Night comes black on the Caesars' hill;
The wells are deep and the tales are ill.
Fire-flies gleam in the damp and mold,
All that is left of the Caesars' gold.
Back to your play, little brother."

"What has become of the Caesars' men,
Brother, big brother?"

"**D**OGS in the kennel and wolf in the den
Howl for the fate of the Caesars' men.
Slain in Asia, slain in Gaul,
By Dacian border and Persian wall;
Rhineland orchard and Danube fen
Fatten their roots on Caesar's men."

"Why is the world so sad and wide,
Brother, big brother?"

"**S**AXON boys by their fields that bide
Need not know if the world is wide.
Climb no mountain but Shire-end Hill,
Cross no water but goes to mill;
Ox in the stable and cow in the byre,
Smell of the wood smoke and sleep by the fire;
Sun-up in seed-time—a likely lad
Hurts not his head that the world is sad.
Back to your play, little brother."



THE CONSERVATION OF THE DEFECTIVE CHILD

BY

MARION HAMILTON CARTER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ON a certain afternoon in March, 1896, Miss Margaret T. Maguire, a grade-school teacher in the Philadelphia public schools, went to the psychological laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania accompanied by a lad of fourteen — a well-mannered, intelligent lad, industrious in his school work; one of her favorite pupils, in fact. Yet this lad was the "bogy" of the teachers who for seven years had had him in their classes: he was a chronic bad speller. This does not mean that he misspelled some words sometimes. He misspelled every word always, and did it in the same careful and serious manner with which he recited the history lesson he loved. His reading was as bad as his spelling; he was absolutely incapable of getting through a single sentence correctly, *a, an, and, the*, and a few three-letter words being the net result of his seven years' schooling. He read *saw* for *was*, *water* for *weather*; wrote *btat* for *that*, *soas* for *soap*, and other picturesque combinations of the sort in endless variety. His case seemed hopeless. As a last resort Miss Maguire appealed to Dr. Witmer, the head of the laboratory, to see if he could find out what the trouble was and suggest any remedies she could apply in the school-room.

Poor Eyesight Often the Cause of Poor Spelling

Dr. Witmer made a long examination, the result of which was the discovery that Charles Gilman had an ocular defect never, in all these years, so much as suspected by either his parents or his teachers: *at the distance of about three feet the boy saw everything double*; "he lacked the power to direct the two eyes coordinately upon the same point in space, the left eye looking a little higher than the right." A page of ordinary print was thus a blur; whenever he attempted to write, the words doubled under his pen. Curiously enough, he had never mentioned this peculiarity — he

seemed to think it the natural process of vision. And he had repeated three whole years of school work on this account alone. Seven years in the school-room, and nobody had discovered that Charles Gilman could not see! He was fitted with glasses and later operated upon; then for the first time in his life the printed page and the words he was tracing with his pen were clear. But his reading and writing and spelling were just as bad as ever! The oculist had removed the *defect* — he had not removed the *effect* of the defect: that was in the boy's mind. And it was here that the psychologist came to the rescue by showing just what the effect was and how to remedy it.

Now, it is an obvious truism of daily life that in order to recognize a thing when we see it again, we must have seen it, at least once, clearly and distinctly: a mental image of it must have been left in the mind. Reading is simply a rapid-fire recognition process by means of the stored mental images of words. Charles Gilman had no store of images of words, for he had never seen any — he had seen only blurs of words. He was even worse off than the child just groping its way through the primer, for he had to unlearn the blurs he had patiently acquired through those seven years when nobody knew what his trouble was; then, word by word, he had to re-stock his mind with the images of the words shown him through his glasses. Worse still, when the defect was discovered, the formative period — the time when the mind most easily acquires and retains such impressions — was past. In spite of this handicap, the boy learned to read, write, and spell, and was finally graduated from the grammar school only three years later than he should have been; which was better than not being graduated at all.

The sequel to the story has a touch of pathos. At twenty-one Charles was stricken with tuberculosis of the joints and muscles, and died a few years later. His great pleasure, after he

had given up the art work to which he had devoted himself, was reading.

Charles Gilman's case is especially interesting because it is probably the first of its kind in this country where a psychologist was called in to diagnose poor spelling and reading. He, after the teachers and parents had failed, discovered the cause of the trouble, explained the nature of its results in the boy's mind, and suggested the remedy by which the teacher effected the cure. Many similar cases have since been taken to the laboratory, and although Dr. Witmer will not say there is no other cause for poor spelling but defective eyesight, he does say, emphatically, that defective eyesight was associated with all the cases examined. But no matter how well the oculist may do his part, he can only start the cure: the poor speller must go back to the beginning and take in a fresh supply of words. And Charles Gilman by the thousand sit in the school-rooms of the country, painfully toiling over pages they never see, miserably repeating years of work they never benefit by. In Chicago it was recently found that on entering school at the age of seven, 32 per cent. of the pupils had defective eyesight; the same is true in Minneapolis; and in New York City, Dr. Cronin states, "over 30 per cent. of the school children are suffering from gross forms of defective vision." Most of the eye troubles could easily have been corrected by glasses, and if this had been done in the beginning, the children would have progressed through the grades at the normal rate. "These pupils," says Dr. Neff, in his report to the Health Bureau on 1267 children examined in Philadelphia, "as evidenced by letters from the teachers, showed an absolute absence of progress in many cases, some of them having spent their entire school life in the first grade; and, of course, many of these so-called 'mentally deficient' children interfered with the progress of their fellow pupils. Often their tendency was toward incorrigibility. After treatment, almost all these children began to improve at once. Many were removed from special schools to regular schools, and the tendency toward truancy passed away. The majority have made rapid strides since."

We may state as a general proposition that the actual *amount* of defect does not measure or predict the amount of disadvantage, suffering, or retardation sustained by the child. Secondary effects in disposition and character are often more serious and far-reaching in their consequences than the primary effects of the original trouble.

Locating the Defect of a Backward Child

But to return to Dr. Witmer. The work begun the day Miss Maguire took Charles Gil-

man to the psychological laboratory grew of its own accord, the news spreading from teacher to teacher. Parents heard of it and brought children for expert opinion — strange little creatures, some chattering an inarticulate language, some not speaking at all; some with flashes of intelligence, some with none — stupid, backward, imbecile, idiotic children. Why were they different from others? Could the psychologist find out? And was there any hope that the little one would some day be "all right"?

Often the examiner has to shake his head — the family history and a look at the face of the vacant, helpless object in its mother's arms tell him that there is no *mind* to do anything with; on the other hand, many cases already pronounced hopeless by the physician are found to offer very promising material, once the psychologist has located the initiating causes of the trouble and mapped their mental results. His work, therefore, begins with the physical mechanism; that known, the reaction of its imperfections is traced out in the mind. Sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch, motor control, inhibition, breathing, heart action, muscular strength, are measured by precise instruments devised for the purpose; the general health, nutrition, sleep, exercise, home surroundings, and family history are inquired into; attention, memory, will, association of ideas, interest, observation are tested; and by that time the examiner has a pretty good idea of the disposition of the young subject — his moral quality. Everything is recorded, tabulated, systematically arranged. The examination is a long one, sometimes taking several visits to complete, for the psychologist must get a clear answer to his question, Is the difficulty due to a defect in a sense organ; or is it due to defects in the general health and the nervous system; or is it in the mind itself? The answer determines the line along which the cure is to be projected.

Children Who Cannot Articulate

The poor articulation cases, which are very numerous and often little understood, illustrate the method. A supposed imbecile is taken to the laboratory. Although he is nine years of age, his language consists of a few meaningless sounds, yet he seems by his actions to be trying to communicate something by means of them. The idea of his imbecility is confirmed, to the parents' and teacher's minds, by the violent outbursts of temper to which the child gives way, particularly when he has failed to make himself understood. A glance at the eager little face puts the psychologist on his guard against the imbecile theory — the temper out-

bursts may be secondary effects. Half an hour's testing shows a bright, active intelligence struggling against a terrible infirmity. The trouble, then, is due to one of three causes: structural peculiarities of the speech organs, which make it impossible for the child to give forth articulate language, though he hears it and knows how it ought to sound; or deafness due to disease of the ears or to adenoids — in this case the child never hears anything but blurred words, and he therefore reproduces nothing but blurred words when he tries to speak them; or the trouble may be in the *mind*: the hearing, say for the ticking of a watch, may be normal, even acute, but the hearer cannot distinguish between tones; all but elementary vowel sounds and a few consonants are alike to him. In this last case, the little patient both hears and speaks by word signs rather than by words; *right*, *might*, *flight*, *kite*, *white* are to him just \bar{r} and nothing else; *bear*, *pair*, *hair*, *there*, are $ai(r)$, the final r not being heard or sounded.

Each of these articulation types requires special treatment if the child is ever to talk so that he can be understood; but getting at the real difficulty here, when the physical defect is small, is often a tedious piece of work for the examiner. The hearing is first tested with the audiometer, an instrument so devised that the turning of a stop-cock delivers exact quantities of sound to either ear, the child, of course, not knowing which. He thus has no chance to use his imagination, and if he tries to "piece out" by what he thinks he ought to hear, he is at once detected. After this he is tested with lists of words, embodying every combination of vowel and consonant at the beginning, the middle, and the end of one or two syllables, — *ba — ab*, *bo — ob*, *cheek — peach*, *dash — had — robbed*, — yards upon yards of words like these; and as he hears and reproduces the various sounds — or fails to do so — a mark goes down on a big prepared blank. The examination over, the blank shows that he manages, perhaps, *b*, *sh*, *f*, *m*, *n* pretty well at the beginnings of words; but *p*, *d*, *k*, *wh*, *th*, *s*, *z*, *y*, *l*, *r* he cannot pronounce at all. When asked to say *v* and *r* he gives *w*; *k* for *t*; *p* for *b*. He cannot distinguish the slightest difference between *late* and *rate*, etc. Fundamentally, his trouble is the same as Charles Gilman's: he has no memory images of words, only images of blurs; Charles *saw* the blurs, Frank *hears* them. Fundamentally his treatment is the same as Charles Gilman's — he must take in a new stock of ideas. Sound by sound, the letters must be repeated to him till the correct image is formed in his mind; sound by sound, thousands of times, he must

try to repeat them aloud after his trainer until they become automatic parts of his speech. It may take months; it may take years; but — patience! — the psychologist knows it can be done, because he knows how it must be done. And the day comes when Frank can talk as everybody talks.

A Child's Speech Ruined by Baby Talk

Once in a while a rare stammering case comes to the laboratory where there's nothing the matter with the *child* — the matter is with his dear mama! In 1905 Dr. Witmer examined a boy of twelve who talked baby talk — a bright, alert youngster, to all appearances normal. But nobody could understand a word he uttered — except mama: *she* understood it all perfectly. "I — aw — ow — ay" was to her ear "I want to go out to play," as plain as anything could be. It was her tender custom to reply likewise, and she took pride in the thought that she had "never allowed *her* Willie to associate with the children on the block." She had encouraged him to be her baby and "kept him from growing up too soon" by prattling to him.

Except for his unintelligible language, the examination did not reveal a defect, physical or mental, in the boy, and Dr. Witmer was forced to the conclusion that the trouble lay in the *persistence of an infantile habit of articulation* for which the mother was solely responsible. Through sentimentality and over-indulgence, "she had almost ruined his chances for a useful and possibly successful life." (Psychological Clinic, March, 1907.) Months of painstaking, expert labor had to be expended upon him, to break up the habits his mother had carefully developed, before he could even begin to make himself understood by any one else.

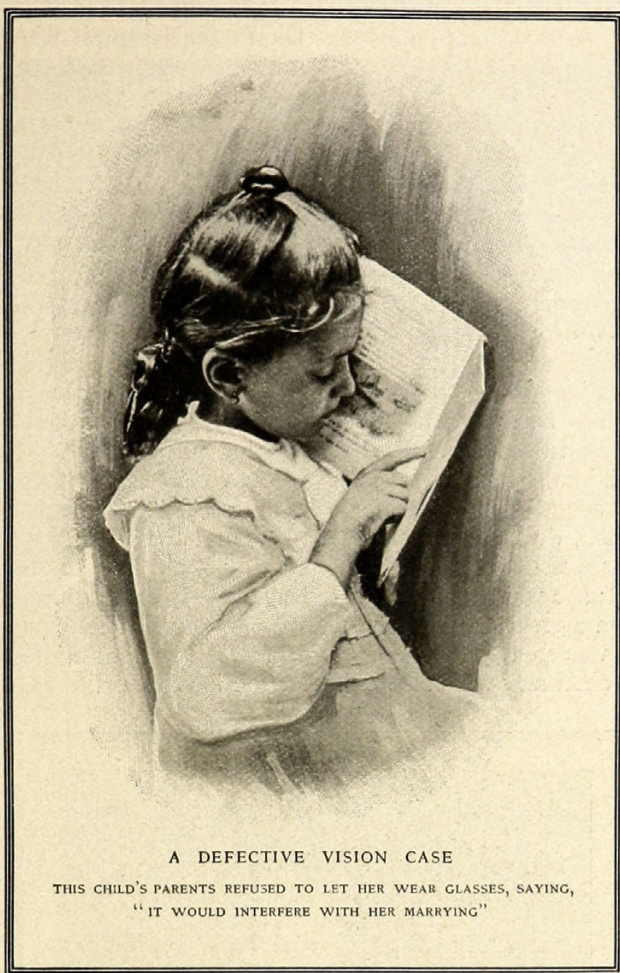
After his success with Charles Gilman and a few others, Dr. Witmer had so many demands for psychological examination that he was obliged to set apart a special time for it — two afternoons and Saturday morning each week — and thus the Psychological Clinic was established. It is now a regular feature of the work of the Psychological Department. Associated with the psychologist are eye and ear specialists and neurologists, besides teachers, school superintendents, and principals who have become interested in the work through cases coming under their own observation. Always the idea is the *individual child*. In this, Dr. Witmer's work may be looked on as in a way the antithesis of the work done at Clark University by Dr. G. Stanley Hall and his disciples. Dr. Hall has mapped out broad features of childhood and youth; has given us illuminating views of in-

dividual performances with reference to featural aspects — interpretations according to types. Dr. Witmer is engaged in applying the methods of the laboratory to the special child. Each, to him, is a "case," to be studied in detail before a diagnosis, much less a prognosis, can be reached. To follow up both satisfactorily he soon found that he needed a sort of hospital-home-school for temporary treatment, training, and observation. Many mental difficulties did not come to the surface in one or two laboratory visits; the child's real capacities and failings could not

be clearly determined until an attempt was made to teach him something. In some instances a few days are sufficient; in others, weeks, a month, six months, even a year of experimenting and observation are necessary before a difficult case can be pronounced either curable or hopelessly imbecilic.

A School Where the Minds of Defective Children are Made Over

In July, 1907, through the liberality of Mrs. J. Lewis Crozer, a fund was provided that enabled Dr. Witmer to start such a school as he needed — a home where proper food, baths, massage, and open-air life could be regulated on hygienic principles side by side with the mental development. At first, a small house in West Philadelphia was fitted up, and two trained nurses were put in charge. During the summer months the children went to the University to school, where they were taught by Miss Town and Miss Boughton from nine to twelve, the remainder of the day being devoted to the physical side of their development. Sloyd was introduced, which proved extremely valuable;



A DEFECTIVE VISION CASE

THIS CHILD'S PARENTS REFUSED TO LET HER WEAR GLASSES, SAYING,
"IT WOULD INTERFERE WITH HER MARRYING"

for many children who were indifferent, uninterested, mentally defective, and without the energy to learn ordinary school studies, became keenly alive and began to put forth considerable mental effort when given raffia and other light manual work. Instruction was almost altogether individual.

The Hospital School is now located in a large double house, with six pupils in residence. The mental training, as well as the physical and hygienic care, is conducted under the direct charge of Miss Margaret Repplier, assisted by two teachers, a trained nurse, and an assistant nurse, who help the chil-

dren to dress and undress and bathe, and otherwise look after their physical needs. When they first come to school some of them are unable to put on their stockings and shoes; some cannot even feed themselves at table. Yet none are either imbecilic or idiotic, for Dr. Witmer will not admit to the school any child who does not seem to have a fighting chance to amount to something in the end. In spite of the large corps of assistants, *the school is limited to seven pupils* — an important point to be noted. After long trial Dr. Witmer reached the conclusion that under ordinary conditions six or seven defective children are as many as a single trainer can superintend at one time. The school must be a home first of all, but a home presided over by a "scientific mother," not an amateur.

An important feature of the work is the care with which the records are kept; each case, studied and cured, is thus a sort of pattern for the next. But no two are ever quite alike, and the children's troubles vary from some small and easily discovered defect, to such a tangle of defects, with their primary and second-

ary effects, that only an expert can unravel it and start the child in a normal, happy growth.

The Case of Fanny, a Russian Jewish Child

A case of the latter kind was brought in to the laboratory about two years ago by one of the visiting nurses in the public schools — a little Russian Jewish girl, one of seven children living with their parents and a dog in two nine by fourteen rooms up an alley. In the living-room of this home stands a table covered with black oil-cloth, on which plates of brown bread and glasses of tea are exposed to dirt and flies throughout the day. No meals are prepared; when the children are hungry they help themselves to what may happen to be on the table. Fanny, one of the younger children, had highly defective eyesight, very bad adenoids, and was deaf; she was poorly nourished, dull, sullen, unable, or unwilling, to answer questions (which very likely she did not hear); she was difficult to interest, and suffered from a great deal of mental confusion; her shyness was so excessive that it had developed into an obstinacy which made it almost impossible to teach her. She had been two years in the first grade of the public school, without having made any appreciable progress, and was about to repeat it for the third time, when she attracted the attention of the nurse, who thought something might be done for her.

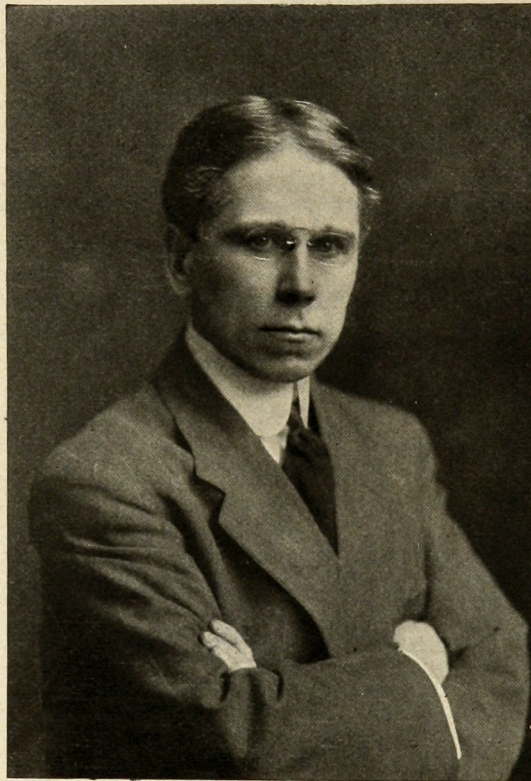
A more unpromising case could hardly have been selected for experiment; nevertheless, Dr. Witmer took her. First her eyes were fitted with glasses; next, she was sent to the Polyclinic Hospital, where Dr. Packard operated for adenoids and enlarged tonsils. Within two weeks her improvement in appearance was so

astonishing that Dr. Witmer decided to admit her to the Hospital School. Nourishing food, baths, massage, fresh air, exercise, and friendly care brought her up rapidly. She became active and happy. Her childish confidence was won; after that she was taught, sound by sound, to speak. She had good visual memory and quickly learned to read and write. Three months after the first, a second operation was required, as the adenoids had reappeared. In spite of this setback, the child's improvement was so wonderful that she was entered in a regular grade of the public school, where her progress has since been that of a normal child. While I talked with Dr. Witmer she came trotting into the laboratory to show him her report card and tell him all about "Teacher." I did not for a moment suspect that she was a "case"; I took her for an ordinary little chatty child, possibly of one of his University colleagues — a child of good home training and surroundings. Though she is now in the public school, she has not been returned to her family, for the influences there would undo most of the work already accomplished.

Curing a Moral Defective

A little while before Fanny was treated, Gertrude B., who came from a county poor-house, was passed over to the Children's Aid Society in Philadelphia. The Society put her in a boarding-house together with several other children. In both of these places she had shown herself a menace to the other children, biting and slugging them on the smallest provocation.

When Dr. Witmer first saw her, as he passed through the laboratory where she was waiting, he thought her a mental and moral de-



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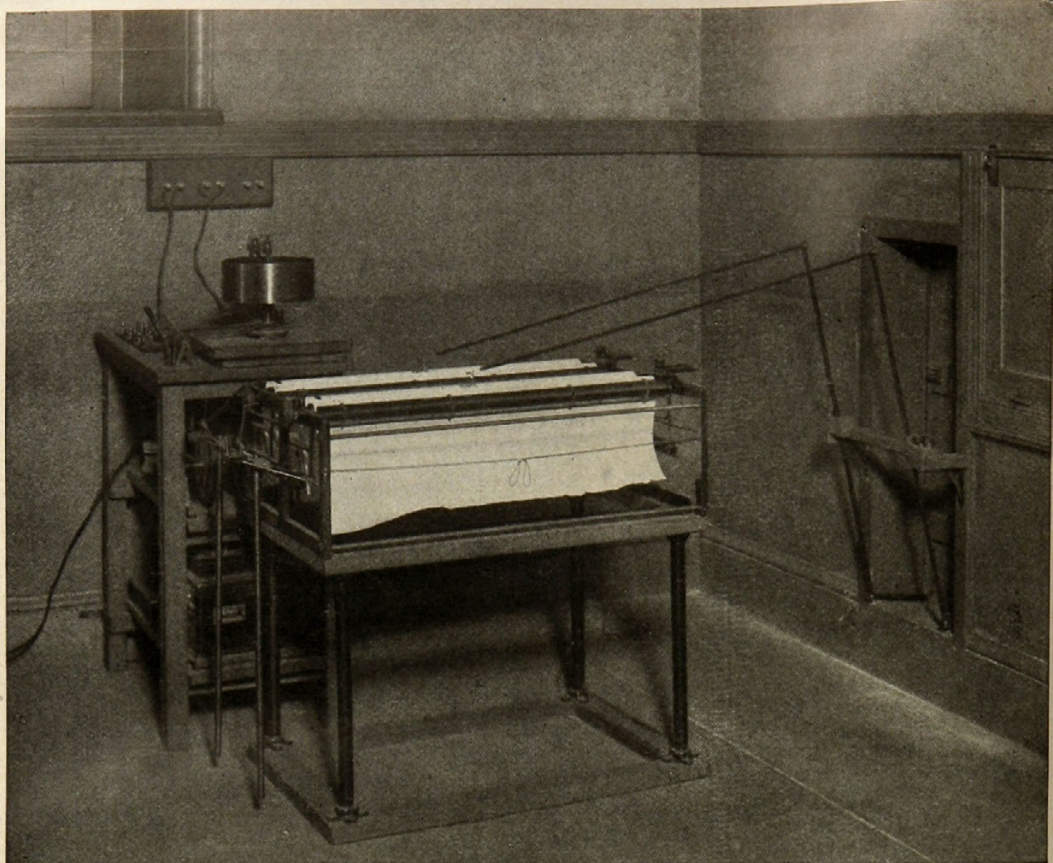
DR. LIGHTNER WITMER

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND
FOUNDER OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CLINIC



GENERAL INTELLIGENCE TESTS

ON THE TABLE ARE A GALTON WHISTLE FOR TESTING THE UPPER LIMIT OF HEARING; A DYNAMOMETER FOR TESTING THE GRASP OF THE HANDS; COLORED WORSTEDS AND BLOCKS FOR TESTING COLOR SENSE AND NUMBER; TOYS TO TEST COMMON KNOWLEDGE, PLAY, INSTINCTIVE REACTIONS, AND COÖRDINATION; AND THE FORM-BOARD, WHICH IS ONE OF THE BEST TESTS FOR DISTINGUISHING THE FEEBLE-MINDED CHILD FROM THE BACKWARD CHILD OF NORMAL INTELLIGENCE. THE FEEBLE-MINDED CHILD TRIES THE BLOCK IN EVERY COMPARTMENT TILL HE DISCOVERS ITS PROPER PLACE; THE NORMAL CHILD DISCOVERS THE RELATION BY VISION FIRST, THEN PLACES THE BLOCK WITH CERTAINTY WHERE IT BELONGS



KNEE-JERK APPARATUS

WHEN THE TENDON BELOW THE KNEE-CAP IS TAPPED, THE MUSCLES OF THE THIGH CONTRACT AND THE FOOT IS VIGOROUSLY
SUBJECT'S HEELS ARE LIGHT WOODEN RODS RUNNING INTO THE NEXT ROOM, WHERE THEY OPERATE SPECIALLY CONTRIVED
HAMMERS STRIKE THE TENDON EVERY FIFTEEN SECONDS, THEIR WEIGHT AND THE DISTANCE THROUGH WHICH THEY

generate, but, on examining her, found to his surprise that her mind was a good one. Suspecting that her moral nature might be different from the "character" she had been given, he got out some toys and a doll. The little girl went almost wild with joy — she had never had any toys in her life. She showed the normal human instincts here, at any rate.

Now, the physician whom the Children's Aid had called in gave it as his "expert opinion" that Gertrude was a mental and moral defective, dangerous to keep with other children. Dr. Witmer's diagnosis was: "Imaginative, active, self-reliant, purposeful — a valiant little soul, fighting like a rat in a corner against the conditions of poorhouse life." So, in spite of the physician, Dr. Witmer admitted her to the Hospital School, and put her on the "humanization cure," her first "medicine" being a doll of her own. In two weeks the "cure" had worked such results that she was entered in the

public school. But she needed more individual training to make up for her past life than the overworked grade teacher could give her, and she has been taken back to the Hospital School, where she is making rapid progress and conducting herself to the satisfaction of every one. The very qualities that made this child a "menace" and a "moral defective" in the poorhouse, where her active, affectionate nature had nothing to satisfy its cravings, are the promise of a fine, efficient womanhood.

Fanny and Gertrude are the children of abject poverty, and their treatment is provided for by persons who have become interested in them. Clarence is the child of wealth, brought to the school as a last hope. An imbecile to all appearances, with open mouth and expressionless face, this boy, at the age of eight, spent the greater part of the day whimpering at his mother's side. No discipline had ever been given him; thinking he had not long to live, his



IN ADJOINING ROOMS

THROWN FORWARD. THE AMOUNT OF THE KICK IS A TEST OF THE CONDITION OF THE SPINAL CORD AND BRAIN. ATTACHED TO THE RECORDING PENS ON A PAPER ROLL, DRAWN UNDER THEM CONTINUOUSLY BY AN ELECTRIC MOTOR. ELECTRICALLY REGULATED FALL BEING ABSOLUTELY CONTROLLED, SO THAT THE FORCE OF BLOW IS CONSTANT THROUGHOUT THE EXPERIMENT

parents had indulged him in every whim, until the little flame of mind struggling against bodily defects was nearly snuffed out.

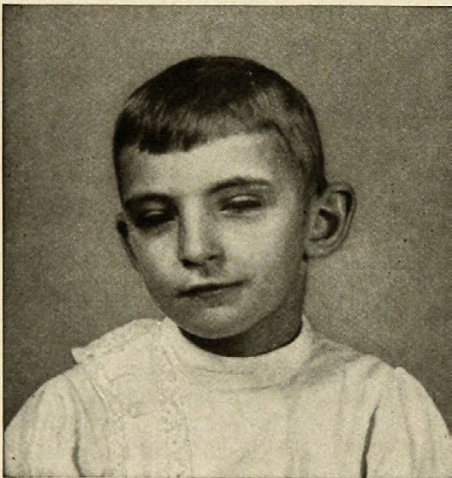
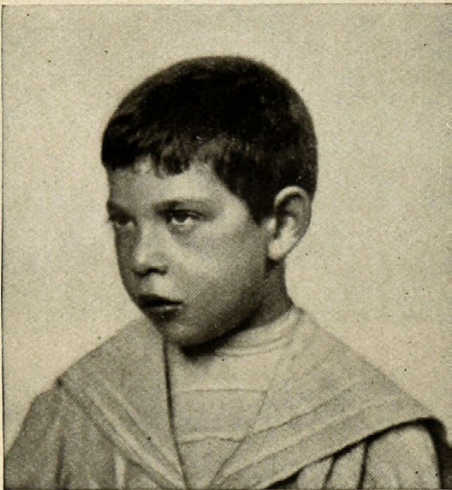
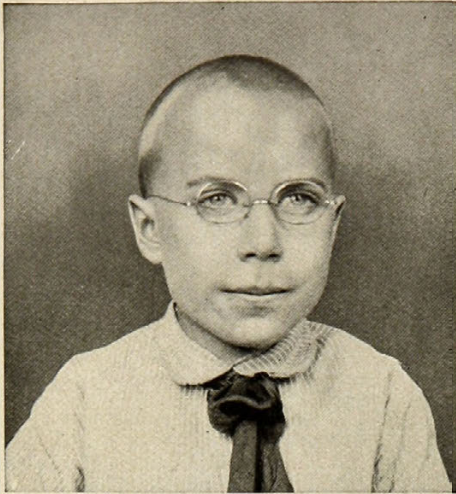
The first thing was to have him fitted with glasses; the next, to have his adenoids removed; the *next* — it may seem callous to say it — was to separate him from his parents. Not until then could he be made to understand that there were things he *must* do — for instance, he must walk. It was a perfectly brand-new idea to little Clarence that nobody was there to carry him around, and screaming didn't change the rule. He stopped his huddling and waiting to be picked up, and began to use his own legs for locomotion. It was the first real exercise he had ever had. His health quickly improved; he got an appetite; he slept. Soon he was joining, very timidly, in the romping games of the other children; before many weeks he was a boy with the rest.

However, he clung to a prejudice against

books and book learning — he would *not* study. He was devoted to all kinds of animals and animal toys, so one day Dr. Witmer brought him a pair of white mice, and, sitting in the school-room, he and Clarence discussed these fascinating objects. Suddenly, picking up a bit of chalk, Dr. Witmer remarked, "Clarence, if any one asks you about your mouse, this is what you can say—" and wrote: "I have a mouse."

Clarence made him read the words over and over; read them himself. Then, fairly stammering with excitement, he cried, "B-b-but I have *two* m-m-mice — put *that* on the board!" Dr. Witmer "put that on," and Clarence decided to learn to read immediately. After a year of medical treatment and teaching, Dr. Witmer confidently hopes that Clarence will yet go through college.

This is a case that must remain two or three years in the Hospital School before it can be



THREE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS PRONOUNCED "HOPELESS IMBECILES" BY THEIR TEACHER. THE BOY AT THE TOP IS CURABLE, HIS TROUBLE BEING CHIEFLY DUE TO LACK OF NOURISHMENT, THE ONE BENEATH IS A DOUBTFUL CASE, THE THIRD IS INCURABLE

sufficiently put into shape by physicians, and established in right habits, to enter the classes of an ordinary school. One attempt to return him to his mother proved unfortunate. All the old associations awoke in both of them. She could not see the vital necessity of discipline in developing the little fellow's own powers, and he rapidly sank back to his former whimpering helplessness. The change for the worse was so evident that she gladly returned him to the school.

A Psychological Clearing-House Needed

Dr. Witmer has now clearly demonstrated one thing — the need of some such auxiliary institution as his Hospital School in connection with every large school system — a pedagogical clearing-house, where cases can be examined by experts, kept under observation for a limited time, then sifted to the proper classes or institutions. Such a school, to be effective, must provide for the entire maintenance of the child during the period of detention — diet, baths, exercise, medical care, mental and manual instruction — in order that the child's various responses may be thoroughly understood. For some, nourishment and medication are all that is required, and the child can soon take his place in the grades; with others, the mental habits need systematic upbuilding after the doctor has done his work; while with a small proportion of children — but a vastly important one to society at large — the disposition has become so perverted, the moral life so warped, that they must have most expert training before they can be entered in the public school with profit to themselves or safety to the other pupils. These last cases are steering straight for the juvenile court, the reform school, the prison, and in one or the other of these institutions the community is bound to support them in the end.

Yet the results achieved with this class of patient in the clinic and the Hospital School are as hopeful as with any other, while the number of incurables in all classes is very small. By "incurables" Dr. Witmer means those who can never be put into the regular school grades, but must be turned over to a special institution. Under present conditions, when the parents are poor, these *curable* children are condemned, along with the incurables, either to neglect in the home and inadequate treatment in the school, or to a public institution, until the formative period of mind-growth is past and their little chance for an efficient and happy life is gone.

The hope and promise of this new field of psychological work can be appreciated if one



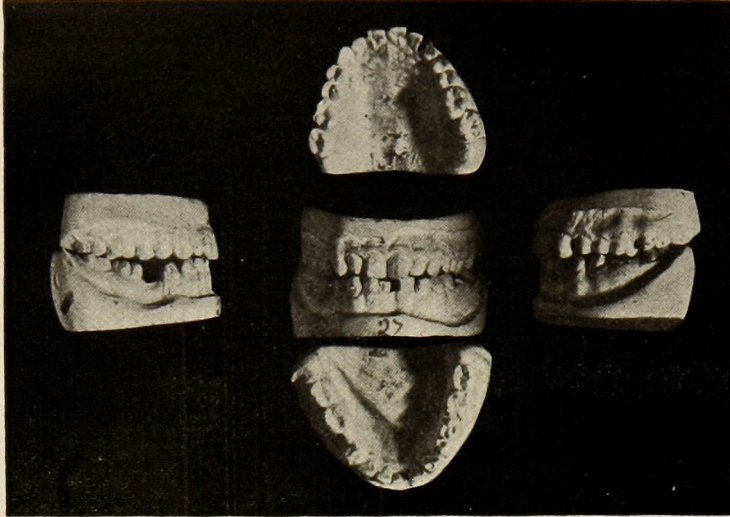
AN AUDIOMETER EXAMINATION

FANNY'S HEARING BEING TESTED AFTER OPERATION AND TREATMENT IN THE HOSPITAL SCHOOL. HER DEFECTIVE ARTICULATION WAS CAUSED BY DEAFNESS AND MALFORMED MOUTH CAVITY, BOTH THE RESULT OF ADENOIDS

but glances at the situation in the public schools. Upon the suggestion of Dr. Witmer, Superintendent Bryan made an exhaustive examination of the retardation of the children in the Camden schools, and found that 12.7 per cent. of them were three years or more behind grade; that 4.8 per cent. were four or more years behind; that by actual count there were two thousand children in the schools who might be classed as defectives, from one cause or another, needing special treatment. And of these last, *one thousand* dropped out at the end of the year — done for, so far as education in the schools was concerned. Yet, could these children have been given proper medical attention, then placed in small groups with surroundings adapted to their capacities, and with teachers

prepared to work with backward and defective children, fully 90 per cent. of them would have been found in the schools the next year, doing effective work along some line that would help to fit them for later employment.

What became of the thousand children in the small city of Camden, New Jersey, who dropped out for want of the helping hand of science? What becomes of the tens of thousands in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, San Francisco? Do you imagine they go up in the scale after they have left the restraining influences of the school and have gone into the world where you must either lay your goods on the counter, or steal what somebody else lays on? Do you picture these thousands now working industriously and earning their own living?



MALFORMED HARD PALATE, CAUSING DEFECTIVE ARTICULATION

THESE CASTS ARE FREQUENTLY NECESSARY FOR THE STUDY AND TREATMENT
OF ARTICULATION CASES

Epileptics and Imbeciles Forced into the Public Schools

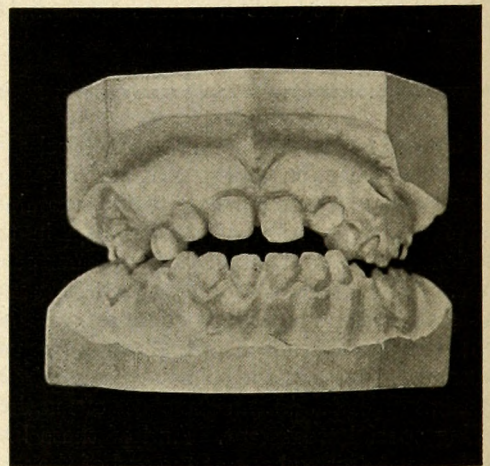
The compulsory education laws drive— theoretically— all children but imbeciles and idiots into the schools and keep them there for a minimum of six years, toiling over their books, whether or not they can see, hear, or think. Thus every city, town, village, and hamlet engages itself to provide for all classes of defectives and degenerates above a certain level. But this level is not always maintained in actual practice. For instance, when the compulsory education law went into effect in Baltimore, eighty-three epileptics, liable to seizures at any hour, were found right in the grades with the other children; while in Philadelphia there are to-day, according to Dr. Witmer's estimate, nearly one thousand imbeciles occupying desks beside normal children. These unfortunates must either be provided for in the public schools, or cast out to shift for themselves as best they may; for the special institutions— even when parents are willing to send their children to them— are too overcrowded to take them in. The question is, "How shall these defectives be provided for in the best possible way?"— to which is generally added, "at the least possible cost"— meaning the immediate cost. The ultimate cost is seldom considered.

It costs money to educate a defective— more money than to educate a normal child; it costs more to let a child repeat a year's work

than to give that year's work to a new child for the first time— costs more wear and tear and worry and discipline, costs more of the teacher's nervous force; it wastes not only money but child to try to drag him through the grades without first removing, or at least lessening, his defects. For Charles Gilman's eyes Philadelphia spent an amount that would have given three children a year, or one child three years, in school. An hour in an oculist's office would have saved it. Fanny had repeated a year, and had the prospect of an indefinite sojourn in the first grade, when Dr. Witmer took her into

the Hospital School; in five months she was ready to return to the public school, with the prospect of a normal progress and a good education.

These are but two cases out of thousands. The smaller cities are paying for repeated school years by the century; the larger cities, on the grand scale of millennia. The greater part of this bill— the greater number of these



CAST OF TEETH TAKEN BY PHYSICIAN BEFORE TREATMENT.
THE WHOLE MOUTH CAVITY HAD BECOME DEFORMED
THROUGH ADENOIDS, MAKING THE CHILD'S LANGUAGE
ALMOST UNINTELLIGIBLE

defective, backward children—could be saved to the public by a proper clinical examination and treatment of all pupils when they enter school. Something is radically wrong when an intelligent, earnest child can waste seven years trying to learn to read before any one discovers that he cannot see printed words.

The ungraded classes, the special classes for defectives, the truant schools in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, and a few other cities have little more than touched the surface of the problems presented. Even when they provide treatment and surgical operations, they have no facilities for carrying out a systematic course in diet, exercise, and baths that will bring the child up to physical standard; while teachers specially trained for the more difficult task of bringing the defective up to mental standard are almost impossible to find. *To bring the child up to standard in the shortest possible time*—this is the ideal of the clinical psychologist and the purpose of the Hospital School; for the psychologist considers the expenditure of two or three hundred dollars within six months—if it accomplish the result—cheaper for the city, cheaper for the child, and cheaper for the community where the child is later to live, than the expenditure of two or three years of the child's formative period in done-over and useless work.

What It Costs to Save Children's Minds

Dr. Witmer has shown that cases not requiring great medical or surgical care can be given very thorough treatment—a home, food, baths, outdoor exercise, and expert mental training—in small classes for a minimum of sixty dollars a month. When the child needs special training, orthopedic gymnastics, special diet, massage, the care of a throat specialist and an oculist, operations and X-ray examinations,—which means that a trainer or a nurse has to give all of her time to him,—the cost may easily run up to two or three hundred dollars a month for the first half year. The cash equivalent for the change in Clarence from an apparent imbecile, whimpering out his life, to an intelligent boy, growing healthy and active and with the hope before him of a useful manhood, was about two thousand dollars; the cash equivalent for the change in Gertrude from a supposed “moral imbecile” to a lovable little girl was about two hundred dollars. How much that two hundred dollars, spent now, has saved the community at large, to say nothing of the child herself, we can hardly guess. What is a made-over child worth?

Many other cases of moral deficiency have

been treated in the Hospital School and sent home cured; and these have opened up one of the most promising branches of clinical psychology—the examination and treatment, on scientific lines, of the juvenile offender. Since the establishment of juvenile courts, and largely through the publicity given to Judge Lindsey's remarkable work in Denver, people are waking up to the idea that youthful crime is not so much sin to be punished as disease to be treated: far-sighted eyes that make book study misery and life in the open a necessity; adenoids; nervous troubles and malnutrition; a disposition out of gear with family and home; misdirected yearnings for the wider life, as vividly portrayed in dime novels. The mental state of the juvenile offender, and the means by which he can be taken out of that state and put into another and better, are becoming a serious and important study, a profession for experts.

Already Dr. Witmer has had a number of cases sent him from the children's court for examination. Would two or three months of treatment in a hospital school save these young lads from the reformatory and put them back in school? In most instances—yes. But there is no hospital school for children of this class. Philadelphia has a Detention Home, with capacity for about fifty children at a time, but the children are not supposed to remain more than a week; they go thence to the juvenile court, thence—where the judge decides.

What is needed is a home where each “case” can be studied until his possibilities for evil or good are thoroughly known; where his defects can be remedied; where—and this is the main point—his bad habits, the effects of his defects, can be systematically treated. For this last the doctor does nothing; he can do nothing; at best he gives the child only a new possibility. He operates on an adenoid: he does not operate on mental habits—does not make a dull, inattentive child into a bright one. The doctor's work ends with the bodily defect; the psychologist's begins with the effect of it. The doctor gives the new chance; the psychologist helps the child to fight the chance to win.

Though still in its infancy, clinical psychology is marking out a great field in social evolution; perhaps by the close of the century it will be one of the greatest. For it means the salvage of vast quantities of human mind lost to the world by our present system; or, worse thrown upon the community for support in reform schools, prisons, and institutions for the feeble-minded. First or last, society must pay the bill. The psychologist says, “Pay first, and save the child.”

DISABLED

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO'

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

*This Cyprian,
She is a thousand, thousand
Changing things.
She brings more pain than any
God; she brings
More joy. I cannot judge her.
May it be
An hour of mercy when she looks on me.*

EURIPIDES.

WHY should I want to tell about Lester Anders and his love affair? It has been a long-drawn-out fragment of obscure human history, its climaxes anti-climaxed, and with no sharp clear "point," nothing that enables me, at any rate, to draw any general "conclusions," edifying or otherwise. But, after all, there are other kinds of stories than such as can be wittily skeletonized at a dinner-party, and other moods of human communication than those suited to such occasions. Why does one want to tell any story?

It must be that somehow you care about the people and the happenings, and that (perhaps so obscurely you do not know what is driving you) you long to make others care with you, cry, laugh, wonder, or perhaps, most of all, simply sympathize for a moment with your fresh bewilderment before a fresh instance of man's inscrutable predicament on his little fleeing ball. Surely basic bewilderment is a mood that must come and recur, passingly with even such doctrinaires, scientific, philosophic, or theological, as have "doped out" complete (and highly conflicting) theories of All that Is.

Doubtless it is what Lester Anders was himself that makes one care about his story. He had all those gifts that spring our most primitive, our oldest instincts of admiration: youth, strength, splendor of body, gaiety of heart, daring, power of primitive achievement — he

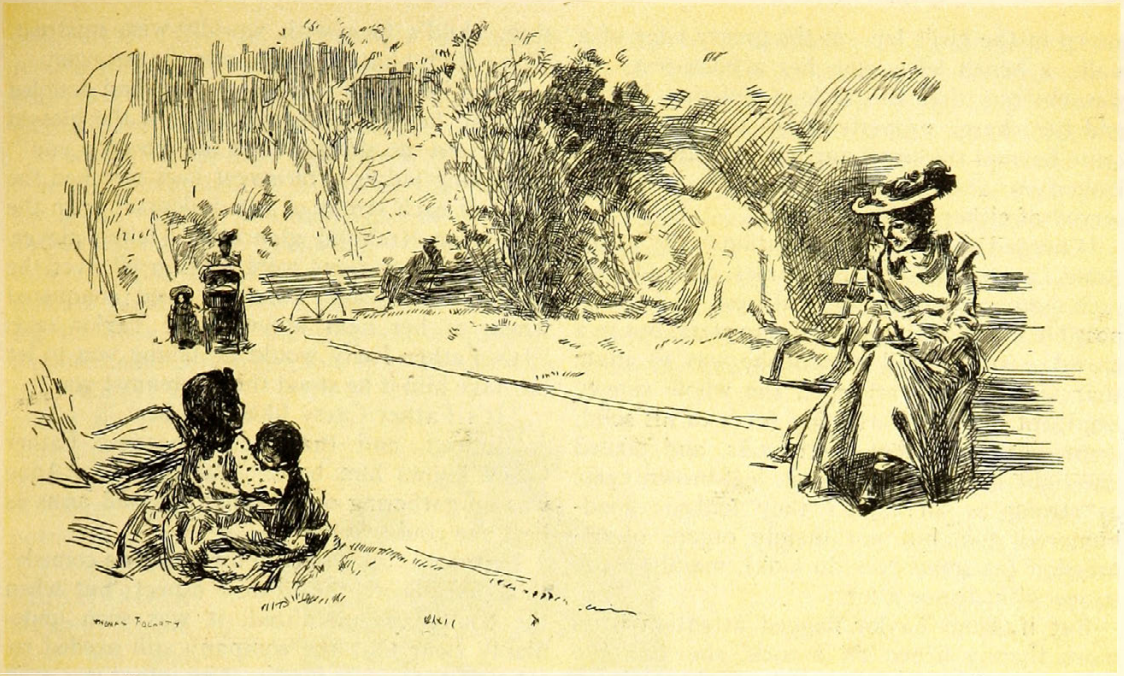
was a man of his hands; he was an excellent chap, too, with a good, sound head.

Everything conspired to make him one of those examples of good fortune that it cheers the dull, drudging world to look upon, to hear about, to see counterfeited on the stage. Of course, envy is a pervasive vice, but pervasive, too, and deep-rooted, is the dumb, hidden instinct of solidarity that makes us feel bettered the more happiness there is in the world.

The motormen and truck-drivers who brightened at Lester's offhand greetings did not envy the correct magnificence with which he delighted to clothe himself; they took more note of his muscle and agility and gave them profanely emphasized appreciations that in naïve generosity were as pretty as poetry. But it was not matters athletic, either, that rooted their interest: it was Happy Youth.

Happy Youth must always carry its own pathos, but Lester minimized that note, because he looked so armed, equipped to live. The thoughtful, of course, venture no such prophecies, but out of hundreds of goodly youth one might have backed his chances for a triumphant progress down the years; the strong head, the balanced, kindly, mundane nature, — no poet's extravagances of ideals or hungers there to bring shipwreck!

Then, as Fate does top things off occasionally to show what she can do, he was blessed in heredity, in station, in fortune. His father was a man with money enough to live in easy comfort, and, admirable gentleman, had chiefly devoted himself for years to public and beneficent interests; a strand of light cynicism that was braided in his tolerant nature had made him especially valuable among philanthropic softies and egotists, and had helped to save him (for saved he was) from the degradations that so easily beset a career of "doing good." He was, in fact, such a father as the sagacious might choose, had they the chance.



"A BROWN SPARROW OF A GIRL SKETCHING IN A NOTE-BOOK CAUGHT HIS EYE"

Lester had still one more cardinal good fortune: he was born with that fitness for a special vocation which Emerson tells us is the greatest luck a man can have. With the world before him, the lad fell on the last waning chances for original exploration of unknown lands, and fell on them as if they had been saved by the gods for him; now he was twenty-eight, and he had had his triumphs, had carried responsibilities and had tasted power and achievement, had savored the sweetness of life in the shadow of death.

Just home from a South American expedition through an unmapped wilderness, he was reveling in the contrast of Broadway: in the street-cars, in the white napery and glitter of restaurants and the things they gave you to eat; in the punctilious elaborations of women's frou-frouing frocks, and in them themselves—the always curious, so often clever little things. He marveled casually that from their little niches, their abysmal inexperience, they could sometimes so project themselves into his world, talk to him of his occupations,—awfully clever of them, even if they did make it their business to play up to a fellow like that.

Women would have spoiled him, if he had found intoxication in their tribute. But if pride of conquest can hardly be denied any normal member of an "evolved" race, it would still assuredly never intoxicate Lester; it was offset by all his traditions and habits of mind. Unless you could like a woman at least as much as she liked you, her liking was a horribly uncomfortable, embarrassing thing; it made you

look and feel like a hound any way you could fix it. These were his secret sentiments; aloud he was extremely unlikely to be caught making any such implied admissions.

He had tried various ways of "fixing it," and also he had "liked" some of the ladies who had liked him; altogether, as you may infer, his experiences, such as they were, had not enlightened him profoundly about life, love, women, or himself. He was almost innocent of literary traditions of sex, but he knew (for he looked at the world with a seeing eye) that sometimes love took the form of a very serious madness, and that, more rarely, there was something noble and splendid in this madness.

He had no more idea of any such experience ever coming to him than he had of undergoing any other form of mania. What he wanted was children, sons and daughters; your own kids were what counted after a while; and as a decoration on this solid aspiration, he wished, he meant, to love his wife.

So it all might have come to pass had he turned west instead of east one spring day. It was early in the day, early in the spring, and after the sharper flavor of other phases of the city, he turned, charmed with the contrast, into a little empty square of pale sunshine, green grass, and naked trees bud-bedecked. As he lounged about, a brown sparrow of a girl caught his eye only because she was sketching in a note-book, quick strokes alternating with quick, attentive glances beyond it; her eyes recurrently grasped a group of two children who, unconscious of their usefulness, sat, the baby

asleep in the girl's lap, on the grassy edge of a walk, a bench leg giving her a back-rest. It was obvious that the task of hoisting herself and her charge properly on to the bench was quite beyond the small nurse's strength. Lester looked on, also seated at his ease now, unobserved of either artist or models.

It needed such definite attention really to see Anne Taylor. Lester, in contrast, clothed with such tempered glory, light and fresh, as remains possible to his sex, was a figure to stand out in a crowd — most of all because he was so alive; that vitality that informed the whole sinewy length of him gave arresting force to his solid, embrowned, clear-cut good looks, and pooled like light in a pair of strong, leaf-brown eyes; as strong as an eagle's they looked; good-humored, too, but not mainly organs of expression (as some eyes do look), mainly made to see with, to see a lot.

But if Anne Taylor flagged attention little more than a lichen on a rock, she, like the lichen, could still reward it. It would be a perversion of language to claim that any scrutiny could find her pretty; but superior eyes, dismissing demands for bloom and color, might discover something of beauty in the Holbein-esque drawing of the small, quaint face, all whose details, lips, eyelids, delicate nostrils, were finished with such distinguished precision. Lester in his simplicity thought her a plain little girl; yet then and there stole in on him the notion that he liked her plain looks immensely; that she looked precisely the most companionable person in New York. But it was not with the least thought of profiting by that fact that he presently saw the need of coming to the plain little girl's assistance.

The child on the grass had essayed to wend on her way with the baby; the baby was asleep, and a strength which had just sufficed for a staggering progress when he was awake — after he had refused further unfamiliar exercise on his own fat legs — proved now completely inadequate; she managed to rise with him; but after five steps came down again, baby still uppermost, but wide-eyed despair upon her countenance. Plainly, with the finality of childhood, she saw the future stretch all dark and "barren as a rainy sea," an existence bounded by starvation on the park walk.

Anne Taylor, after making some last hurried strokes, shut the note-book and hurrying to her unconscious model said, with a faint touch of the brogue:

"Sure, now, and isn't he the heaviest baby of his weight on the East Side this day! Let me try the heft of him."

Pride in the merited tribute struggled on the

slum child's face with worldly-wise mistrust. "He is awful big," — pride was the stronger.

"And he's gone to sleep on you, and doubled the load he was. Indeed, I think the blessed saints sent me along to take the job off'n you"; the young lady's little sweet eyes watched the effect of each stroke of her diplomacy with the measuring, tranquil glance of a chess-player. Conflicting emotions were written all over the girl's little person, but dire need conquered when, as her next move, Anne Taylor said: "It's Father Kelly would be telling you to let me have him if he stood there foreinst you."

"It's Father Casey likes him best."

"Indeed, and that's only because Father Casey knows him best." As she spoke Anne was up gathering overflowing legs and arms as best she could.

Lester was an audience for the little comedy, though he wore the deafest aspect; but when the comedians mobilized, it was soon undeniably clear that the company still needed reinforcements; that jumbo of an infant was even overpowering the grown woman — the grown woman was slight and small. Lester perforce came to the rescue; the polite automaton was the rôle he chose, as if, having eyes, he saw not, neither heard with his ears, but was moved by internal clockwork that at this hour daily brought him to the assistance of any baby-oppressed beings, men, women, or goats. Maybe Anne in her need would have put up with an even less sharply defined harmlessness; there was about her something that bespoke a very privately cherished and faintly humorous sense of power to take care of herself. But in turning her burden over to the young man she certainly did nothing to bring the automaton to life; rather, graciously enough, she automatonized herself, as if that were the etiquette prescribed for the foreseen occasion by the best authorities.

Under such rigidities the adventure ended as it had begun. It was so amusing as it stood, that, until the girl had vanished quite, Lester's humorous satisfaction with his own propriety was complete. Then there was new food for amusement in the disgruntlement he discovered because there was (of course) no sequel in sight. He thought of that girl recurrently for several days; he grew clearer that he sustained a loss in not knowing her; she certainly was a well-spring of companionship — that girl, and a Dear; good as gold, and at the same time so flavored with the unadulterated savor of herself — as far from flat tameness as any Daughter of the Game spiced by the Devil. With all this he did not range her as a potential sweetheart, although, as youth must in such case, he glanced at that

possibility. Love affairs in his experience rooted differently and developed agitations both sweet and bitter out of accord with the aromatic freshness of this memory.

It was after ten days had driven the episode from the foreground of his mind that he saw her again. It was in a newspaper office where he was known. She "belonged" there, was on the staff. She was, it appeared, the creator of a series of pictures of city children that was having its little vogue; pictures whose quaintly humored expressiveness more than atoned with the sensible public for their sometimes eccentric notions of human proportions.

The inevitable acquaintance began with more good will and good understanding than any merely conventional prelude could have given it. The clearest thing about Anne to masculine perception, plain on sight, was that a fellow could make friends with her; that she was neither fisher nor fish in the Great Game. Any love affairs of hers would fall outside its strategies. The war between the sexes had small meaning for Anne. She lived (so she often put it) in the old Ninth Ward, and in the little prim "private house" where she was born. Her father had been a contracting carpenter in a small way, when a modest turn or two in real estate had furnished him with a slender competency, and furnished it just in time; on the heels of his good fortune a ladder broke with him, and the fall not only crippled him, but impaired his health for life. The distinction of his after years was that he kept what he had made, despite all the onslaughts of "business opportunities," even despite the beguiling fact that he had made it. He said he had no right to risk the livelihood of his family, and contented

himself with attending to small safe investments and reinvestments, with the interests of his church, his political party, and with his family; that is (as to the last) he and his wife were united fondly in the deepest, quietest worship of their daughter; Anne was an only child who had been born to them after years of barren wedlock. He was an elder in the Methodist Church, a reader of the *Tribune*, and a well-enduring, honest man, keeping always his country-bred sense of equality and his Chau-tauquanesque mental horizon. His wife was

his mate in all this, and any differences that went to make her a separate personality hardly concern this narrative. It was in the most casual way that Anne had ranged beyond the parental fields, intellectually and socially; and the only visible effect of these excursions upon her home relations was to make her cherish them the more. There was an unvarying levelness about Anne's head that defied the demoralizations of human-kind's foolishhest



THOMAS FOGARTY

"LESTER CAME TO THE RESCUE"

years, and the more she knew of other kinds of people, the more she sensed the dyed-in-the-wool merits of her own nearest. New people and pleasure were deftly sorted, rejected or adjusted without disturbing any balance of power in the kingdom of her mind. Indeed, it appeared that what Anne went in, that, in all essentials, she came out, whatever the passage traversed; and if here was small evidence of a capacity for growth, it is to be answered that a pleasant completeness stamped Anne; she drove ideas of changing her out of heads even besotted with educative, uplifting impulses.

Lester found all this almost romantically satisfactory; it brought out so becomingly in Anne all that was most unlike commoner

souls; and it was all so finely, quaintly American in our denationalizing metropolis. It was the kind of thing his father had bred him to esteem, for his father cherished his family's Americanism with the enlightened fidelity of a cosmopolitan outlook. It was Democracy Mr. Anders believed in, and with a more defined faith than supported most of his easy-going predilections. To Lester's mind Anne's situation in life fitted her like a designed frame. In his young ardor he counted it a good plus on the privilege of knowing her.

From an old home himself, he had, too, an appreciation of the fact that the "parlor" of the Greenwich Village house was one of the few and ever fewer rooms still left on Manhattan Island where Time had had a chance to work his incomparable magic. Anne's esthetic education had not led her to play any discoverable tricks with it; not she! Faded and harmonized, long-cherished and used, since it all was old and simple, no walnut furniture could be ugly enough quite to outweigh what time had done for it. Lester was not an esthetic person, but if he had been he might have come to the same conclusion he found when he reflected that "this sort of thing is more in our class than all that shiny, brand-new colonial truck, by Jove, or the old stuff from Dago palaces that the big grafters are spreading around; this is their own, anyhow."

It was anent the one inherited treasure in this homely room that Anne made her one oblique reference of these days to her own worldly standing. The treasure was a lithographed copy of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation; it was in script, and the shadings of the lettering gave you, with preternatural ingenuity, if you looked aright, a wooden presentation of Lincoln's face. Lester was examining it with an interest made up of various strands; his father was a collector of Lincoln memorabilia.

"I suppose that's funny to other people," said Anne tranquilly; "we are proud of it." All manner of little insignificant speeches came from Anne with a significance born precisely of their simplicity; where the rest of us would mean more, or other, she meant merely what she said.

In response to Lester's sympathetic growls — his words were not what counted — she told with her easy precision how her father's father was a very poor farmer who made his home a much-used station on the underground railroad of slave times, and how he had bought this document-picture the week Lincoln was murdered.

"He was dead long before I was born," said Anne, "but I can't find out that he ever bought

any other unnecessary thing in his life. He spent all he could pinch out of his poverty on causes. This was his box of ointment. I like him for a grandfather very well," Anne concluded without emphasis.

Lester could only stand before the heirloom and again express his sentiments by dim sounds of sensibility. It was not a moment for the banalities of talk.

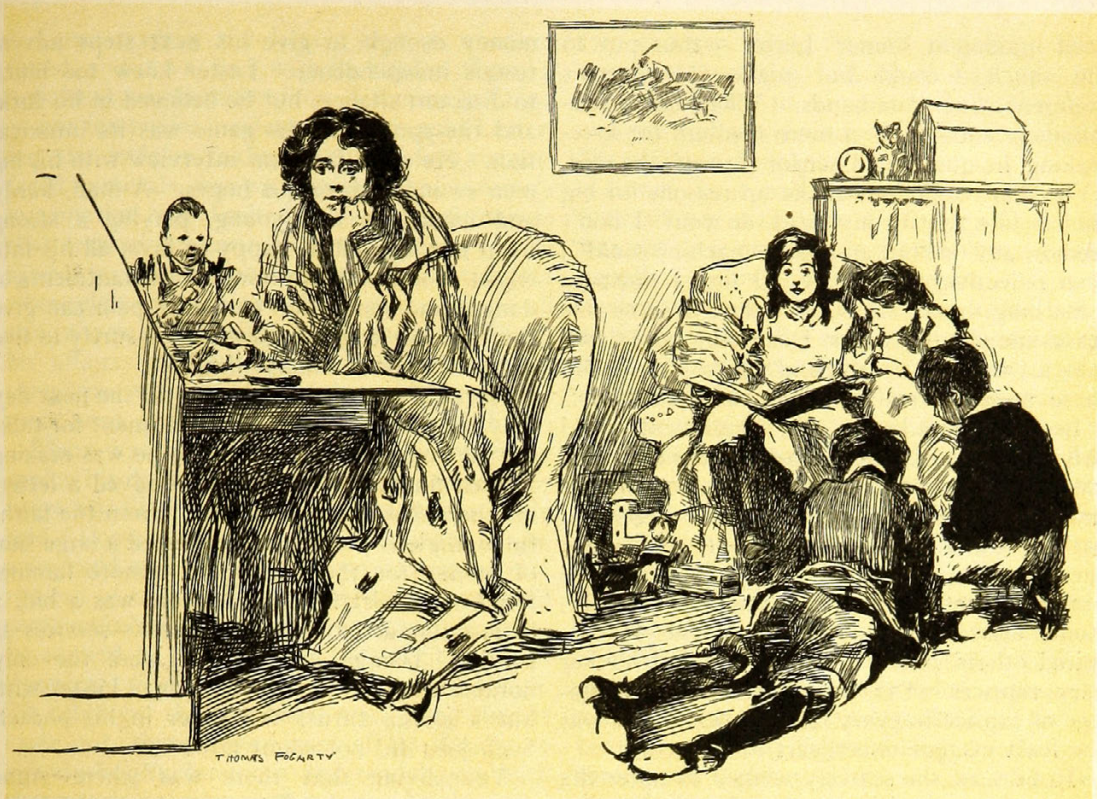
For already he had reached the stage where the beloved's chance speech may come freighted with such mystic significance as belongs to the wonder words heard in dreams. Quickly he had learned that love enters not always by the same door, and indeed that he had had no experience of love before. This was not the familiar comedy of self-deception; he had a cool head for investigating his own emotions, and he was right. The call of companionship that Anne's being had made to him from the first called the whole of him; not as the result of a sustained propinquity, but fundamentally, with a force like gravitation, a force strengthened by the chorded subtlety that had briefly disguised it. The truth had come to him as a deeply astounding and sobering discovery; there was an hour when it awed, when, by a stretch of language, one might say it frightened him; such calls from the deeps were not reckoned in his scheme of life. Of course that passed; he was an altogether sanguine lad.

Sooner than he had dreamed to, with small volition in the matter, he found himself a declared lover, and one who was neither rejected nor accepted. On top of that he begged to be allowed to bring his mother to call on Mrs. Taylor and Anne; to the credit of his breeding and his presence of mind, he named them in that order. It appeared he had proffered this request at the wrong time. Anne demurred.

"It would be too creepy," she argued candidly and plausibly; "whatever you did or didn't tell her, she'd have two reasons for detesting me: because I may and because I may not," — this last coming with an access of abstraction; she was weighing courses as she named them.

Lester sat, his elbows on his knees, his downcast face between his fists, a square, masculine attitude, but telling a tale rather painfully contrasted with the girl's expression; her clear ease, pretty as it was, looked a shade trivial against his overweight of feeling. He raised his eyes to hers — they were bloodshot — and whispered, for his voice was dead in his throat, "When, Anne? When?"

But by nature and sagacity it was mainly in a lighter key that his wooing was set. His heart sang with hope, and as he had not failed to



"SHE WAS THE CREATOR OF A SERIES OF PICTURES OF CITY CHILDREN THAT WAS HAVING ITS VOGUE"

observe the advantage insincere devotion has with inexperienced women over a sincerity too guileless, he was consciously bent on profiting by the wisdom of the children of this world.

Yes, Anne was inexperienced, of course, but she was, as her bearing revealed, not unaccustomed to being courted. Her popularity puzzled some observers of her own sex; and certainly she was poor in the most trusted weapons of conquest. One big element in her attraction has been already suggested: men in general felt that clear as sunshine, clean of any hidden hungers of vanity or advantage, she liked them. That, to be sure, was a wonderful eye-opener to various pleasant qualities that every one granted her. Her quaintness — that was a favorite reiterated word — was born of her odd combination of spontaneity and self-control; at least, that is as far as any analysis of it could go; she had the unique effect of always doing what she felt like and always doing what she intended — an extraordinarily engaging harmony that, which made various people find it a treat simply to watch her exist. For the rest, her lovers read her as being as warm as she was unquestionably cool. If she was a detached friend and an elusive sweetheart, their instinct told them she had in her the making of a wife who would fill the measure of that relation.

When in the course of a month she made her

measured little surrender to Lester, the question of meeting his family naturally came up again. She still begged off, and she had her little case again, too. Lester was expecting to start soon on another South American expedition, and Anne would listen to no word of marriage before his return. He made his last plea for an immediate union one evening as, in the artless fashion of the neighborhood, they sat in the summer dusk on her front steps; before them a tiny triangle of greenery showed up under the electric light greener than Nature, as green as fairyland; its black leaf shadows more solid than the shimmering leaves, still, impossibly swift and silent, wove their dancing vanishing patterns from nothing.

"I won't be married before you go, and I really can't stand up to being a daughter-in-law for such a long, lonely time before I'm married. It's too much of a strain, when there is such a gap between our families to be bridged, too."

"The bridges are already there," said Lester; "you'll find that out."

There had never been any implications before about this gap, but the reference fell from Anne with the easiest directness; of course there was a gap. Lester's answer was right in tone and fact; Anne tranquilly let it pass. She was tranquilly silent, in good faith assuming that all was settled her way, and by the assumption

itself making it sound; Lester — thus put to the touch — could but make the queen's preferences his commands. When later, submissively enough, as a mere medium for love-making, he questioned her for reasons, she said, "You don't suppose I make up reasons for big choices like that in my head, do you? I don't see how any one but an adding-machine could"; then reflectively, seriously, "I find I must do something or not do it, and then if some one teases me about reasons, I can only bore down into my me, and try and find some. I can't find these now, the real ones, but they are there."

Lester marveled at his own refrainment; awed to find his love made him too rich to be impatient, too humble to be insistent. It was not that he saw Anne as necessarily always right. Seriously, with his mind as well as his heart, he thought she should marry him before he departed on precarious paths; but, besides natural chivalry, Anne, even when not reasonable herself, inspired others with a reasonable regard for her very caprices. Did not she allow the privilege of caprice to every child of man? She was the least exigent sweetheart in the world.

To be sure, she scarcely seemed to suffer the temptations of passionate devotion, and Lester accepted it that she was not so deep in love as her lover. He astutely read her as of the maidens who even in their secret hearts must always reserve much till they give all. These devotees of Diana, despite our Shakspeare's quite partizan antagonism, enjoy the especial consideration of our society — they suit its arrangements; and Lester, of course, was quick to find ideal rightness in any phase of Anne; so, strong in his faith in her good faith, he stilled his hungry heart.

Undemanding, uninterfering as she was, a light touch from Anne presently brought about a sharp revolution in Lester's outlook. He received the expected offer to lead another South American exploring party. A group of adventurous financiers were uniting their forces with a geographical society to search out the course of a certain obscure river; if it could be navigated, a virgin country of immeasurable resources would be opened to the world; its minerals and timber were playing the part of buried treasure to the romantic imaginations of the money-makers. Lester's success did not turn on the doubtful factor of the river; he would gain much if the question were settled either way; only more if the dreams of commerce came true. The stakes were bigger than any he had ever stood to win: fame, that narrow fame among specialists that counts to a career and is a real, a worth-while thing, such connections as in themselves spell power, and

money enough to give his next steps adventurous independence. Lester knew too much to discount chance; but he believed in his luck, and the gamble of the game was its intoxication. He came from an interview with his big men swung high on his hopes. A man, hardy and handsome and young, playing a strong hand in a big game, happy in love, all his fate edged about with the rainbow enchantments of danger and separation (for only pain can give the ineffable edge to pleasure) — surely to live on such terms is a heady draught.

His final answer he reserved till the next day only because he cherished a sentiment for talking all over with Anne. While he was making himself fine to go to her, he received a letter, another offer of employment. From the faithful a religious journal had collected a large sum of money for the relief of a remote famine-stricken district in China. Here was a bid, a little unimportant bid, for Lester's services as courier. Danger and trouble were the only notable elements in this mission. Lester with but a glance thrust the letter in his pocket. Such jobs did not count now.

You divine that there was where Anne changed his mind. That is a short story soon told. It was done by no arts, no appeals, done without intention, simply by the power over a man in love of a little personality curiously free from our commonest alloys, from pretense and vanity, cheap hungers and cheap emulations, and from such callousness and density as these entail. Anne was unworldly, not with a saintly unworldliness, but in such fashion as had the effect of making worldliness look childish and daft, a candle with no game; but now her quality came home to Lester with a spiritual lift and like a new thing; by an inward flash that changed the colors of life he saw suddenly something near to baseness in his ordinary standards.

The letter about the famine sufferers he had taken out of his pocket by chance with other papers. "I got this to-day, too" — he had handed it to Anne.

They had made a little excursion far enough abroad to bring them to country woods and fields; and they sat beneath some boundary hickory-trees at the edge of a stony, brambly, hill-tilted old pasture; big hills and little hills lifted around them, here near, there far, folding one upon another endlessly, every gradation of distance marked in their varying combinations of green, of silver, of far-off mystic blue. On the other side of the world Lester was recurringly to vision the very color of the sunshine and the speed of the cloud-shadows that slipped up and down the great slopes.

Anne, reading the letter, gave a wordless sound, and it was as if with its burden of pity a new sense was born in him. A famine in China — not the trivial incidental tribute paid Lester, but the awful actuality behind a few vacant-faced numerals, was what gripped her. Anne's imagination was limited with the definiteness that marked her entirely, but on its susceptible sides it was vivid enough to make her intelligent where cleverer people might be dull. Above all else physical suffering quickened it. When, his affairs forgotten, she asked Lester in all simplicity who would, who could serve this great need, Lester had come to a new birth.

There was an instant's silence, and when he spoke, his speech was carefully careless, for his heart was lifted with a strange exaltation. He said, "Come to think it over," there was no one who could and would go whose equipment met the call as well as his own; he floundered amid some unfinished phrases about other fellows — he seemed to be reflecting that for the South American work the choice was large enough, "it could get the best there was"; and then it came out, those brown eyes of his usually so acutely bright, luminous and tender now with portentous messages as they turned to hers:

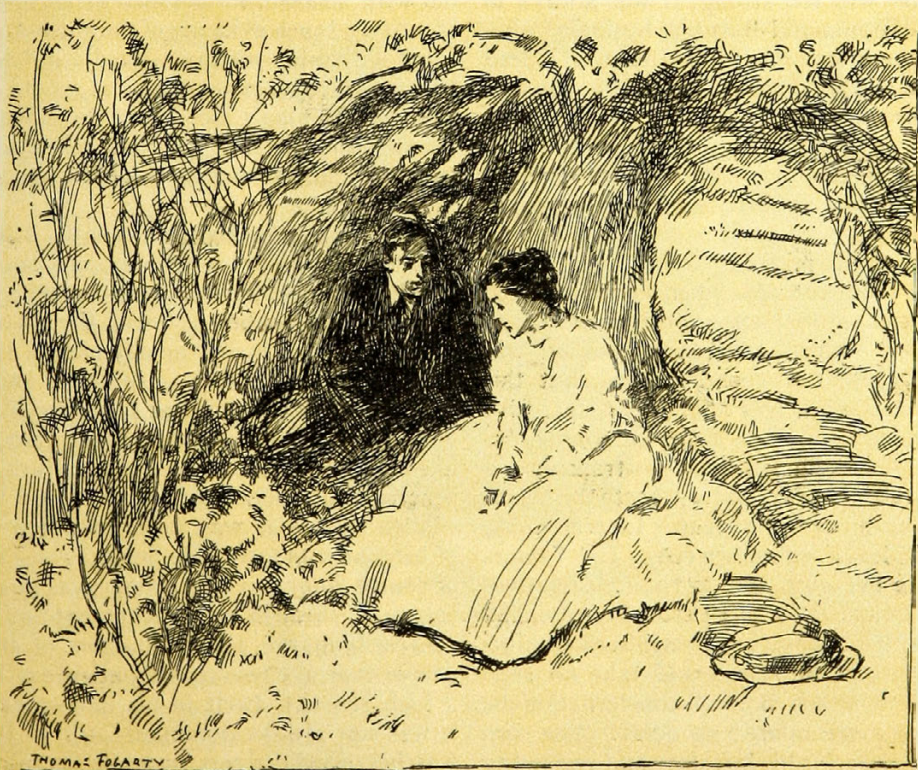
"Maybe I ought to throw up this other, and go myself."

And the cool little Anne's eyes shone soft with unshed tears. Two children they were,

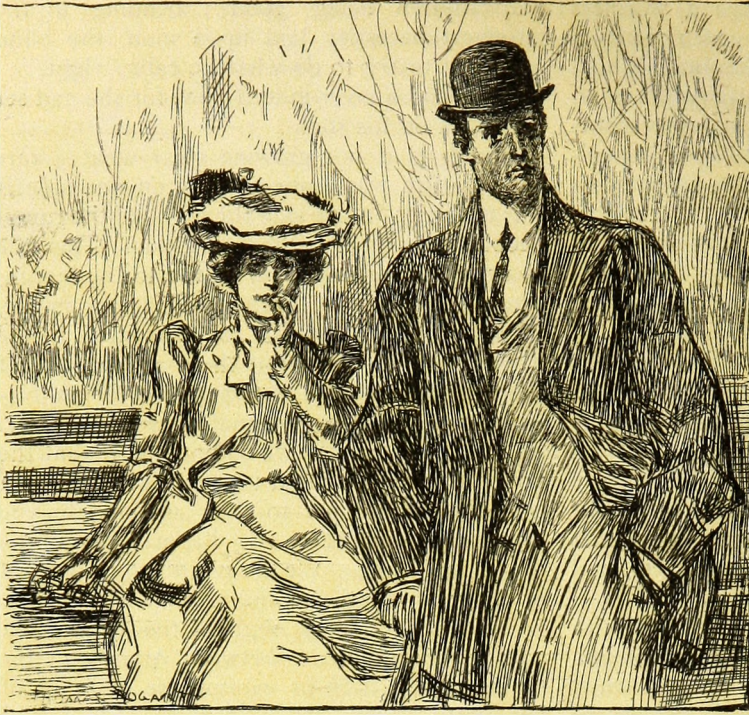
two children being "good"; bending to the strongest necessity laid upon man, the blind necessity to try to do what he calls "right."

Anne had a lover indeed now, for she had set her mark on his soul.

Anne! Is it not growing clear what a rare little nature was Anne's? But on one side it was not rare; on one side she was like the run of people, only more so, more prosaic. This tale deals with love. Most of us are to the last interested, willy-nilly, in love as a factor in life, in the experiences of our acquaintances, in the dreams of the young; but the practical faith of the majority in any lasting reality below Nature's golden bait grows small as we grow older: we have not found it, we do not expect that the young dreamers around us will; but the dream is pretty and proper to their age, and maybe sometime, somewhere, it happens that the dream lasts long. We are not wholly skeptical of that, or of the possibility that some good, homely reality may replace the evanescent glory. The difference between Anne and this majority was here as everywhere in favor of her unity; amid fellow beings made up of shreds and patches, Anne was all of a piece. Anne believed in romantic love about as much as she believed in fairies. The world was not made that way. One "played make-believe" sometimes; and Nature seemed to bewitch weak-headed youth into trusting her fairy-tale



"THEY SAT BENEATH SOME HICKORY-TREES AT THE EDGE OF AN OLD PASTURE"



"'YOU WOULDN'T WANT A WIFE WHO MARRIED YOU BECAUSE SHE'D PROMISED'"

till Nature herself taught them better. Their credulity was unaccountable to Anne; however one's eyes might be dazzled, the evidence against the delusion was too strong; it was always in essence a Titania-and-Bottom business, whoever were the protagonists. She believed indeed in affection and good faith, and had the capacity for constancy that Lester counted upon. But to Anne all these serious things, these solid human virtues, belonged to marriage, to a real relation, in a degree that sweethearting scarcely called for.

Her devotion, so tender, so almost maternal, to her own simple-minded parents shone lovely in Lester's eyes, but now when he was booked for China his appreciation of it was sorely tested. The South American expedition was not to set forth for several months, but this Chinese rescue work was another matter; with an inefficiency not always divorced from godliness the final arrangements for transporting the treasure had been unduly postponed, and the need of haste was great. Lester should leave, must leave within a week. The Taylors were on the eve of a visit to country relatives three hundred miles away; Lester had intended to hover in his sweetheart's neighborhood during this outing; now he could take no such journey, and to his painful consternation he found Anne contemplated no delay. She consented to return for his last day, and seemed to feel that to do so much was almost — almost

what? unmaidenly? Too — no, he would not consider "too troublesome"; and he was right in rejecting that theory of her hesitation: Anne did not count trouble against kindness; but here was a piece of kindness that her little head refused to estimate at the value her own heart suggested; the parting was painful, but a few days more or less — it was an illusion that there was any importance in whether good-bys were said Saturday or Wednesday. Then, too, this return was a frank recognition of a close bond, and Anne was given to evading such recognitions as a half-tamed bird evades the hand. Yes, there was something of maidenly in her coolness.

In the face of Anne's domestic preoccupations and cheerful comradeship, there

were times when Lester saw his mission stretch through time and space, long, dark, and dangerous; but no! Such unfamiliar notions he thrust out with scornful intolerance as an invasion of identity. It was evidence of the kinship of Anne's spirit with his own that she did not take sentimentally lugubrious views, as would another woman, of a man's job. And he ended by convincing himself that he was ashamed of his selfishness in wanting more of her than he got.

Lester was gone eighteen months, half a year longer than he had counted on; and, once he had left Pekin, terrible toils, long-continued strains of peril, catastrophes, sickness, though all in the day's work, yet made the gay ease of the other side of the world seem a life-time away. He finally succeeded, so far as success could inhere in such a fight, and then bad luck clamped him like a ball and chain to hinder his return. Amid practical obstructions it seemed but a minor ill chance that — as was to be expected — much of his mail was lost. He desired Anne's letters, of course, but their miscarriage was no essential calamity; through all achievement and mishap, greater than the aching hungers of the lover, deeper than the resourceful patience of his kind, a high serenity dwelt in his inmost heart. If it was not always dominant, still, in the night watches on wild rivers, or while he snatched an hour's rest from crowding yellow skeletons, or as

he fought the delirium of fever lying on his earthen stove-bed, he could find the key to that inner treasure and taste the triumph of its possession.

The effect of this sure happiness was to make his letters brief and inexpressive. He held no ready writer's pen; he had grown beyond incontinent babblings — only a poetry he could never word would tell his tale; and above all speech was unnecessary.

He cabled from Hong-Kong, but to wait for answers, so it unexpectedly turned out, meant losing the first outgoing steamer. He took the steamer. At San Francisco he sent his budget of telegrams, and from Anne came this response: "A letter should reach you to-morrow." Did she think anything, even her letter, was going to keep him in San Francisco for twenty-four hours? They would read that letter together. Dear, laconic message — it was like Anne to refuse to disclose herself in the publicity of a telegram. Well, he would bother her with no more transmitted messages. He reached New York on a shrouded, chill February day; the raw air hung dead and wet; and the city was as if crowded with witless, weary spawn of doom, beings already damned in their endless evil running to and fro. Lester's heart sang in his tired body at the contrast between the world as it looked and as it was. As he bought his ticket at the elevated station (swifter than any cab is the L road), he raised his eyes to the train just ready to pull out, and there, straight before him, solid and living, was Anne: the quaint Holbeinesque little profile was drawn clear against the glass; the quiet eyes, the unconscious happy sanity of her, that made the overstrained or over-stolid other people look quite mad, — all that made Anne Anne, — smote his heart to a standstill. The train passed. No other moment of his life has ever stayed with him so sharp and complete, color, sound, the smell of sodden wood and smoke, and Anne's profile centering the world.

As he left his own train a chance glance along the vacancy of Ninth Street showed her to him again, almost the length of the long block away. It was under the naked trees of

Washington Square that his hushed call of her name stopped her.

White-faced they met, but his pallor glowed, and hers was dead, and her eyes strange. The chaos of the next moments carried him beyond the registry of consciousness; he never remembered of them anything but Anne's low voice, sharpened with dread — "I'm married," — and the dread was of him, his touch, the caress of his voice and his eyes. She sought to bring him back as from engulfing waters, back to the surface of himself, where he could hear, listen to her story. She was shaken by his shock, surprised too; his bewilderment in her surprise enmeshed him like a net, throttling the convulsions of a man dismembered. She talked — it was almost as if she felt that she could tell him something that would help to heal him.

Anne was indeed wonderful, wonderful in her non-comprehension, and in her non-comprehensive sympathy, the sincere simplicity of her kindness, — once was stilled her fear of a lover's approach. She guided Lester, docile as a drugged man, to a bench, and sat down beside him. Surely no other woman in the world would have been so plainly full of honest good will in the monstrous situation; for no other would have had such a good conscience. She spoke with serious concern of the mistake she had made, the mistake of her betrothal to Lester; but she scarcely blamed herself for it, for



"FATE MADE HIM SMALL AMENDS IN HIS MARRIAGE."

anything. Why should she? Her own outlook was made clear in her direct, coherent little statements; it put guilt out of the question. It was as if she tried for that directness and coherence, not to the end of justifying herself, but in that absurd underlying conviction that comprehension must help this incredibly suffering man beside her. And what was her story? There were various ins and outs to the changing of her mind, but the process was the result of two or three main factors. Time had brought her back to her common sense, she said; to do her justice, she had never strayed far from it. She had inferred, with the reasoned density of her type, on general principles and from his inexpressive letters, that time had done as much for Lester; common sense (in her) brought her to one all-important conclusion: that the worldly advancement of this marriage would mean a degree of bitter hard divorce from her parents, or a struggle against it that would involve them in humiliations. "Oh, I saw it. They'd never complain; they'd let themselves be cut up in inch pieces for me, but I'm all they have; it would have darkened their lives; though they'd never have owned it."

"Oh, no, no; you didn't understand — no, no." Lester's words came like sounds of pain, under his breath and to himself rather than to her.

He was nearer right than she, but she believed him not a whit; not only that she would not want to believe him now, but that truly, child of a city whelmed in noisy and noisome wealth, besotted with it, she could not. All her distinction, personal and national, could do for her was to determine an antagonism she misapplied. Her only sign of any insight was in her elisions about her marriage; there she left gaps, spoke in broken phrases, not shamefacedly, but as if mercifully.

"There were reasons, Lester, why — and I thought it was better to get it all finally settled before you got back."

Lester, a hand gripped over his mouth, head bowed, shook like a man in a strong chill.

Anne's tears started, but she checked them when he mastered himself enough to whisper with a dreadful childishness, tragic as the helplessness of the dead, "You promised."

"Promised!" cried Anne. "Don't talk of a promise about marrying, Lester; to marry a man because you'd promised! I'm not capable of such shallow — you wouldn't want a wife who married you because she'd promised — you wouldn't. You carried me off my feet, but all the time there was something inside me that didn't like being carried off my feet. People weren't meant to be like that. It can't last.

Oh, Lester, it can't. You'll get over it, all over it, dear Lester. You'll see I was right and sensible."

As she spoke Lester rose. God knows what he had heard and what not. It was up to him to gather all his forces and try to play the man. He took three steps, head forced up, and then, as if tethered, he turned perforce and looked at Anne: "looked," one says, yet his eyes were so full of daze and pain it was as if there were no sight left in them. Then another feeling encroached upon their haggard suffering: it was the old sure-set tenderness that fell upon the little figure on the bench; so dear and clear and frank; so unlike any one else in all this distracted world . . . the wistful white face, the kind, troubled eyes. . . . His hanging hand barely lifted, palm out, made his surrender, his farewell indeed too, it seemed, with the faint writhe of white lips that willed to smile, to give good will, a blessing. But no will could even the struggling steps that carried him away.

Anne was in tears again; but — yes, again, turning from the other, Anne, the very set of her body, the movement as she wiped her eyes, looked trivial.

Not that there was either help or hurt the deeper in anything of that for the boy who had been doomed to love her. He loved her as she was. The bottom experience of his passion was that he understood her. He would never so understand another being. Had he but married her — he could, before he left her! — she would have given him all he asked. Who was he to be loved as he loved Anne?

The youth went out of him. With luck its sanguine vitality might have lasted him to the verge of age; and it is in that rush of life more than in any special gifts that such men's power lies; it floods their gifts into fruitfulness. Luck was against him; it searched out an unsuspected deep-heartedness that made him vulnerable, and disabled him. Men said truly that Lester Anders was a glorious boy, but he petered out. A man ought to conquer his sorrows, make them "slave-sorrows to his chariot linked"? Yes, yes, that is the ideal; but wise and pitiful was the ancient comforter who tells us that He remembers we are dust. We can do but what we can. Lester was no great-souled hero; at the crest of his life he was chiefly but the incarnation of Happy Youth. As it turned out, if he was not strong enough for his fate, he lacked, too, the crass shallowness that in the world's eyes would have done as well.

After years he married. The girl fell in love

with him, helplessly. Her consuming and exalted sincerity touched Lester to the core. He cherished no ideal of constancy. All he asked was to "get over" the past. For long he could have given nothing in such case; now he was glad enough to feel tenderness, gratitude, good will, liking, for a woman who made no terms in her devotion. Moreover, that she should suffer as he knew suffering was intolerable. Then children, to have children of his own — that hunger was strong. We see our own lives as broken, unfulfilled, sowed with salt; but if we are of the heroic majority we see life for the young stretch onward, a goodly thing. Here is testimony bigger than any conscious bias for the zest of our unintelligible existence.

Fate made him small amends in his marriage. His wife gladly married him as he was, but once in possession she demanded all that Romeo gave Juliet, while, tortured and torturing, well aware that demands of that nature are impotent and worse, she grew into a harpy of jealousy; unfocused on any particular object, she spread her corrosive passion over all his interests. She was jealous of the breath he drew: he drew it independently of her. She was childless.

Two years ago she died. Anders lives in London, a member of geographical societies, a kindly applauder of other men's achievements, sometimes their modest patron; always a lonely spectator; and if life in taking so much from him has given him some **grace** for the spectator's part, has lessened his egotisms and made him more hospitable to the egotisms of others, still she has not granted him peace. His dreams are still of action. But he keeps

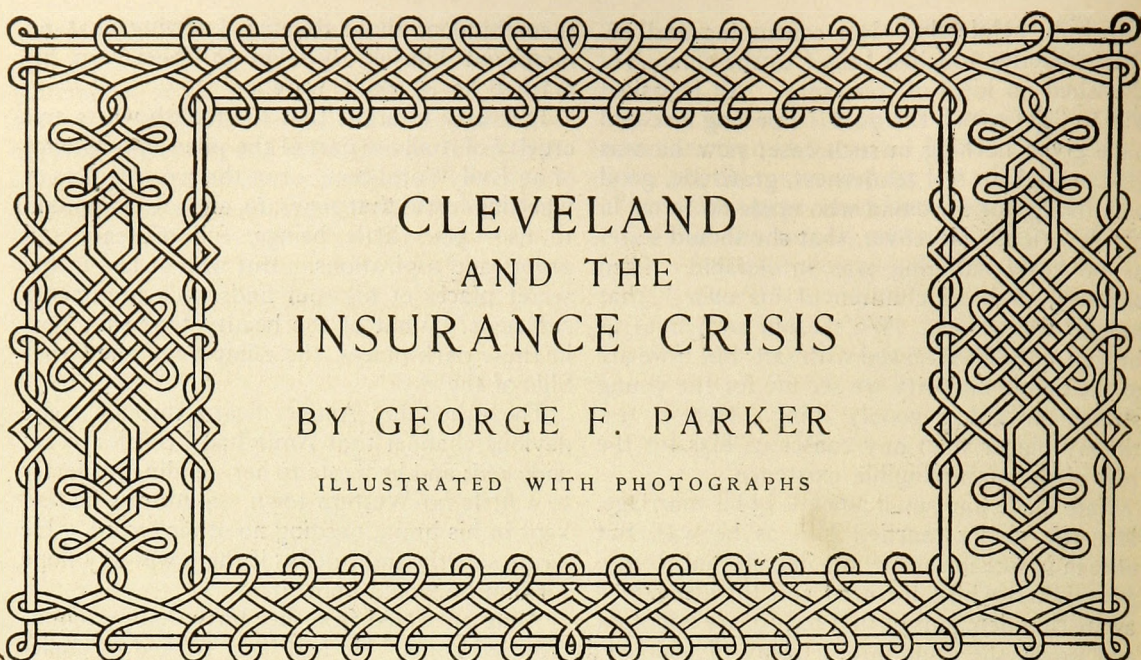
them hidden, those dreams, knowing that no man, not himself, believes in them. In his market he is spoilt ware.

It is easy to argue that the foolish waste and cruelty of it all are part of the piled-up evidence of an Evil World-Soul; or of the senselessness of wheeling forces that generate, and are yet unakin to us,—poor little beings, full of tears and ardors and aspirations. But who at last in the secret places of his soul finds such arguments sufficient? What of the beauty that shimmers in these dark places, the glimpses of the Other Side of the sky?

The other day Anders heard through some devious channel that Anne had been for years widowed; and he wrote to her, sending his letter to a little far-Western town, an address he had kept in his brain, needing no other record. He wrote soberly and briefly; if there was any hope for him he would know it.

Anne answered from her busy, happy, child-crowded home. He had been tricked by unaccountable rumor; but she let her happiness shine out only as she told him of her children, the boys, the girls, and that the baby was to be christened Lester; she would ask no permission, for he might not wish to write again, and she knew he would not resent a namesake in her son. It was all kind, kind, Anne's own kindness unalloyed by one hidden breath of cheap vanity or cheap levity about things above her. It was mellowed by pain for a revelation that wounded and still anew confounded her. Lester in truth wrote no more; but though this last jest in his tragi-comedy has racked him sorely, he is glad to know all her children's names.





CLEVELAND AND THE INSURANCE CRISIS

BY GEORGE F. PARKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NOTHING in his public career gave Mr. Cleveland greater satisfaction than the relation that he bore, in his closing years, to life insurance. He was not astonished at the revelations first made in the Hyde-Alexander quarrel and confirmed and increased by the Armstrong Committee. He looked upon them as natural and to be expected. At the same time, he never exaggerated their extent. He considered these developments the natural result of government favoritism. If he had undertaken to analyze them in their first and last effect, he would have said that they were the outward sign of an inward condition produced by our system of tariff taxes.

When the shock came, there was only one thought in his mind: How shall we get over the effects of this exposure, with the least damage to morals and industry? He did not rush into speech or into print, but when the time and invitation came, was ready to apply himself to the devising of practical methods. He had never so much as thought of having any personal connection with the administration of life insurance companies, in spite of the fact that, among the many ingenious suggestions that were brought forward, was one that he should take the presidency of some one of the three companies involved in the scandal.

On the evening of June 9, 1905, I was called to the telephone by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, who read to me the following letter which he had written to Mr. Cleveland, inviting him to

accept the trusteeship of the controlling stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society:

38 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK, June 9th, 1905.

MY DEAR MR. CLEVELAND: You may be aware that a bitter controversy exists regarding the management of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and that public confidence has been shaken in the safety of the fund under the control of a single block of stock left by the late Henry B. Hyde. This loss of confidence affects a great public trust of more than \$400,000,000, representing the savings of over 600,000 policy-holders, and the present condition amounts to a public misfortune.

In the hope of putting an end to this condition and in connection with a change of the executive management of the Society, I have, together with other policy-holders, purchased this block of stock and propose to put it into the hands of a board of trustees having no connection with Wall Street, with power to vote it for the election of directors — as to twenty-eight of the fifty-two directors in accordance with the instructions of the policy-holders of the Society, and as to the remaining twenty-four directors in accordance with the uncontrolled judgment of the trustees. This division of twenty-eight and twenty-four is in accordance with a plan of giving substantial control to policy-holders already approved by the Superintendent of Insurance.

I beg you to act as one of this board, with other gentlemen, who shall be of a character entirely satisfactory to you.

I would not venture to ask this of you on any personal grounds; but to restore this great trust, affecting so many people of slender means, to soundness and public confidence would certainly be a great public service, and this view emboldens me to make the request.

The duties of the trust would be very light, as, in the nature of things, when a satisfactory board is once constituted there are few changes, and all the clerical and formal work would be done by the office force of the company.

I have written similar letters to Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of our Supreme Court, and to Mr. George Westinghouse of Pittsburg, two of the largest policy-holders in the Society.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) THOMAS F. RYAN.

Hon. Grover Cleveland,
Princeton, New Jersey.

I was asked whether it would be possible for me to go to Princeton by the earliest train next morning. I requested Mr. Cleveland, both by telegraph and telephone, not to see anybody or to read anything on insurance matters until I could see him, and reached Westland, Mr. Cleveland's residence, before ten o'clock the next morning.

Handing him Mr. Ryan's letter, I at once took up with Mr. Cleveland the general situation. He doubted whether he was the man to enter upon so arduous a work and thus practically withdraw from his retirement; and whether he could afford to undertake a task involving so much risk to his reputation. He urged his unfamiliarity with practical business. To this the natural answer was that details were hardly to be considered: the really important matter was the assertion of broad general principles until the public alarm was allayed.

Cleveland Accepts the Trusteeship

All the objections based upon expediency and experience were met and disposed of to his satisfaction. There remained another and final objection — by far the most serious. This was the unlucky precedent set by General Grant, who, long after the expiration of his presidential service, had been drawn into a banking connection that proved fatal to his fortune, and for a brief time involved his good name. I was able from personal knowledge to assure Mr. Cleveland that Mr. Ryan had purchased the Equitable stock out of hand from his own ample resources; that he sought to avert a great public peril, and neither to make a profit nor to exert a financial power; and that these were the dominating reasons for his acts in purchasing and trusteeing the stock.

When convinced of the disinterestedness of all concerned, he consented to accept the trust, and authorized me to telephone his decision to New York. Upon my return to his room the question was raised as to the form that his acceptance should take. He thought nothing more was necessary than a brief, formal note, to be carried back as an immediate reply to a business proposal. It was represented to him that he had here an opportunity to make an appeal to the country, in the form of a let-

ter, which would exercise an influence more extensive than anything else that could be said. He assented, and on the same day wrote as follows:

PRINCETON, June 10, 1905.

THOMAS F. RYAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: I have this morning received your letter asking me to act as one of the three trustees to hold the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society which has lately been acquired by you and certain associates, and to use the voting power of such stock in the selection of directors of said Society.

After a little reflection I have determined I ought to accept this service. I assume this duty upon the express condition that, so far as the trustees are to be vested with discretion in the selection of directors, they are to be absolutely free and undisturbed in the exercise of their judgment, and that, so far as they are to act formally in voting for the directors conceded to policy-holders, a fair and undoubted expression of policy-holding choice will be forthcoming.

The very general anxiety aroused by the recent unhappy dissensions in the management of the Equitable Society furnishes proof of the near relationship of our people to life insurance. These dissensions have not only injured the fair fame of the company immediately affected, but have impaired popular faith and confidence in the security of life insurance itself as a provision for those who in thousands of cases would be otherwise helpless against the afflictive visitations of fate.

The character of this business is such that those who manage and direct it are charged with a grave trust for those who, necessarily, must rely upon their fidelity. In those circumstances they have no right to regard the places they hold as ornamental, but rather as positions of work and duty and watchfulness.

Above all things, they have no right to deal with the interests intrusted to them in such a way as to subserve or to become confused or complicated with their personal transactions or ventures.

While the hope that I might aid in improving the plight of the Equitable Society has led me to accept the trusteeship you tender, I cannot rid myself of the belief that what has overtaken this company is liable to happen to other insurance companies and fiduciary organizations as long as lax ideas of responsibility in places of trust are tolerated by our people.

The high pressure of speculation, the madness of inordinate business scheming, and the chances taken in new and uncertain enterprises, are constantly present temptations, too often successful, in leading managers and directors away from scrupulous loyalty and fidelity to the interests of others confided to their care.

We can better afford to slacken our pace than to abandon our old, simple, American standards of honesty; and we shall be safer if we regain our old habit of looking at the appropriation to personal uses of property and interests held in trust in the same light as other forms of stealing.

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The trustees met within a week and completed their organization, accepted the deed of trust, and proceeded to the work in hand. Within less than two weeks the names of more than two hundred willing candidates for direc-

tors had been presented. These were scattered over every State in the Union and drawn from every trade and profession.

Choosing the New Directors

The trustees found a large number of vacancies awaiting their attention, most of them created by the resignation of prominent business men. Among the vacancies to be filled were those made by the resignations of Edward H. Harriman, James J. Hill, August Belmont, Henry C. Frick, A. J. Cassatt, and Jacob H. Schiff, and the spirit that had induced these men to retire also operated to make others apprehensive about filling their places.

Happily, some active associations of policy-holders recommended a few excellent men who were chosen at the earliest meetings, the first being Mr. William Whitman of Boston; but in other cases men were put forward whom Mr. Cleveland refused even to consider. His dogged firmness made it easier for the trustees to resist pressure, the backers of these candidates knowing that when he had once made up his mind, nothing could move him. In one case a Policy-Holders' Association presented the name of an acceptable man, from a distant Southern State, who, however, had no policy — the prime essential for a new director. But so quickly did his friends move, that application for one was made, the examination passed, a policy issued, and a telegram announcing this sent and received between eleven o'clock in the morning and two in the afternoon.

In spite of all the volunteers that were made, it became necessary to seek for men who would be acceptable to the trustees; so from rolls of policy-holders long lists of names were gathered for consideration, and these were supplemented by the names of policy-holders personally known to the members. Here Mr. Cleveland's large knowledge of the country was of great service. Although he had then been out of public life for seven years, it was scarcely possible to mention a man of prominence about whom he did not remember at least something, and from this recollection he generally was able to judge the real character of the man so far as the important matter in hand was concerned. Speculators, members of stock exchanges, and promoters were soon put into the same category with insurance agents, so that the field from which choice could be made was constantly narrowed, while, owing to new resignations, the number of vacancies increased rather than diminished.

As was usual with Mr. Cleveland, he became thoroughly absorbed in the duty that lay next to his hand. He took the same care in

picking out a director for the Equitable that he had formerly shown in filling his Cabinets or in choosing high officials of the Government. He took nothing for granted, was considerate of his colleagues, but as critical of their judgment as of his own. There was no give and take among the trustees, no putting in men as a compliment to each other, no log-rolling. There were no compromises, because there were no differences of opinion: from first to last every act was unanimous.

Some idea of the consistent earnestness shown by Mr. Cleveland in this voluntary and unpaid work may be gained from some extracts from his correspondence, during this first and vital year, with the secretary of the Equitable. At the beginning of the second month's history of the trustees, when the difficulty in filling vacancies with fitting men was causing a good deal of anxiety, he wrote, on July 16, 1905, from Tamworth:

I should be exceedingly pained and disappointed if, with absolute freedom from outside influence and disturbance, we are not able to discharge the duties of our trust in a manner as wise and useful in every direction as the fallibility of human nature will permit.

An Instance of Cleveland's Impartiality

The name of one of Mr. Cleveland's most intimate friends, a successful official in the second administration, had been presented for consideration by one of the trustees, and I had written him something about the matter. In reply, on July 20, he said:

I expect you somewhat misunderstood my feeling in regard to Mr. E——. I have the highest admiration for his business ability and his qualities of heart and conscience. I am personally very fond of him and would trust all I have in his hands. He has been concerned in some underwriting operations; and while I have no idea that these have been in the least questionable, measured by accepted standards, I feel that underwriting just at the present time is, or ought to be, a little out of fashion among directors of the Equitable Assurance Society. Solely for this reason, I have been inclined to allow this otherwise good name to drop out of consideration.

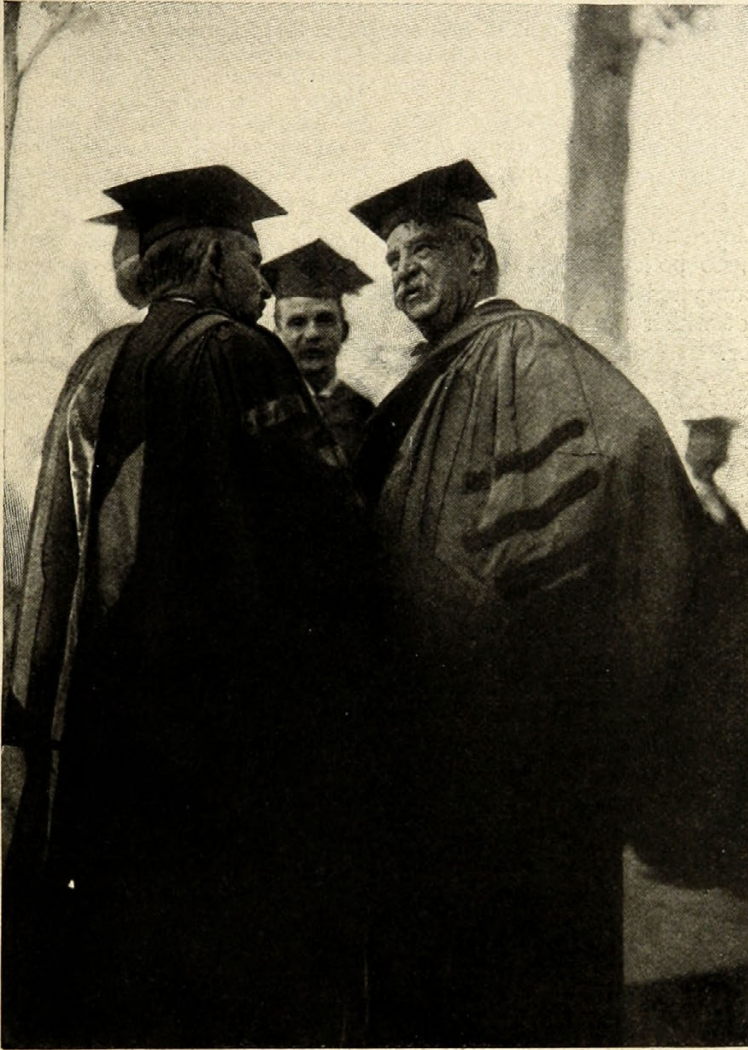
Mr. Cleveland was consulted about the general policy of the Society — although that lay entirely outside his duties. In the same letter he expressed an opinion upon what was then, as now, a burning question in insurance circles:

I cannot rid myself of the idea that "agencies" and their relationship to the Society should, in their turn, and in a careful manner, challenge an important amount of Mr. Morton's exceedingly promising and encouraging labor of rehabilitation. I have, however, great confidence in the efficiency of his

work, so splendidly begun, and I do not believe he will allow himself to be misled by agency influences.

The sense of responsibility grew upon him as he came into closer touch with the duties of

Like expressions appeared in most of his letters from this time forward, until the most serious difficulties had been overcome. Some of these follow:



CLEVELAND IN HIS DOCTOR'S ROBES AT PRINCETON

his place. This was shown in the letter next quoted:

I am constantly thinking of the responsibility of my trusteeship, and I have never been more anxious to do exactly the best thing for the interests legitimately involved. I so fully realize the surroundings of these interests and so fully appreciate Mr. Ryan's encouragement that I shall feel almost disgraced if the remainder of the directors chosen by the trustees are not exactly the men needed for the emergency.

[July 23] Somehow I am impatient to be doing something to help the Equitable conditions, but I suppose there is nothing I can do.

[August 20] At the same time, I regard my trustee duties as of paramount importance, having the first claim upon my time and attention.

[October 1] Somehow it seems I have an unusual number of things on my mind just now which perplex and embarrass me, but, above all others, I feel that the duties of my trusteeship demand my first attention.

During the succeeding year the work of the

trustees continued to be arduous and difficult. The new administration was getting its hand in most successfully. Among other questions demanding close attention was that known as "mutualization"—the only one upon which Mr. Ryan's attitude in buying the majority stock had bound the trustees. He was determined upon this as the proper policy, and so, against Mr. Cleveland's judgment, action was taken which anticipated the laws passed at the succeeding session of the Legislature, submitting to the policy-holders the election of directors who should represent them in the Board. Accordingly elaborate circulars, very carefully drawn by Mr. Cleveland himself, were sent to more than 350,000 policy-holders of record. These were accompanied by blank ballots and also by proxies of which the trustees were the official committee.

Taking the Vote of the Policy-Holders

The task of communicating with this vast army of persons was, in itself, a difficult one; but it was easy in comparison with that of making them understand what was wanted. When the polls were closed, within a day or so of the annual election in December, returns had been received from 90,000 persons, of whom just over ninety-five per cent had sent proxies and the remainder a jumble of ballots. The trustees were thus given absolute authority to represent and vote for the policy-holders. Some curious results were revealed.

One candidate living in a Southern State, for whom the agents of the Society had canvassed in the preceding year with such success that practically every qualified voter of the Society within this jurisdiction had sent a letter or signed a petition, now received less than fifty votes. The fact that the names of the trustees appeared upon the proxy had convinced practically every interested person that his interests were safe, and hence there was no longer the smallest concern over the matter.

The work of taking the ballot was greatly increased by Mr. Cleveland's determination that no technicalities should count. Rules had been carefully devised, and the clearest of all possible explanations made, but, in spite of these efforts, many persons did not understand. His insistence upon this care rendered it necessary to answer probably from three hundred to five hundred letters a day by entering more fully into details, so that no excuse would remain for complaint. Many proxies were sent to him in Princeton, and their transmission was generally accompanied

by instructions of which the following is a sample:

PRINCETON, October 23, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. PARKER: I inclose another batch of proxies, etc., for your care and attention. I think the proxies sent to me by policy-holders in the Mutual, or any other company except the Equitable, ought to be returned to the senders with the statement that I cannot act for them.

I am exceedingly anxious, however, that every policy-holder in the Equitable Society who evinces a desire to vote, either by proxy or personally, should be aided in every possible way; and to that end I want the utmost care to be exercised in the correction of their mistakes and misapprehensions. You will notice one case in which a policy-holder fears that a proxy is invalid if not made *more* than two months prior to the day of election.

This is a curious interpretation of the "directions," but the matter ought to be explained to the writer.

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

George F. Parker,
120 Broadway, New York.

When the organization work of the trustees was fairly under way, and its effect upon the country and public sentiment could be fairly seen and measured, Mr. Cleveland said to me:

"On the whole, I have never been so well satisfied with any public service that it has fallen to my lot to render as with what I have been able to do as trustee of the Equitable. Its results have more than repaid me for the labor and anxieties. I can now see that the scandals growing out of the insurance irregularities were really a manifestation of popular hysteria. Nothing could have been more fortunate than to have the situation met in the courageous way taken by Mr. Ryan. Looking back it is next to impossible to imagine what harm might have been done to confidence and credit had not some such action been taken in the nick of time."

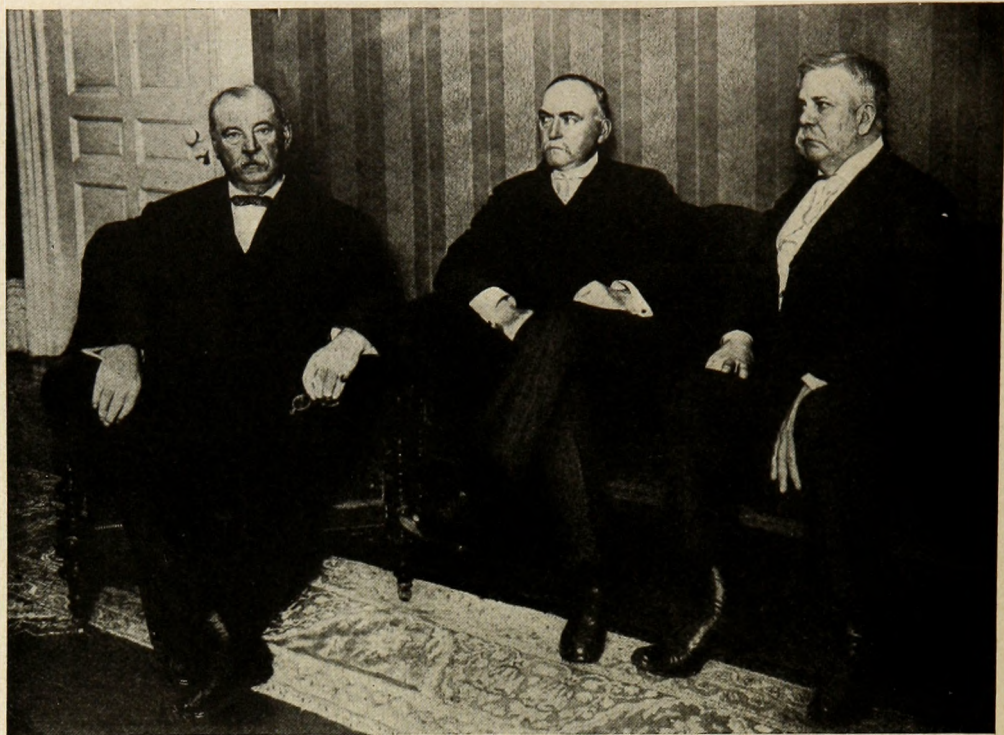
In 1907, when the panic came in real earnest, he always insisted that if appeal had not been made to conservative and conserving sentiment in good time, the results would have been infinitely more hurtful, for the reason that the public officials who had fanned the flames became in time powerless to extinguish them. At my last interview with him, about a fortnight before his fatal illness, he said:

"When I was first asked to do something to allay the excitement accompanying the insurance scandals, I hesitated to take part in the movement. It interfered with the quiet that I had needed and found. I was fearful lest I might be drawn into something that I did not understand and was too old to learn. I had long known Mr. Ryan—always favorably—but the very fact that he was supposed



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GROVER CLEVELAND AND HIS YOUNGEST SON, FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND



GROVER CLEVELAND, MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, AND GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, WHO IN 1905 BECAME THE THREE TRUSTEES OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

to bear such close relations to great financial ventures made me doubt whether or not I could have the free hand necessary to do good service. I finally concluded to accept, without any assurances whatever, and did not see Mr. Ryan until the formal trust deed was signed. From that day to this I have never had from him any request of even the simplest character to do anything in Equitable matters which had the smallest relation to what were supposed to be his interests. I have seen him seldom, at times not for three-month intervals, and I must say that, even when I have felt that I needed his advice and assistance, he has generally declined to express an opinion one way or the other. I consider that he has done a great public service and in the most unselfish way."

Cleveland Misrepresented in his Insurance Interview

For some time he had been looking for a favorable opportunity to say these things to the public, and finally, after much solicitation for an interview on politics from a New York paper which as continually pursued him

as it persistently misrepresented him, he saw one of its reporters and consented, just before his last birthday, to talk about insurance. When the interview appeared, he had gone to Lakewood, from which he was to return only to die. It was clear to his friends that some opinions never held and never expressed by him had been interpolated in it. Within an hour of reading it I wrote to call his attention to the article, offering to go at once to Lakewood in case he wanted to disavow publicly the sentiments attributed to him. This he seldom did, even in the most flagrant cases, because, as he always insisted, the truth would never overtake a lie of this sort. He was then in a very serious condition, and few of his friends believed that he would ever leave Lakewood alive. Nevertheless one of the last letters he ever wrote, in a trembling, shaky hand which revealed his condition, was the following:

LAKWOOD, NEW JERSEY,
March 24, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. PARKER: I do not think it would be at all profitable to follow up by formal denial the misrepresentation that has been allowed to appear

in good company, so far as what I said concerning Mr. Ryan. It seems to me easy to discover how much the few words, put in for the purpose of *singling them out for editorial use*, are at variance with the purpose and intent of the interview. I intended to give evidence of Mr. Ryan's useful and disin-

from an unusual fit of damfoolishness on my part, has expended itself for the year beginning with my 71st birthday.

Yours truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

George F. Parker, Esq.,
Equitable Building, New York.



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A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN ON WALL STREET, SHOWING (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT)
HERBERT H. VREELAND, THOMAS F. RYAN, AND THEIR
ATTORNEYS, STANCHFIELD AND DE LANCEY NICOLL

terested conduct in affairs with which I was familiar — and I certainly had no idea of intimating that in his large affairs he acted without appreciating or caring for the distinction between right and wrong.

Nothing I said to the reporter could, with decency, truth, or fairness, be twisted to have any such meaning.

The reporter took no notes at all. I think my consideration for newspaper reporters, which resulted

Nothing could have been more fortunate for Mr. Cleveland than this last excursion into public life. He was interested deeply in the work; it pleased him to feel that he was again doing good; he was again drawn into the circle of large influence and association, and found himself discussing and deciding upon questions that were vitally important to the country.

SERGEANT McCARTY, MAN HANDLER

B Y

P. C. MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON

MAN mastery — what is it? Take, for example, this incident in the life of Sergeant McCarty. It was partly in the line of his duty, and partly a whim of foolish pride and cock-sureness, but it came his way to do the thing, and he did it, all in the day's work — did it smashingly, and was back next day on his district with just the slightest perceptible additional Irish swagger to his shoulders.

McCarty's brogue had been as thick as his tough skull once, but now it was mostly worn off, and returned only in times of great mental stress. He had a neck like a bull's, and square, stocky shoulders. Sturdy legs like concrete piers supported his thick-set body. But, for all his heaviness, he could be lightning quick. His beady blue eyes saw everything, and his broom-colored, fierce-grown mustache masked a determined mouth. This was why the Chief called him in one day and put him on the Ernschaw Cutlery case.

The Sergeant was wise to canniness, and when put on a special assignment cocked his shrewd eye inquisitively in the direction of the upper office and studied the weather sign as shrewdly as an old gander, before he launched himself.

"Never mind the men," said the Chief; "it's the stuff we want."

Incorruptible as the white sunshine itself was McCarty, but — he realized that there were certain exigencies to be considered in all police work, and he looked to his superiors to read the dots and dashes of public sentiment, while for himself he read merely the pulse of the upper office.

"The swag, eh?" he questioned, turning on his chief a quizzical glance meant to pierce the hard brow and iron out smooth and clear the last purpose that lay in wrinkling concealment behind the most posterior convolution of his superior's cunning brain.

"Yes," explained the Chief. "Old Man Ern-

shaw's in here every day talkin' with tears in his eyes. Says there's three thousand dollars' worth of fine cutlery gone, and it'll ruin him to lose it. He's willing to let the thieves go if we can only get back the goods. Tom's been on it three days and don't get anything, and here's Ernschaw cryin' round, and I can't stand it; so I tell you to get it! See?"

McCarty saluted respectfully, and his chest swelled an inch.

"Tom" was Captain of Detectives Thomas Hodson, and for plain Sergeant McCarty to be put on a cold trail when a captain of detectives and twelve men had failed on a hot one, revealed an appreciation of his prowess that was pleasant indeed to contemplate.

"And if I get the men?" queried the Sergeant, a bold idea entering his mind, as, having gone as far as the door on his way out, he turned, hand upon knob, and cocked that keen weather eye, not exactly in the face of the chief, but in his general direction.

"Why, get 'em, damn 'em!" blurted out that gentleman, with unexpected warmth. "Serve 'em right if you do get 'em. They're becoming too avaricious — this cutlery push. They'll be stealing the safety razors off the commissioners themselves if they ain't pinched soon."

Brandt was a stolid old fellow who had graduated into the Chief's chair after thirty-five years of service, beginning on a beat, and he cherished the opinion — which, by the way, is more general among police officials than ordinary folk might like to think — that burglary, highway robbery, and kindred crimes are vices to be regulated rather than suppressed.

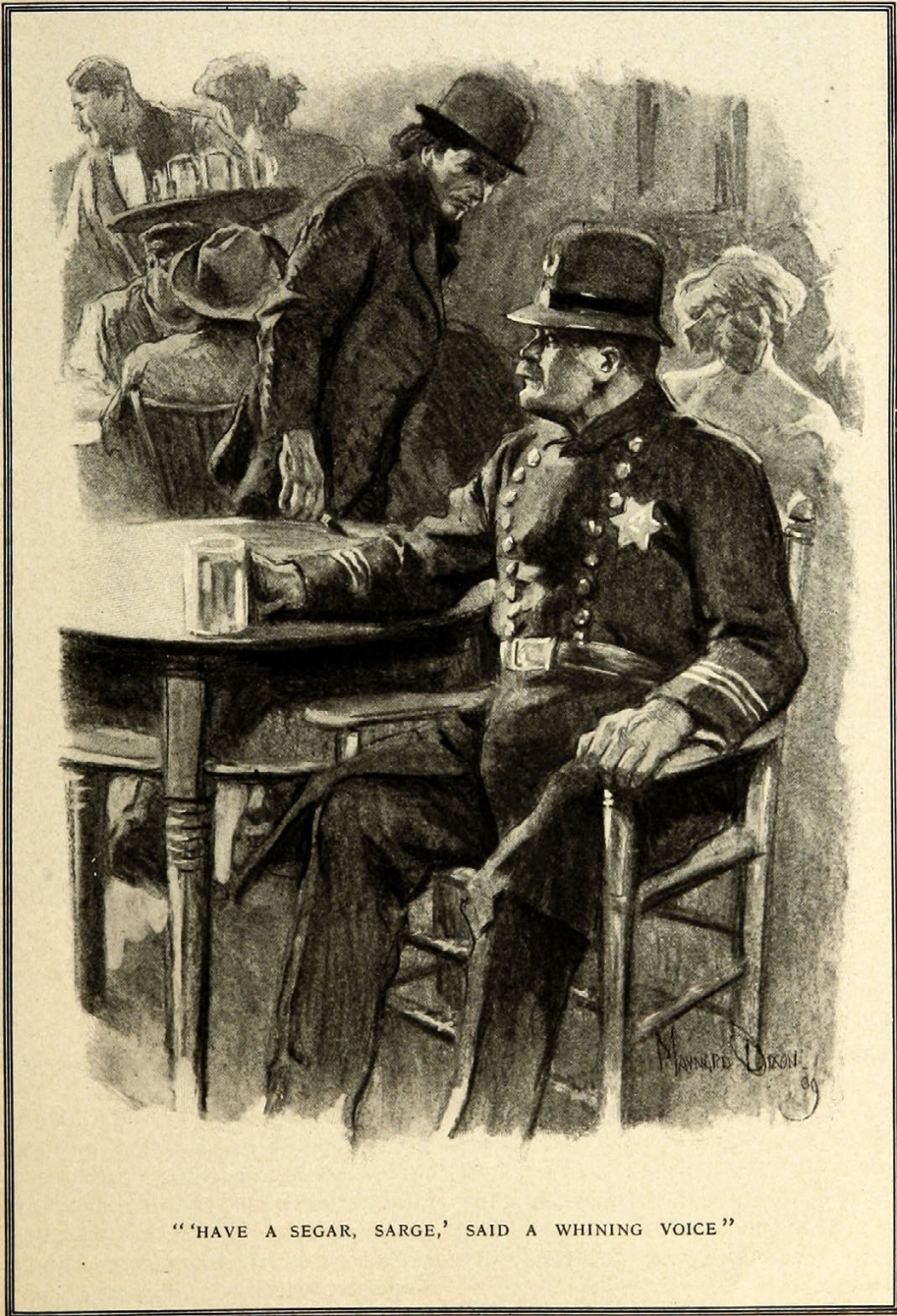
Sergeant McCarty, the Hibernian blood in his veins feeling a bit cocky, strolled down Market Street a few blocks, stopped, and looked across at the workmen engaged in placing a new plate-glass front in the window of the Ernschaw Cutlery Company. An old game had been worked here with modern trimmings. It used to be a blanket smeared with molasses and pressed up

against the pane, then sharp blows with a small cobble or a hammer, which broke the glass in small bits without noise, and left it adhering to the blanket. But this gang had used a square cut from the awning over the window, smeared in the thick crude petroleum lying in the gutter where men had been repairing the street. And it worked even better, for there was no clue to be gained by tracing a blanket, and the oil was thicker and more adhesive than molasses.

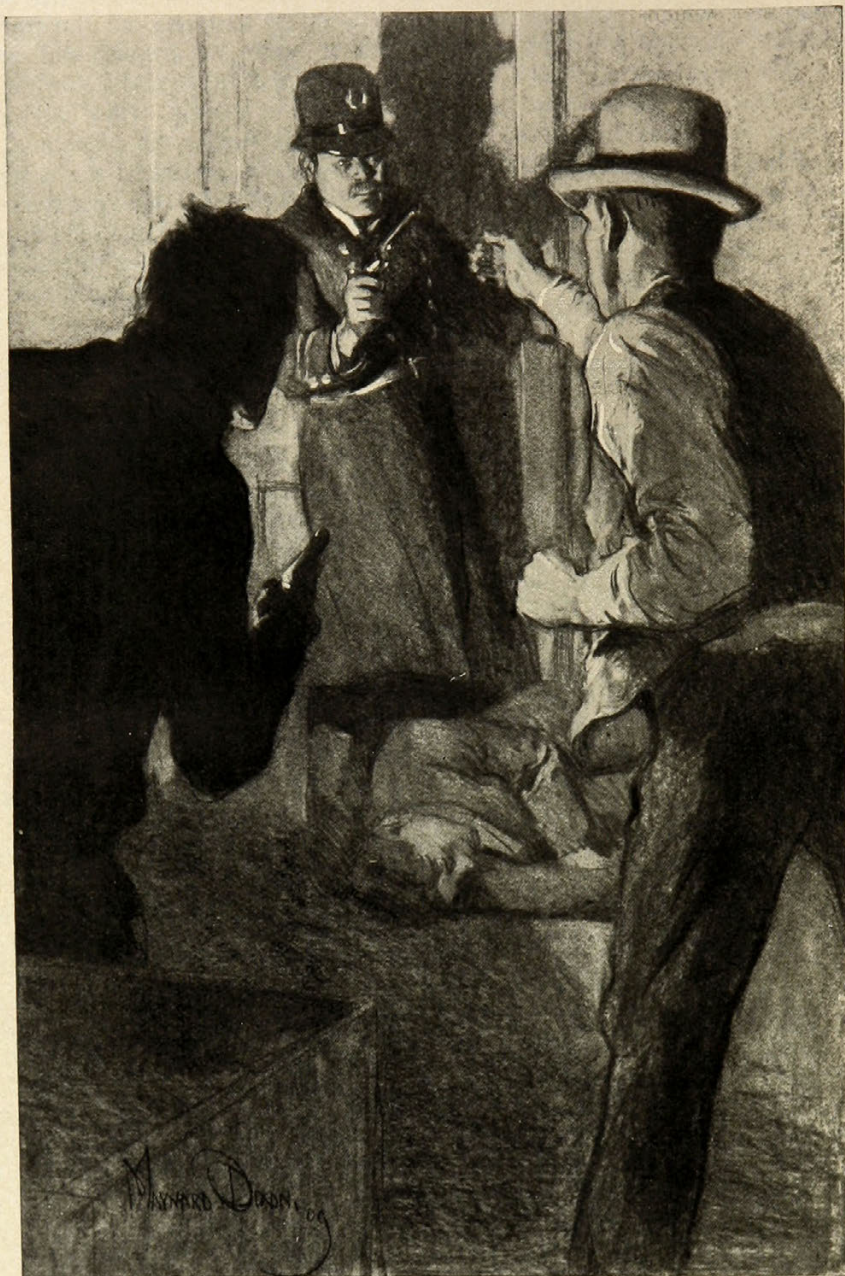
"About three of them did that job," said

McCarty to himself, sauntering across. "One to go inside and pass out the stuff, another to take it under the awning and into that dark doorway in armfuls, and a third in the doorway to pack it in a trunk. They had half an hour to do the job before the patrolman sighted the window again. And that was a plenty. But — how the devil would they get the trunk away?"

That was what had puzzled Captain of Detectives Thomas Hodson for three days. It bothered McCarty about the tenth part of a second.



"'HAVE A SEGAR, SARGE,' SAID A WHINING VOICE"



"SERGEANT McCARTY, HIS GUN POISED, LEAPED INTO
THE ROOM"

"Oho!" he said to himself, looking up at the building on the lower floor of which the cutlery store was housed. "Oho! They didn't take it away. The three of them merely carried it upstairs and into the room of one of them who happened to be stopping at the 'Busy Bee Lodging House.'"

"Any of your people move out lately?"

asked the Sergeant of the landlord of the "Busy Bee," when he had climbed the stairs.

Now, there is nobody more averse to giving information than the keeper of your small transient hotel, and he has withal a most decided aversion to the presence of police officers. Sergeant McCarty's ordinary conversational tones were anything but confidential. They

could be heard for a block or so. And he had made his inquiry in a conversational tone. The landlord stood, hesitating.

"Well!" burst out McCarty, with an impatient, bull-like roar.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the landlord excitedly, suddenly recovering the power of speech, and rubbing his hands, while his long, sparse beard trembled with the quivering of his chin, and he cast anxious eyes in all directions to see if any of his guests had been disturbed. "Yes, yes," he iterated, reaching for the register which McCarty's keen eyes were quickly scanning.

"Well, where is No. 9?" questioned McCarty, again in his conversational tone, which to the timid landlord was frightful enough; for McCarty's quick eye had swept the entries on the page and seen that but one account had, in several days, been checked closed, and that this was for Room 9.

No. 9 suited with his theory, for it would be on the lower floor.

"There by the stairs," said the man, in nervous tones.

"Who was this Mr. Ansel, anyhow?" still queried the Sergeant, as he led the landlord in the direction indicated by the latter's nod.

The landlord started uncannily. The police officer had seen so much in that swift glance.

"I do not know," came the hasty answer. "He was out nearly all night always. He said he was an orchestra leader in an all-night dance-hall."

"And how long had he been here?"

"Four days."

"Yes, I see, by the register; but, how long — how long before that?"

"Never before."

"And he moved again so soon?"

"Yes."

"Did he have any company?"

"Yes; two men came to see him a good deal."

"And what like were they?"

"Just two men, smooth, one good-looking and the other not."

"Look like mechanics?"

"Maybe, sometime, but not like men who worked now. I thought they would be the same kind as himself."

"You mean all-night dance-hall crowd?"

"Yes."

"Have any baggage?"

"Two trunks."

"Two? And he leads the orchestra in a dance-hall? He must have as many uniforms as the Emperor of Germany."

"But one of them was music."

"Music?" ejaculated the Sergeant in surprise, with a rising inflection.

"Yes, musical scores."

"And how the devil did you find that out?"

McCarty had darted a shrewd eye at the landlord, suspecting for the first time that he was lying to him, or trying to cover up.

"Oh, they told me. You see, it was very heavy, that trunk — and there was a peculiar thing about it. I didn't see him bring that trunk up. The two stoutest of them carried it down, sweating, and I suppose I looked at it kind of surprised, and then Ansel explained to me. He said it was musical scores. He had a row with his boss the night before, he told me, and they chucked him into the street, music and all, and his friends helped him to bring it up here. Next day he got another job 'way out by the Presidio, and he was moving out there."

While this rapid-fire conversation was going on, they were inspecting the room, and McCarty was thinking: "And the swag laid right here till yesterday, and that bone-brow, Hodson, was off scourin' the junk shops, and watchin' the transfer companies, and hangin' round the docks!"

"What's this?" he said aloud, delving into the ashes in the fireplace and bringing up a round rim of metal about the size of a half dollar, the center being a circular cardboard, badly charred. He held it to the light, and his eyes answered the question of his lips. It was a price tag, such as merchants tie on their goods, and upon it was the figure \$14.00. The ashes were full of the little metal rims, but the cardboard was burned out of the others.

"What time did they go away yesterday?"

"About two o'clock."

"Who took them?"

"I did not notice them when they left here, but about five or ten minutes after I was over on Geary Street, and I saw the three of them. They had a one-horse wagon, and one was driving, and two were setting behind on the trunks, back to back, facing each way."

"Headed for the Presidio?"

"They might have been."

"What kind of a wagon was it?"

"That's what I can't remember, except that it was not a regular express wagon. It had a long body. Looked like some kind of a tradesman's wagon."

"A painter's, think ye?" promptly questioned McCarty, his eyes a gleam.

"Why, yes, it might have been; it was long like — like for ladders, all right."

"Uh-huh!" grunted McCarty, satisfied with that. "Did he leave any mail address?"

"No."

"Get any mail while he was here?"

"No."

"If you see any of them again, let me know when and where and how, quick, do ye understand? — or I'll put your old rookery in the little black book, do ye understand?"

"Yes, Sergeant McCarty," humbly promised the landlord, who, in the very beginning, had made up his mind that the surest way to get rid of McCarty's unwelcome presence and avoid his future suspicion was to tell him everything and be square. No use trying to fool McCarty. Everybody understood that. It might go once, but —

Sergeant McCarty plodded stolidly downstairs.

He was dealing with a shrewd bunch. Look at the way they had turned the whole trick — even kept the swag two days in the very house from which it was stolen; and the way they got it out without using an expressman. That explained something else, too, which came within the Sergeant's ken. He had a report on a painter's wagon, stolen from a place on Minna Street, and hunted for by his squad for hours. Later the horse was found away down on Kentucky Street. That was all clear now. But where did they go with the trunk? Not to Kentucky Street. They left the horse down there for a blind, in case it should be traced in any way. And not to the Presidio neighborhood. That was a lie for the landlord.

"Oh, yes," said the Sergeant profanely, at the end of his ruminations. "There's a hell of a lot of places they didn't go. What I want to find out is where they *did* go."

And then he spied Jimmie the Rat.

Sergeant McCarty had just planted his feet upon the pavement when he saw the slender, wan-faced creature with long, straight hair sweeping his coat collar, for shirt collar there was none; and the low forehead that sloped back terribly, giving greater prominence to the tiny, strangely set black eyes that could almost wink at each other over the low bridge of his nose. The rat-eyed youth had been surveying the scene of the robbery furtively, and the Sergeant's keen glance had caught the expression of his face for a single second. In the same instant Jimmie the Rat had spied the Sergeant and had quickly melted out of sight, frightened half to death.

"The Rat is on," said Sergeant McCarty to himself, "which is the very next of kin to me bein' on myself."

Jimmie the Rat was a strange, unplaced creature of the underworld. He was in the way of knowing much that Sergeant McCarty wanted to know, and, occasionally, when he dared, imparted the same for a consideration sufficient to buy him the price of a few shots from the little needle-gun in his vest pocket,

which was empty far too often to please his drug-hungry veins. Jimmie lived in constant fear lest his dual relationships should be discovered. He felt that there were some who, if they knew the things he told the Sergeant, would rashly cut his throat, and that there was a police sergeant who, if he even surmised the number of things Jimmie knew and did not tell him, might pick him up in his great hands and break his back over one knee.

So, being a man of dangerous occupation, Jimmie, the minute he laid eyes on the Sergeant, hied him to the very center of his darkest haunts.

As for the Sergeant, he chuckled to himself, and, making no effort to follow Jimmie, walked straight down to the corner of Kearny, where he met a policeman, saluted him, walked by a step, and, standing there, almost back to back, with his hand over his face, whispered into the officer's waiting ear in the soft, rich brogue that was the badge of his most confidential air:

"Whist, officer! Get me Jimmie the Rat, quick!"

"Yis, sor," was the low-spoken answer.

Then, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye, Sergeant McCarty swung himself upon a car and sat down with his hands crossed over his broad stomach. He was bound for the City Hall to wait, and in his fancy he was following the quest for Jimmie the Rat. He knew just about what was happening. The policeman to whom he had spoken had already moved north on Kearny Street. Presently he would meet another policeman. The two would salute, would playfully insert their white-gloved thumbs in each other's belts, and would stand for an instant very close together. In a voice of extreme privacy the first patrolman would say to the second:

"Sergeant McCarty wants Jimmie the Rat, quick!"

Then they would separate, each turning back along his beat. The second man, two blocks farther on, would meet three others whose beats cornered on his, and to each the same remark would be made.

Fifteen minutes or so later one of the three would probably stand waiting at a signal box, and by the scruff of the neck he would hold the wriggling person of Jimmie the Rat.

"The Rat again?" the wagon man would question as he arrived.

"Yes."

"What's the charge, Officer?"

"Pickin' pockets," or something like it, would be the reply of the officer, so loud that the crowd that always gathers could hear plainly. Then, as the officer took the other arm

of the protesting Rat and lifted him bodily into the wagon, the arresting officer would bend over and whisper something in the ear of the wagon man, who would prick up his ears and nod understandingly. Ten minutes later the Sergeant himself would be sweating the Rat in his own office.

This arrest was an old gag. For the Rat to be seen in conference with the Sergeant, or for him to go to the station to see the Sergeant, would have excited the suspicions of Jimmie's social acquaintances immediately. But for Jimmie to be arrested for picking pockets, smoking opium, vagrancy, or any one of half a dozen other offenses was the most natural thing in the world.

It all fell out just as Sergeant McCarty had mapped the action in his mind.

"Who done that cutlery job, Jimmie?" he asked fiercely, after he had gone through certain always necessary preliminaries, which consisted for the main part in scaring that nervous wreck almost into spasms.

"Mike the Mucker and two guns that are new on me," responded the Rat promptly, gasping in fear.

The Sergeant thoughtfully chewed his broom-colored mustache, his blue eyes twinkling cautiously. Mike the Mucker was the most desperate criminal on the Pacific Coast. He was wanted in so many cities for so many crimes that capture would mean life imprisonment, and it was his boast that he would never be captured.

"And what like are the new guys?" asked the Sergeant abruptly, having hefted Mike the Mucker in his mind.

"Awful tough mutts. The worst I ever seen. Let 'em alone, Sarge," whined the Rat.

The Sergeant's lip tightened under the yellow scrub. He was a police officer, and he would do a police officer's duty, which was to obey his superior's order and get the stuff, and — if he got the men, too, it was all right.

"Never mind about that, Jimmie," commanded the Sergeant, plumping out the words from somewhere deep down in his chest. "I want to know where the swag is, and I want to know quick. There's a five when you get it, and the five's a ten if you get it to me before ten o'clock to-night."

"Gimme the fiver now, Sarge," squealed the Rat, his pinched face flushing and his eyes lighting with the drug hunger.

"When you do the job," responded the Sergeant emphatically, well knowing that money and a morphine jag went instantly together in Jimmie's case.

"And don't you fail to get it!" thundered

McCarty, by way of speeding the parting guest, waving his long index finger ominously in the face of the Rat. Jimmie backed into a corner, casting his frightened, hang-dog eyes this way and that as if looking for means of escape, and whined:

"I will not, sir."

"Then go, and be damned to you!" exclaimed the Sergeant, stepping back and pointing to the door.

Jimmie the Rat left the Sergeant's office almost on the run.

In the hall, a few moments later, Sergeant McCarty met Captain of Detectives Thomas Hodson.

"Have ye anything new on that cutlery case?" said Sergeant McCarty, casually, but directly.

"What the hell business is it of yours?" responded Hodson sourly, not looking up from the floor on which his eyes were fixed, as he turned toward the front office.

"None; I was just askin' ye," murmured the Sergeant meekly to the Captain.

"He has not," said the Sergeant proudly to himself under his breath, the warm cockles of his heart glowing with satisfaction.

Then the Sergeant went to Geary Street, where the landlord of the "Busy Bee" had last seen his musical guest and his two friends, with the trunk full of musical scores.

"Now, let me see," said the Sergeant, staring hard at the paving-stones. "If I was a harse and a stolen painter's wagon, and three men with a trunk full of wardrobe, and a trunk full of stolen cutlery supposed to be music scores, and was right here in Geary Street runnin' from wan hotel to another, and tryin' to get out of town with the swag, which way would I be goin' from here and what would I be doin'? Well, first of all, never a railroad train, and never a steamboat, and I wouldn't try the counthry road, because there's no accountin' for a painter's wagon on a counthry road with three men and a trunk full of music scores, and no ladders, nor paint, nor brushes, nor overalls. No, I would get out of town from the waterfront with a rowboat or a launch; yes, a little bit of a launch, and a — let me see: I would just charter a launch for a little huntin' trip up the river, and then I'd load me outfit into it, and I would be gone. But" — and he paused — "how the devil would I get from Geary Street to the launch? Drive down there at two o'clock in the afternoon, and every cop on the waterfront fairly stickin' the eyes out of his head in an honest endeavor to inspect every mysterious package that come across the sea-wall? Not by the curl of me hair, no. I'd go and lay up

somewhere till the dark night come, and then I'd dodge down there to the water and just fade away like the fog.

"First, then, with me harse, and me trunks, and me two companions, from right here on Geary Street, I'd wind around some till I'd mixed up everybody, includin' the faithful harse. Then I'd hie me for a cheap lodgin'-house near the front, and I'd get me a room on the dark side of an alley one floor up, which I had engaged beforehand. Come the dark night, I'd let me trunk out the window to the alley."

Spinning his theories, Sergeant McCarty dreamed his way up and down the stony streets of the Barbary Coast, while darkness fell, and the early hours of night wore on. The Sergeant sauntered in and out under the glare of lights, exchanging loud-voiced salutations with the men upon the beats, with the keepers of dives and dance-halls, and with the sports of various kinds who dared to claim a speaking acquaintance with the most feared sergeant of police who had ever been on duty in the Tenderloin.

"Where the devil is the Rat?" exclaimed the Sergeant to himself, for the twentieth time. It was near ten, and not a word, not a whisper from him. The Rat must have seen him repeatedly. A score of times he had sauntered out of the bright white light into dark corners, past deep, shadowy doorways where the Rat might have lurked for a moment and given the information he wished to have. The Rat seldom failed him. Would he now? The Sergeant made up his mind that if he did, he would send him up for six months the next time he got his hand on him.

While he wandered and waited, something kept bringing his footsteps back to a well-known corner on Stockton Street, well over toward the North Beach. Again and again his footsteps turned that corner, and his eyes swept upward at the dull, unattractive, tenement-like structures that framed the four corners of the streets. Any one of these rookeries was likely enough. But to go in blindly was to invite defeat. Heaven only knew how swiftly Sergeant McCarty could act when he saw his way, but rock formation could not be slower than the same Sergeant when his cunning eyes could find no way before him on which to plant his solid steps. And as yet the Sergeant could not see, so he turned in at a beer hall in the basement of one of the corner rookeries mentioned, to sip a mug of beer, to look about him, and to think.

The ground floor above was a cigar factory. Above that were furnished rooms, the usual water-front type of lodgings, roughly kept by a rough man for others rougher than himself.

It was already long past ten. The Rat had

lost his premium. The place was filled with tobacco smoke; there was music and cracked singing from the little concert stage; throngs were moving in and out. The Sergeant wiped the foam from his mustache and studied the throng curiously, exchanging salutations as usual; and now and then a ward worker, who claimed more than a mere bowing acquaintance, stopped and exchanged a word with him. But the Sergeant's manner was not hospitable, and no one presumed to sit down at his table.

"Have a segar, Sarge," said a whining voice, which passed by so quickly that McCarty caught no more than the merest glimpse of the attenuated form as it faded away through the wreathed smoke.

"The Rat at last! Blessed be the Virgin!" murmured the Sergeant, taking up the cigar with a most casual air and scrutinizing it critically with the air of a connoisseur, and also, it may be added, with the eye of a shrewd detective. He instantly observed a peculiar raised ring underneath the wide gilt band that encircled it near the center. Then, with all the deliberation of a well-controlled man whose every move might be watched suspiciously, he bit off the end and lighted the cigar, puffing luxuriously for a few seconds, while the gilt band glittered plainly midway between his lips and the quick-forming ash. The Sergeant finished his beer, and, with his cigar held carelessly between two fingers, he rose and strode toward the lavatory, which was under the pavement in front, near the steps leading to the street. Here, for a single moment, the Sergeant might be free from scrutinizing eyes. Swiftly he slipped off the cigar band, extracted the little flat circle of tissue paper that had been folded under it, and read:

The stuff's upstairs. About one it's coming down from the window into the alley. They're bad ones. Look out!

About one o'clock: it was 12:50 now. No time to wait for reinforcements. He must act quickly; it was one man against three.

In the most leisurely manner imaginable, so far as appearances might go, Sergeant McCarty, puffing at his cigar, strolled upstairs into the street, and round the corner to the alley. Back of the alley ran a lumber yard, across several blocks, almost to the very water-front. Sure! The very spot for such a thing. They would lower the trunk to a lumber truck and run it across lots to the waiting launch; and — yes, there in the shadow, lying up against the side of the building, and directly under a window from which a faint rim of light gleamed beneath the curtain, was a lumber truck.

It was all very much as he had reasoned it out hours before. One man would stand below, and two would lower the trunk from above. To secure the swag, all the Sergeant would have to do would be to step into the shadow of a lumber pile and wait till the burden was lowered, then throw his gun on the man below and hold the swag.

"With the chance," said the Sergeant immediately to himself, "of me gettin' fooled by them takin' the trunk out some other way after all. So I don't do it. Me for the place where the trunk and the men are, and that mighty quick."

Already the Sergeant had started back for the front on the dead run. This was the time for action. By good luck he met the patrolman at the corner.

"Quick, Meyer!" exclaimed the Sergeant in a low whisper. "Ring for the wagon and a squad at the box. Then run around to the alley in the rear, and watch for a trunk comin' out of a window. Take no chances. Shoot if your own shadow moves close to ye."

As McCarty entered the ill-lighted hall from which ran the stairs to the second floor of the building, he saw a man near the top of the flight coming down. With a hasty stride the Sergeant gained the lowest step, when, as his hand gripped the rail, the feeble rays of the smoky lamp swinging above fell upon the stripes on his outstretched arm. It might have been a coincidence, but just at this moment the man coming down turned and went back, so quickly that when the Sergeant, going up three steps at a time, reached the top, he was nowhere in sight. But Sergeant McCarty, like a locomotive under full steam, darted down the hall toward the back, seeking to locate the room from which had come the glimmer of light. He heard the closing of a door, and arrived in time for his keen ears to catch the grating of a key in a lock. Then the key was withdrawn, and a tiny ray of light streamed out. The Sergeant stepped to the key-hole, but as he did so an eye was applied to the other side, so that what he saw was the angry gleam of an eye-ball and a bit of hairy brow. At the same moment he heard a sound like the click of a revolver.

Quicker than a flash the Sergeant was up and had driven his heavy-soled boot against the door with a kick that would have knocked holes in a brick wall. The result was startling in the extreme to the people on the inside. Sergeant McCarty had never heard of David Harum's Golden Rule, but he had a rule of his own for use in close quarters, and it ran about like this: "Keep 'em guessin', and soak 'em hard when you can."

In accordance with this principle, he kicked in the door, and the door-knob knocked into temporary unconsciousness the man who was peering out through the key-hole and preparing to shoot the unwelcome visitor. As the kneeling man collapsed upon the floor, his revolver discharging into space, Sergeant McCarty, his own gun poised, leaped into the room. Two men, working over a packing-case and a trunk by the window, started up as he entered, one firing a hasty shot from his revolver and the other hurling a much more dangerous missile in the form of a pair of heavy horse-clippers. Intent upon blocking escape, and knowing that Patrolman Meyer was guarding the window outside, the Sergeant shouldered the door to with great agility, and planked himself against it, just as a bullet buried itself in the casing on the right, while the murderous horse-clippers fanned his left cheek and splintered the panel of the door. A moment later the light was extinguished, and another bullet thudded into the plaster on the left, missing the lucky Sergeant by about the same distance as the other. The Sergeant moved one pace to the right in the pitch darkness and stood stock-still.

He had not fired as yet. In the first place, like all brave men, he had an aversion to taking human life. In the second place, a certain amount of unpleasantness for the Department always arises from the killing of a man by a police officer, no matter how great the provocation — and even now Sergeant McCarty had not failed, in his mind at least, to cock his weather eye in the direction of the upper office. And anyway, if there was to be killing, in the Sergeant's judgment the time for that had not yet come. He was acting with tremendous swiftness, but it was not upon impulse. Every move was thought out.

"Keep 'em guessin'," he said to himself, as the lights went out, and he made that hasty side-step in the blackness, and stood still, not even breathing.

The small room reeked with the smell of powder smoke. It echoed and reëchoed with the report of revolvers. Four men, one prostrate on the floor, for the Sergeant had not heard him rise, and three standing about in the complete darkness with weapons drawn, scarce daring to breathe, strained their eyes and ears in the silence to catch the faintest sound or movement that should tell for life or death or liberty.

The tense moments passed slowly.

The thieves were startled, confused, desperate. The silence frightened them. The Sergeant, that very devil of a man when roused, was in the room, uninjured, or they would have

heard him groan or cry out, or fall, or stagger. He had not fired a shot; he had not made a sound. It was uncanny. It was not according to the rules. Where was he? What was he doing? What was he going to do next? Would his hand suddenly touch one of them? Or would some one shoot and kill a pal instead?

It took possibly fifteen seconds, maybe twenty, for this nameless, superstitious fear to lock their hearts in the icy chill of cowardice.

And the Sergeant — did he know when the psychological moment had come? This untutored sergeant of police — duty conscious, with the authority of the law behind him, doing a thing that, in itself, was brave enough to make a coward courageous — did he reason that this made him strong, while the lack of the same things, plus guilt, fear, surprise, uncertainty, and anxiety, made these other men weak, so that his personality was more than three times as strong as either one of theirs or as all combined?

Not at all.

He merely thought: "Let 'em unload their guns where I ain't as long as they will."

Then came those moments of tense and awful waiting, and through the silence a message ticked from one part of McCarty's brain to another, that said:

"They're queered! They're buffaloed! You've got 'em, McCarty, you've got 'em!"

Then, in the fearsome stillness, in low, matter-of-fact tones, the Sergeant spoke:

"Not a man of you make a sound. At the first breath I'll make a hole in you."

Thereupon, swiftly, noiselessly, the Sergeant stepped over to the door. "So if they do shoot, I'll be where I ain't again," he explained to himself.

The Sergeant was no ventriloquist, and he knew it. But he did not know that, in the cramped silence of that small room where four excited men were struggling to breathe without making a sound, it was impossible for any of the three to tell just where the low voice came from. It sounded from above, from below, by the window, by the door, near the trunk, anywhere their frightened imaginations pictured it; but most of all it sounded in the inmost souls of the criminals. They might try a call to locate their comrades, but the first man that called would get a shot from the Sergeant's revolver, or feel his terrible hand upon the throat — and McCarty had a hand like an automatic car-coupler, everybody knew that; and after all, what was the use? For here were three desperate men, cowed by the invincible courage of one fearless man — cowed by sheer soul mastery.

McCarty was clear master of himself, and therefore of each of them. Had he made a single misstep or misplay, had he indulged himself in one thought that was not of mastery, there in the darkness they would have leaped upon him and torn him limb from limb, and beaten his body into the pattern of the carpet.

But he did not, and they did not.

In his mind Sergeant McCarty said contemptuously: "I've got 'em buffaloed."

Outwardly he said: "Not a man of you make a sound."

And the three, crouching there in the dark, felt in their living flesh the white-hot streak a bullet makes, and each became a craven, sullen coward, wishing to spring, but unable to reach the point of initiative, even when the heavy tread of hurrying feet was heard outside.

"Come in!" roared McCarty. "Meyer is guarding the window outside."

The door swung open, and half a dozen blue-coats crowded into the room, flashing their lanterns into the darkness.

McCarty stood against the wall, his eyes gleaming. A man lay on the floor, his arm pulled over a swelling bump on his forehead. This was Mike the Mucker, who would never be taken alive. One man stood half crouched against the trunk, which was on end, his smoking revolver still hanging useless in his nerve-robbled hands, and his sullen eyes looking angrily at the men who approached with handcuffs in their hands. Over by the window a third stood, indecisively fingering a huge knife that would have reached through the Sergeant's body from front to back.

"Get up!" said the Sergeant gruffly to the man on the floor. "Put the irons on and take 'em to the wagon," he said to the squad. "Watch 'em close, man for man. Foley, step to the window and tell Meyer to come up! You and him bring down the stuff."

As they marched down the hall, Sergeant McCarty swaggered behind, the Hibernian blood in his veins still feeling a bit cocky. His cunning blue eyes blazed proudly, and his big round head was tipped back a trifle, giving his broom-colored mustache an upward pitch that was very cavalier-like.

The three prisoners muttered to one another. "You hurt, Bill?"

"No. You?"

"No. How about you, Mike?"

"No — only my head's bumped," he murmured gloomily.

Then they exchanged looks of mutual disgust. "Three ag'in' one," said Mike. "Why didn't we sting him?"

True enough, why?

JUDICIAL DECISIONS AS AN ISSUE IN POLITICS

BY

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

LAST summer at Hot Springs, after the Convention and before the electoral campaign had been actively begun, Mr. McClure asked me to furnish him two articles for his magazine, to be printed after the election. I suggested to him that if I were defeated he might not desire the articles, but he said he would run the risk. One subject which he proposed was my labor decisions, and the article that follows is a compliance with the promise I then made.

I believe it is true that I am the only successful candidate for the Presidency who ever had extended judicial experience. Mr. Van Buren had been a surrogate or probate judge early in his career, and Andrew Jackson, I believe, did serve as a judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, but it was a very unimportant part of his life, and his service did not bring into the issues of his campaigns any discussion of his work as a judge.

Judge Parker, so far as I know, is the only other candidate who had been for any number of years on the Bench; and while there was some reference in the campaign to his judicial opinions, they did not involve any issues made in the platform, and were not given special prominence on the stump or in political editorials.

In 1896 the judgment of the Supreme Court in the income tax case was made a subject of heated discussion, and suggestions that the court might be increased if one party was successful, so as to bring about a reversal of the decision, were not wanting. Still, I think it may be truly said that in no campaign since the beginning of the government has there been directly involved as an issue a question considered and decided by one of the Presidential candidates as a judge.

The Decision of Taft's Father on the Reading of the Bible in the Public Schools

It is not the first time in my family that a judicial decision has played an important part in

the political fortunes of the judge deciding it. While my father was a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, the question arose whether the school board of the city had the power by resolution to change the rule under which schools were opened in the morning by the reading of the King James version of the Bible. Two of the judges of the Superior Court held that this was beyond the power of the school board, while my father, the third judge, dissented. The case proceeded to the Supreme Court, and that court, in a unanimous judgment, approved the views of my father as a dissenting judge in the court below. Notwithstanding this result, in three gubernatorial campaigns my father was defeated in Republican conventions on the ground of his decision in the Bible case; but it never fell to his lot to be nominated as a party candidate and to find it necessary to go upon the stump to explain or defend his decisions. I think I may say that my experience in this respect has been truly exceptional.

To make the controversy clear, it is necessary to refer to the efforts made by the American Federation of Labor and the railroad labor organizations to secure legislation against what they claimed to be the abuses of the power of injunction by courts of equity in labor disputes. Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labor were much more radical and drastic in their demands than were the railroad organizations. Mr. Gompers demanded the passage of a bill containing two sections: The first section provided that no injunction should issue from a court of equity except to protect property rights from irreparable injury where there was not adequate remedy at law, and contained the proviso, which embodied the whole intent of the section, that injury to business of a complainant in such labor disputes should not be considered an injury to property rights; and the second section contained a provision which in effect legalized the secondary boycott and rendered immune from criminal or civil prosecution or injunctive process those taking part in such a boycott. This was known as the "Pearce Bill." President Roosevelt and the members

NOTE:—This article was prepared by Mr. Taft prior to his inauguration as President of the United States.—EDITOR.

of his Cabinet whom he called into consultation, of whom I was one, were quite willing to concede that the power of the issuing of injunctions in the form of temporary restraining orders, without notice to the party affected, had been abused in some cases by Federal judges, and that it might be wise to take away the power of issuing such orders without notice and restore the law to the condition in which it had been when the Federal Judiciary Act of 1789 was put in force. At that time no temporary injunction could issue without a notice to the party affected and an opportunity to be heard. A bill to effect such a change was introduced and probably would have passed if Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labor had been willing to accept it as a compromise.

The Boycott and the Injunction Made a Political Issue

At the head of a delegation of labor-union men, Mr. Gompers visited the President. The President told him very plainly that he would not and did not favor the bill known as the "Pearce Bill," for he thought that the power of injunction ought to be exercised quite as much against lawless workingmen as against lawless capitalists.

Thus the issue was made in the Congressional campaign of 1906, and Mr. Gompers summoned assistance from his fellows of the American Federation of Labor to defeat Mr. Littlefield in Maine, Mr. Cannon in Illinois, and a great many other Congressmen who were put upon the so-called "black list" because they declined to consent to the passage of the Pearce Bill, and refused to withdraw the protecting influence of injunctive process from a man's business rights and to legalize boycotts. The electoral campaign carried on by Mr. Gompers was not successful in defeating any Congressman whom he had blacklisted, and into whose district he went for the purpose of defeating him. Of course in each district many other issues played a part, and it is difficult to tell how much influence Mr. Gompers exerted in taking away votes from the successful candidate. He renewed his efforts in the next Congress, but without avail.

Then came the presidential conventions of the two parties. Mr. Gompers appeared before the Committee on Resolutions of the Republican Convention, and demanded the approval of the Pearce Bill or its equivalent. The President and I favored the following resolution:

INJUNCTIONS

We declare for such an amendment of the statutes of procedure in the Federal courts with respect to

the use of the writ of injunction as will, on the one hand, prevent the summary issue of such orders without proper consideration, and, on the other, will preserve undiminished the power of the courts to enforce their process, to the end that justice may be done at all times and to all parties.

A great many of the delegates were opposed to any resolution on the subject, regarding it as an attack upon the courts; but finally, as a compromise, the following resolution was adopted in the platform:

COURT PROCEDURE

The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, State and Federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty, and property shall be preserved inviolate. We believe, however, that the rules of procedure in the Federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute, and that no injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except where irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted.

It will be observed that the Republican Convention declined to take away the power to issue temporary restraining orders without notice, but preferred to hedge the power about with a statutory declaration of the instances in which they might issue, and offered an opportunity for limiting their life or duration by statute to such a short time as would necessitate a hearing within a few days. In this respect the convention did not go as far as Mr. Roosevelt and I were willing to go. Mr. Gompers and his associates expressed dissatisfaction with the action of the Republican Convention, and then went to Denver, where, after the fullest discussion, the resolution which was adopted read as follows:

LABOR AND INJUNCTIONS

The courts of justice are the bulwark of our liberties, and we yield to none in our purpose to maintain their dignity. Our party has given to the bench a long line of distinguished judges, who have added to the respect and confidence in which this department must be jealously maintained. We resent the attempt of the Republican party to raise a false issue respecting the judiciary. It is an unjust reflection upon a great body of our citizens to assume that they lack respect for the courts.

It is the function of the courts to interpret the laws which the people create, and if the laws appear to work economic, social, or political injustice, it is our duty to change them. The only basis upon which the integrity of our courts can stand is that of unswerving justice and protection of life, personal liberty, and property. If judicial processes may be abused, we should guard them against abuse.

Experience has proved the necessity of a modification of the present law relating to injunctions, and we reiterate the pledge of our national platforms of 1896 and 1904 in favor of the measure which passed the

United States Senate in 1896, but which a Republican Congress has ever since refused to enact, relating to contempts in Federal courts and providing for trial by jury in cases of indirect contempt.

Questions of judicial practice have arisen especially in connection with industrial disputes. We deem that the parties to all judicial proceedings should be treated with rigid impartiality, and that injunctions should not be issued in any cases in which injunctions would not issue if no industrial dispute were involved.

I have been informed that the resolution was drafted by Mr. Gompers and was passed exactly as drafted.

Is a Man's Business his Property?

In one of Mr. Roosevelt's letters written during the campaign, he invited attention to an article published by Mr. Gompers in the *American Federationist* in defense of what he had done in supporting the Democratic candidate, and pointed out that in that article Mr. Gompers said, or plainly intimated, that Mr. Bryan was in complete accord with the attitude taken by the American Federation of Labor before the last two Congresses, and that this necessarily involved not only the abolition of the use of the injunction in labor disputes where only the business of the plaintiff was to be injured, but also the legalizing of the secondary boycott.

Neither Mr. Gompers nor Mr. Bryan ever attempted to answer the query put by Mr. Roosevelt as to whether this statement was true. Read in the light of this explanation, we can see what the resolution of the Denver Convention was intended to mean. The key necessary to understand the resolution was the principle of equity procedure advanced by Mr. Gompers and his legal counsel, that the right of a man to pursue a lawful business is not a property or pecuniary right which a court of equity would ever, according to proper rules of its procedure, issue an injunction to protect. The question has been distinctly passed upon by dozens of courts, and Mr. Gompers' proposition has not received the slightest support except in one dissenting opinion.

The instances in which courts of equity, both in England and in this country, have issued injunctions to protect business rights are so many as to be overwhelming. But assuming Mr. Gompers' proposition of law to be correct, namely, that no injunction could ever issue merely to protect the rights of business, as distinguished from property rights, then the meaning of the resolution of the Democratic platform becomes clear. It resolves that injunctions ought not to issue in labor disputes under any circumstances except those in which they would issue in other disputes, and as, according to Mr. Gompers, they would never issue in other disputes to protect business rights, they

ought to be prohibited from being issued to protect a man's business in labor disputes.

A boycott is ordinarily not directed toward anything but a man's business. It is intended to injure his business and is well adapted to do so. If, therefore, by the resolution as interpreted above, all injuries to business and confined to business alone, and not reaching to rights in material property, were excluded, it would have the effect of limiting the recourse of one injured by a boycott to the inadequate remedy of a suit for damages, and thus in an indirect way the object of the American Federation of Labor in the Pearce Bill would be accomplished.

There was another and a very important issue in respect to which the Democratic platform by its expressed declaration and the Republican platform by its silence left no doubt, and that was the question whether in punishments for contempt in all classes of cases, except those committed in the presence of the court, punishment should not be inflicted by the court until after a conviction in a trial by jury.

I have thus defined certain so-called labor issues of the campaign, in order that the relevancy of my decisions may become apparent. At the risk of being tedious, I shall attempt to state shortly what those decisions were.

Judge Taft's First Labor Decision

The first one was rendered by me when I was a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, a State court of general jurisdiction, where I sat under appointment and subsequent election for three years. The case was a suit for damages by Moores & Company, lime-dealers, against the Bricklayers' Union of Cincinnati.

The undisputed facts shown were these: Parker Brothers were a firm of boss bricklayers. They had quarreled with a Bricklayers' Union. The Bricklayers' Union had withdrawn its members from the employ of Parker Brothers and had declared a strike against the firm, and had threatened all material-men that it would boycott any one of them who furnished material to Parker Brothers. Moores & Company were lime-dealers and sold Parker Brothers lime for cash. This was discovered by a walking delegate of the Union, and a boycott was declared against Moores & Company, who were thereby prevented from enjoying the profit of a number of valuable contracts, and whose business suffered severely in other ways.

I sat as the trial judge, and charged the jury that upon this state of fact Moores & Company were entitled to recover as damages the loss that had been inflicted by the boycott of the Bricklayers' Union. The jury immediately returned a verdict for \$2500. A motion for a new trial was

made, and I reserved the motion, as I had the power to do, to the general term of the Superior Court for the consideration of three judges, including myself, and there I delivered the opinion of the court, and in this opinion, which was an elaborate one, I attempted to explain what was the illegality of a boycott. If I were writing the opinion again, I should hope to make it shorter. As between two persons, when one refuses to deal with the other and thus injures the other, no unlawful injury is committed if he is not under special contract to do the thing that he refuses to do. It is what in law is called *damnum absque injuria*.

A body of workmen are dissatisfied with the terms of their employment. They seek to compel their employer to come to their terms by striking. They may legally do so. The loss and inconvenience he suffers he cannot complain of. But when they seek to compel third persons, who have no quarrel with their employer, to withdraw from all association with him by threats that unless such third persons do so the workmen will inflict similar injury on such third persons, the combination is oppressive, involves duress, and if injury results, it is actionable. It is true that the result of the rule is that an act is actionable or not as the intent with which it is done varies. This is not frequent in civil injuries, but it is not unknown.

This I understand to be the view of the Anthracite Coal Commission, of which Judge Gray of the Third Circuit was certainly the most conspicuous lawyer member, and I think that it is a safe rule of distinction in all labor controversies. Such a view does not render illegal the union of all members of a trades-union, whether employees of the particular employer or not, to withdraw from association with him. It permits them thus to express their sympathy with their fellows. But it does forbid them, by threatening men who otherwise would be entirely willing to associate with their former employer, to compel that third person to join them in the fight.

The decision in *Moores & Company* against the Bricklayers' Union sustained the verdict and gave judgment against the union. The Union took the case to the Supreme Court of Ohio, where it was affirmed without opinion. The decision was won in a local court and did not attract any immediate attention. Subsequently the fact that the reasoning was quite elaborate and the citation and consideration of authorities extended, elicited considerable reference to it in other decisions, and in the discussions of a naturally interesting subject in legal periodicals, and at bar association meetings; but it did not arouse labor-unions to resolutions of protest, so far as I can recollect.

Taft Denounced by the Unions for his Judgment in the Arthur Case

The next case was one that attracted far greater attention because of the prominence of one of the parties, and the very large body of men more or less indirectly interested in the issues. I had then become United States Circuit Judge for the Sixth Judicial Circuit. The Toledo & Ann Arbor Railroad was a railroad running from Michigan to Toledo, Ohio, where it made connections with six different railroads. It had had a controversy with its locomotive engineers as to their wages, and through Mr. Arthur, who was the Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, a strike had been declared against that railroad.

The Brotherhood had a secret rule (No. 12) which provided that it was a violation of obligation for any member of the Brotherhood engaged with a connecting line to haul the cars of a railroad company against which a strike had been approved by the Grand Chief. The six railroads who were made parties defendant to this action had been notified by their engineers that they probably must refuse to haul the cars of the Toledo & Ann Arbor road. This had come to the knowledge of the Toledo & Ann Arbor Railroad Company, and it accordingly filed a bill in equity in the United States Court at Toledo, asking that the six railroads be compelled to haul the cars of the Toledo & Ann Arbor Railroad, on the ground that this was their specific duty under the Interstate Commerce Law, which imposed a fine and penalty upon all officers, employees, and servants of any road engaged in interstate commerce who should refuse to perform it.

Judge Ricks accordingly issued a temporary restraining order against all the defendant railroad companies, their officers and employees, and had the injunctive process served on all the locomotive engineers. After this injunction was issued, Mr. Arthur, the Grand Chief, sent a telegram to the engineers of the Lake Shore, advising them that he had approved the strike against the Toledo & Ann Arbor Railroad, and inviting their attention to the laws of the order, including secret Rule No. 12, and directing them to act accordingly. A supplemental petition was then filed in the same cause, and I was applied to, as circuit judge, to enjoin Mr. Arthur by mandatory injunction to withdraw his order to the engineers of the Lake Shore road. I issued without notice a temporary mandatory restraining order, requiring Mr. Arthur to withdraw his telegram until the case could be heard. Mr. Arthur obeyed the order.

The case was promptly heard in the course of a day or two at Toledo.

Meantime one of the engineers who had received notice of the injunction on the Lake Shore road, an engineer named Lennon, had refused to haul the cars of the Toledo & Ann Arbor road. He was brought before Judge Ricks on an attachment for contempt of the order. The two causes were heard the same day in Toledo. My recollection is that I did not sit in the Lennon case, and that Judge Ricks did not sit in the Arthur case.

The result of the Lennon case was that Judge Ricks sentenced Lennon to confinement for thirty days for contempt. After a release by writ of habeas corpus to test the legality of Lennon's confinement was denied by Judge Ricks, an appeal was taken to the Court of Appeals at Cincinnati, and thence to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the confinement of Lennon was held to be legal.

In the Arthur case I made the temporary order of injunction permanent and wrote an opinion giving my reasons. No appeal was taken from this ruling in the Arthur case, although a direct appeal on the merits lay to the Court of Appeals and thence by certiorari to the Supreme Court of the United States. What I decided in the Arthur case was this: That the Toledo & Ann Arbor road had a right under the Interstate Commerce Law to have its cars hauled by the Lake Shore road, and that a conspiracy by the servants of the Lake Shore Company to compel it to decline to perform that duty in order that they might injure the Toledo & Ann Arbor road, thus involving the Lake Shore Company in a controversy in which it had no interest and in which it was an unwilling participant, was a secondary boycott at common law. I also held that this was unlawful under the statutes of the United States, and injuries arising therefrom were of such a recurrent character and the loss was so difficult to estimate, that a suit at law offered no adequate remedy, and therefore a court of equity would prevent the injury by injunction.

It will be observed that Judge Ricks in his decision had held that Lennon as an engineer of the Lake Shore road had violated the injunction requiring him to haul the cars of the Toledo & Ann Arbor road, and that I had by mandatory injunction directed Arthur to withdraw his telegram directing all engineers of the Lake Shore road to do that which Lennon had done; the point being, not that Lennon and the engineers of the Lake Shore road could not leave the employ of the Lake Shore road freely and without restraint by injunction, but only that as long as they remained in the employ of

the Lake Shore Company they were *pro tanto* the company itself and burdened with the duties of the company and must obey the injunctions that would lie against the company itself. In no decision was it affirmed that an injunction could compel a man to remain in the service against his will, or that in any labor dispute could a man in the employ of another be enjoined from striking.

Though this distinction was made clear in both decisions, it was generally reported, and believed by many who did not look into it, that we had enjoined men from striking and had punished them in contempt proceedings for exercising the right to strike. It is easy to see, therefore, how it was possible for members of the Brotherhood of Engineers and of labor organizations generally to believe that a blow had been struck at organized labor from which it could never recover, and that the instrumentality of the strike, which in the last resort is the chief weapon that the laboring man has to secure better wages and better terms of employment, had been taken away. Judge Ricks and I were denounced from one end of this country to the other, in resolutions of labor organizations and kindred associations, as enemies of labor who had sought by judicial process to subject the workingman as a slave to the complete control of his employer. As a matter of fact, I had laid down, not only in the Moores case but in the Arthur case, the principles upon which the success of labor organizations must always depend, and upon which in the last ten years they have grown to their very great proportions and increased in their very great usefulness.

These principles were stated in a somewhat more specific way in the Phelan case, to which I shall presently refer, and from which I shall quote.

I was attacked further, and this attack was heard in the late campaign, on the ground that I had denounced the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers as a criminal conspiracy against the laws of the United States. What I did in the opinion was to point out the fact that secret Rule No. 12, if enforced, would involve all those engaged in its enforcement, both those who actually took part in it and those who ordered it, in a criminal conspiracy against the laws of the United States. I did so in these words:

"We have thus considered with some care the criminal character of Rule 12 and its enforcement, not only because, as will presently be seen, it assists in determining the civil liabilities that grow out of them, but also because we wish to make plain, if we can, to the intelligent and generally law-abiding men who

compose the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, as well as to their usually conservative chief officer, what we cannot believe they appreciate, that, notwithstanding their perfect organization, and their charitable, temperance, and other elevating and most useful purposes, the existence and enforcement of Rule 12, under their organic law, make the whole Brotherhood a criminal conspiracy against the laws of their country."

The effect of that admonition, which was intended to be kindly, and it seems to me was couched in a perfectly friendly tone, was to lead the Brotherhood to repeal Rule No. 12; and I understand now that all the railroad labor organizations, which are among the best conducted of trades-unions in the country, deprecate the use of the boycott as a weapon in labor controversies.

The Famous "Phelan Case"

The third reported decision for which I was attacked in the late campaign was what was known as the Phelan case. It was presented as a phase of the Debs insurrection.

Debs was the president of the American Railway Union, a labor association organized as a rival of the older railway brotherhoods. Soon after the organization was complete, Debs, as president of the directors of the association, became interested in the question whether the Pullman Company, manufacturing Pullman cars near Chicago, paid their employees sufficient wages. It was decided that the wages were not sufficient. The employees were induced to strike, and then it was sought by the American Railway Union to compel the Pullman Company to pay higher wages by threatening a universal boycott against all the railroads of the country that had contracts with the Pullman Company for the use of the Pullman cars, and to compel them to withdraw from or break these contracts and to discontinue the use of the Pullman cars.

Although this was the original purpose, it degenerated into an attempt to tie up every railroad in the country by withdrawing all the railway employees from railroad work without regard to whether the railroads had business for the Pullman Company or not. In other words, it became a boycott against the public in an attempt to make the public compel the Pullman Company to raise the wages it paid its employees, although the public had no relation to the Pullman Company, which was a private corporation doing a private business, so far as its manufacturing of cars was concerned, and had no power over the question of the amount of wages to be paid by it to those whom it employed.

In pursuance of this plan, Debs sent Phelan to Cincinnati to tie up all the railroads in that city, and among others was the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway Company, which operated as a lessee the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, and which for the time being was in the hands of the court in charge of Mr. Felton, receiver. I was the circuit judge, resident in Cincinnati, who had appointed the receiver, and was conducting the affairs so far as the court had to interfere in that receivership.

The receiver filed a petition in the proceeding, asking an attachment of Phelan for contempt of court. The petition charged that Phelan was attempting to prevent the receiver from carrying out the order of the court directing him to run the road, and was advising all those who had left the employ of the receiver, and others, to use violence in compelling the receiver's employees to leave his employment; that in consequence the receiver was obliged to hire constables to protect his men.

Phelan was brought in on a warrant, and was served with an injunction to prevent his continuing in that which he was already charged to have done, and the cause was set for a trial at his convenience. It was promptly heard, and a week was consumed in the trial. At the end of that time I found Phelan guilty of contempt of court, and sentenced him to six months in the Lebanon Jail. His actions after the injunction was served on him were exactly what they had been before, and he conducted himself avowedly and flagrantly in violation of the court's orders. In this case, as in the others, I pointed out, with all the clearness of which I was capable, the distinction between the strike and the boycott, and perhaps more fully than in previous cases explained what were the rights and responsibilities of the trades-unions engaged in a controversy with an employer. In this case I said:

"Now, it may be conceded in the outset that the employees of the receiver had the right to organize into or join a labor-union which should take joint action as to their terms of employment. It is of benefit to them and to the public that laborers should unite in their common interest and for lawful purposes. They have labor to sell. If they stand together, they are often able, all of them, to command better prices for their labor than when dealing singly with rich employers, because the necessities of the single employee may compel him to accept any terms offered him. The accumulation of a fund for the support of those who feel that the wages offered are below market prices is one of the legitimate objects of

such an organization. They have the right to appoint officers who shall advise them as to the course to be taken by them in their relations with their employer. They may unite with other unions. The officers they appoint, or any other person to whom they choose to listen, may advise them as to the proper course to be taken by them in regard to their employment, or, if they choose to repose such authority in any one, may order them, on pain of expulsion from their union, peaceably to leave the employ of their employer because any of the terms of their employment are unsatisfactory."

In the Arthur case it was brought out quite distinctly that while employees who struck for an unlawful purpose could not be enjoined from doing so, because to enjoin them would be to compel the specific performance of a contract of service, in violation of the Thirteenth Amendment against involuntary servitude, it was left open as an undecided question whether men who were inciting employees to quit their employer in violation of some legal duty might not be restrained from doing so; and in the Phelan case, the effect of the decision was to hold that where one was inciting employees to quit in pursuance of an unlawful boycott, he could be enjoined, although the employees could not be.

There was one other case—indeed, there may have been more, though I do not recollect them—in which I issued an injunction growing out of a labor dispute and in which I punished men for a violation of the order of the injunction. A number of miners on the Ohio side of the Ohio River combined together in a conspiracy to prevent the importation into Ohio of West Virginia coal, and every time that a train of one of the West Virginia railroads was delivered to the Ohio railroad, the miners jumped upon the train and by physical force prevented the further transportation of the coal.

The Baltimore & Ohio road, which was the West Virginia road, brought suit against the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling to compel the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling to take its cars and transport them, and then it was made to appear by the Baltimore & Ohio that certain defendants, who were named, had conspired to prevent the Baltimore & Ohio from securing transportation over the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling.

I issued a mandatory injunction against the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling compelling it to receive and transport the cars, and named as defendants to the action a number of the Ohio miners engaged in the conspiracy. They

were duly served, and, after a full notice, were brought into court. They did not deny their guilt, and I sentenced them to six months in jail. It was a case of blockade of interstate commerce by force, and it was only by the decree of an equity court that the passage of coal from one State to another was made free and uninterrupted. There was no report of the opinion in this case, which presented questions similar to those in the Arthur case. When I reached Wheeling in the campaign, I was confronted by the exploitation of this case in the local paper, and explained it as I have explained it here.

An Appeal from the Decision of the Court to the Decision of the Electorate

With this record of decisions in labor cases, in which I have had each time to decide against the labor organizations, or the cause with which they sympathized, I had always been of opinion that it would be utterly impossible for me to run for office before the people even if I desired to do so. My ambition was not political. I desired if possible to resume my work on the Bench, and the disqualification which these decisions seemed to me to make clear and certain did not really involve in my judgment any sacrifice on my part. I think it fell to my lot to take part in more cases of this kind than most judges, and had I had political ambition, it might have been regarded as a misfortune.

The attacks made upon me in labor circles and by labor journals did not particularly trouble me, because I thought that in the course of time it would appear that what I had decided was clearly the law, and that the principles that I had laid down were those upon which trades-unions properly conducted would thrive and attain their greatest usefulness.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the Debs case, in an opinion by Mr. Justice Brewer, removed all doubt, if any had before existed, as to the right of a court of equity to issue an injunction in such cases, and I don't think that in any respectable court it is now disputed. But the effect of Mr. Gompers' action and that of the Democratic party in its platform was to appeal, so to speak, from the decision of the court to the decision of the electorate. They had done this once before in appealing against the decision of the Supreme Court in the Debs case, which was characterized in the platform of 1896 and of 1900 as government by injunction, but the appeals apparently had not met with great success.

They were now able, however, to appeal in a more concrete way to the people, by asking them to vote against the candidate who was as much responsible for the enunciation of the principles that they contended against as any judge on the Bench. I was characterized as the "father of injunctions." This attributed to me something that I did not deserve, for injunctions had already been issued in labor disputes by Vice-Chancellor Malins in England; by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in the case of *Sherry vs. Perkins*; by Judge Sage in the case of *Casey vs. Typographical Union*; by Judge Beatty in the *Coeur d'Alene* strike troubles, and by other judges.

It had fallen to my lot, because of the number of cases that I had subsequently to consider, to write rather more elaborate opinions on the subject and perhaps state the principles more at length than other judges, but I was not entitled to either the credit or discredit of having introduced a new equity jurisdiction in labor troubles. There was no new jurisdiction. It was merely an application of plain equity principles to novel situations. The character of the injury in cases of boycott when business is injured is such that it is impossible to estimate what the injury is. This is palpable. Moreover, the injury is a result of a series of acts combined together, each one of which would not justify a suit for damages, but all of which taken together with their recurrent effect bring about the injury which can only be remedied adequately by an injunction to prevent the carrying out of the combination. This has always justified the issuing of an injunction in equity, and its use is not an enlargement of equity jurisdiction but a mere application of the oldest and most well-known principles.

The Effect of Taft's Labor Decisions upon his Candidacy

Viewing as I did the effect on my political attitude of these decisions, it may well be supposed that I was surprised when I discovered the strength that I had developed in the Republican Convention, and found that the opposition to me on the ground of my labor decisions, although sufficiently elaborated, did not lose for me a great many votes among the delegates; but while this was the result in the convention, there was very great reason to believe that the objection to me as a candidate was much more formidable. Mr. Gompers, through the American Federation of Labor, used all the machinery that that association afforded to secure votes for Mr. Bryan against me, and I constantly received

most discouraging reports of the defection in the ranks of labor because of my injunction decisions. This was particularly noticeable among the railway employees who remembered the fact that I had enjoined Arthur, and carried in their memories, though indistinctly, the attacks that had been made upon me at the time of that decision as a judge determined to strike down labor organizations. As the injunction had been directed toward the chief of the most conservative, useful, and powerful brotherhood, that of the locomotive engineers, it was not unnatural that it should have been remembered and cherished.

I was very reluctant to go on the stump and discuss my own decisions. I knew no precedent for it, and I felt that if the decisions themselves did not support the conclusions reached, there was little use in my attempting to supply additional explanation or defense. I found, however, that Mr. Bryan was constantly referring to me as the father of injunctions, and that the Democratic managers were making as much of this part of the issues of the campaign as possible, and I concluded, therefore, that the only thing for me to do was to seek an opportunity to tell what I had decided to audiences composed as largely of labor men as possible, and then leave it to their sense of justice whether the attacks upon me as an enemy of labor were justified.

Speaking Before Trades-Unionists

The first speech I made upon it was rather unpremeditated; it was given at Athens, Ohio, before a lot of miners who were trades-unionists. I don't know how the speech impressed the audience other than by the way in which it was received. My friends who heard it commended its presentation and urged that I seek other opportunities to deal with the same subject. A large meeting of railway employees was organized in Chicago by a friendly club, at Orchestra Hall. There for the first time I went over in full my labor decisions. I shook hands afterward with every one of the audience, and I am quite certain that my treatment of the subject met with the approval of those who were present and induced them to believe what I contended was the fact, and believe now to be the fact, that of all judges who had had occasion to consider the question, I had laid down the law as favorably as possible for the lawful and useful organization of trades-unions. I was careful to state that I did not apologize in any way for the decisions that I had rendered, and I only sought the opportunity to state what the decisions were and their effect, in order to enable my hearers to

judge whether I was the man against whom they should cast their ballots.

I had similar meetings in Minneapolis, South Omaha, Lorain, Ohio, East St. Louis, Kansas City, Kansas, East Cleveland, and at Cooper Union in New York. I was able to point out that although the brotherhoods had attacked my decision against Arthur, later on, in a labor controversy which got into court in St. Louis between the brotherhoods and the Missouri Pacific road, my decision in the Arthur case and in the Phelan case had been successfully cited as an authority upon which Judge Adams modified the injunction already issued in such a way as to enable the brotherhoods to win the strike and secure a betterment of the conditions of employment with that company. I was also able to point out to the brotherhoods that in the Phelan case, in sentencing Phelan, I was merely sentencing a man who had done everything that he possibly could to incite his followers to violence against the members of the old brotherhoods who had declined to follow Debs and who stuck to the cabs of their engines in faithful service of the receiver.

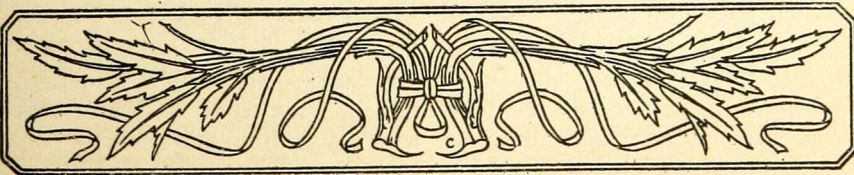
Why the Labor Vote Did Not Go to Bryan

It is impossible, of course, to tell which of the many reasons that enter into the decision of an electorate is most influential. It is very certain that Mr. Gompers was not able to carry with him his followers in the American Federation of Labor, the two million votes that he claimed were controlled by that organization. It is very clear that in the large cities the labor vote did not go in unusual numbers to Mr. Bryan as against me. In Greater New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, in Cleveland, in Cincinnati, in Chicago, in St. Louis, and in San Francisco I received certainly a full party vote and in many of them a very much larger vote than the party vote, and in those States the Federation of Labor is stronger than in any other parts of the country.

I am, of course, not blind to the fact that one of the chief arguments in my favor with the

wage-earner in this campaign was the fear that the election of Mr. Bryan would make the hard times permanent, and the hope that the continuance of the Republican party in power would insure a return of good times. This argument doubtless neutralized the one directed against me as a man unfair to labor; and there were probably a number of men who voted for me without approving me, because while they liked Mr. Bryan's attitude in the injunction matter, they preferred to give victory to that side which was likely to insure steadier work and better wages. Still, I think, in spite of all this, it must be conceded that the showing made by Mr. Gompers upon the issue against me as an enemy of labor was considerably less than he expected it to be, and that this was due in part at least to the fact that no one can control the vote of the intelligent laboring man; that he does not yield to mere sentiment or the calling of names, but that he himself investigates the reasons and makes up an independent mind.

I did not hesitate to meet the issue on the question of a trial by jury in contempt cases. I attempted to point out the dreadful weakening of the power of the court that would ensue if every order to be performed outside of the presence of the court might be violated and no punishment ensue except after a trial by jury. I think I showed that the result of such a change in the law would be to put the means of evading decrees of the court of equity into the hands of the wealthy and unscrupulous, and that it would work but little benefit to the poor and needy wage-earner. The appeal made to the farmer, merchant, business men, and the public at large, including the intelligent wage-earner, against the weakening of the power of the court, in the interest of a particular class, was, if one can judge from the attitude of the audiences addressed, as strong a vote-getting argument as the Republican party had in the late campaign. Certainly it was next in force and persuasiveness to that based on a prospective restoration of good times in a Republican victory.



"MARRIAGE À LA MODE"

BY

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH A DRAWING BY F. WALTER TAYLOR (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

XI

DAPHNE'S purpose in quitting the hotel had been to find her way up the river by the road which runs along the gorge on the Canadian side, from the hotel to the Canadian Fall. Thick as the fog still was in the gorge, she hoped to find some clearer air beyond it. She felt oppressed and stifled; and though she had told Madeleine that she was going out in search of effects and spectacle, it was in truth the neighbourhood of Alfred Boyson which had made her restless.

The road was lit at intervals by electric lamps, but after a time she found the passage of it not particularly easy. Some repairs to the tramway lines were going on higher up, and she narrowly escaped various pitfalls in the shape of trenches and holes in the roadway, very insufficiently marked by feeble lamps. But the stir in her blood drove her on; so did the strangeness of this white darkness, suffused with moonlight, yet, in this immediate neighbourhood of the falls, impenetrable. She was impatient to get through it, to breathe an unembarrassed air.

The roar at her left hand grew wilder. She had reached a point some distance from the hotel, close to the jutting corner, once open, now walled and protected, where the traveller approaches nearest to the edge of the Canadian Fall. She knew the spot well, and, groping for the wall, she stood, breathless and spray-beaten, beside the gulf.

Only a few yards from her, the vast sheet of water descended. She could see nothing of it; but the wind of its mighty plunge blew back her hair, and her mackintosh cloak was soon dripping with the spray. Once, far away above the falls, she seemed to perceive a few dim lights along the bend of the river; perhaps from one of the great power-houses that tame to man's service the spirits of the water. Otherwise —

nothing! She was alone with the perpetual challenge and fascination of the falls.

As she stood there she was seized by a tragic recollection. It was from this spot — so she believed — that Simon Verrier had thrown himself over. The body had been carried down through the rapids, and recovered, terribly injured, in the deep, eddying pool which the river makes below them. He had left no letter or message of any sort behind him. But the reasons for his suicide were clearly understood by a large public, whose main verdict upon it was the quiet, "What else could he do?"

Here, then, on this very spot, he had stood before his leap. Daphne had heard him described by various spectators of the marriage. He had been, it seemed, a man of sensitive temperament, who should have been an artist, and was a man of business; a considerable musician, and something of a poet; proud of his race and faith, and himself irreproachable, yet perpetually wounded through his family, which bore a name of ill repute in the New York business world; passionately grateful to his wife for having married him, delighting in her beauty and charm, and foolishly, abjectly eager to heap upon her and their child everything that wealth could buy.

"It was Madeleine's mother who made it hopeless," thought Daphne. "But for Mrs. Fanshaw it might have lasted."

And memory called up Mrs. Fanshaw, the beautifully dressed woman of fifty, with her pride of wealth and family, belonging to the strictest sect of New York's social *élite*, with her hard, fastidious face, her formidable elegance and self-possession. How she had loathed the marriage! — and with what a harpy-like eagerness had she seized on the first signs of Madeleine's discontent and *ennui*, — persuaded her to come home, — prepared the divorce, — poisoned public opinion.

It was from a last interview with Mrs. Fanshaw that Simon Verrier had gone straight to

his death. What was it that she had said to him?

Daphne lingered on the question; haunted, too, by other stray recollections of the dismal story: the doctor driving by in the early morning, who had seen the fall — the discovery of the poor broken body — Madeleine's blanched stoicism under the fierce coercion of her mother — and that strong, silent, slow-setting tide of public condemnation, which, in this instance, at least, had avenged a cruel act.

But at this point Daphne ceased to think about her friend. She found herself suddenly engaged in a heated self-defence.

What comparison could there be between her case and Madeleine's?

Fiercely, she found herself going through the list of Roger's crimes: his idleness, treachery, and deceit; his lack of any high ideals; his bad influence on the child; his luxurious, self-indulgent habits; the lies he had told; the insults he had offered her. By now the story had grown to a lurid whole in her imagination, based on a few distorted facts, yet radically and monstrously untrue. Generally, however, when she dwelt upon it, it had power to soothe any smart of conscience, to harden any yearning of the heart — supposing she felt any. And by now she had almost ceased to feel any.

But to-night she was mysteriously shaken and agitated. As she clung to the wall, which alone separated her from the echoing gulf beyond, she could not prevent herself from thinking of Roger — Roger as he was when Alfred Boyson introduced him to her, as he was when first they were married, and she had been blissfully happy; happy in the possession of such a god-like creature, in the envy of other women, in the belief that he was growing more and more truly attached to her.

Her thoughts broke abruptly. "He married me for money!" cried the inward voice. Then she felt her cheeks tingling as she remembered her conversation with Madeleine on that very subject — how she had justified what she was now judging — how plainly she had understood and condoned it.

"That was my inexperience! Besides, I knew nothing then of Chloe Fairmile. If I had, I should never have done it."

She turned, startled. Steps seemed to be approaching her, of some one as yet invisible. Her nerves were all on edge, and she felt suddenly frightened. Strangers of all kinds visit and hang about Niagara; she was quite alone, known to be the rich Mrs. Floyd; if she were attacked — set upon —

The outline of a man's form emerged; she heard her name — or rather the name she had renounced.

"I saw you come in this direction, Mrs. Barnes. I knew the road was up in some places, and I thought you would allow me to warn you that walking in this fog was not very safe."

The voice was Captain Boyson's; and they were now plain to each other as they stood a couple of yards apart. The fog, however, was at last slightly breaking. There was a gleam over the nearer water; not merely the lights, but the span of the bridge had begun to appear.

Daphne composed herself with an effort.

"I am greatly obliged to you," she said in her most freezing manner, "but I found no difficulty at all in getting through — and the fog is lifting."

With a stiff inclination, she turned in the direction of the hotel; but Captain Boyson stood in her way. She saw a face embarrassed yet resolved.

"Mrs. Barnes, — may I speak to you a few minutes?"

Daphne gave a slight laugh.

"I don't see how I can prevent it. So you didn't follow me, Captain Boyson, out of mere regard for my personal safety?"

"If I hadn't come myself, I should have sent some one," he replied quietly. "The hotel people were anxious. But I wished to come myself. I confess I had a very strong desire to speak to you."

"There seems to be nothing and no one to interfere with it," said Daphne, in a tone of sarcasm. "I should be glad, however, with your permission, to turn homeward. I see Mrs. Boyson is here. You are, I suppose, on your wedding journey?"

He moved out of her path, said a few conventional words, and they walked on. A light wind had risen, and the fog was now breaking rapidly. As it gave way, the moonlight poured into the breaches that the wind made; the vast black-and-silver spectacle — the falls, the gorge, the town opposite, the bridge, the clouds — began to appear in fragments, grandiose and fantastical.

Daphne presently, seeing that Boyson was slow to speak, raised her eyebrows, and attempted a remark on the scene. Boyson interrupted her hurriedly.

"I imagine, Mrs. Barnes, that what I wish to say will seem to you a piece of insolence. All the same, for the sake of our former friendship, I would ask you to bear with me."

"By all means!"

"I had no idea that you were in the hotel. About half an hour ago, on the verandah, I opened an English letter which arrived this evening. The news in it gave me great concern.

Then, to my great astonishment, I saw you appear, in the distance. I asked the hotel manager if it were really you. He was about to send some one after you. An idea occurred to me. I saw my opportunity — and I pursued you."

"And here I am, at your mercy!" said Daphne, with sudden sharpness. "You have left me no choice. However, I am quite willing!"

The voice was familiar, yet strange. There was in it the indefinable hardening and aging which seemed to Boyson to have affected the whole personality. What had happened to her? As he looked at her in the dim light, there rushed upon them both the memory of those three weeks by the seaside years before, when he had fallen in love with her, and she had first trifled with and then repulsed him.

"I wished to ask you a question, in the name of our old friendship, and because I have also become a friend — as you know — of your husband."

He felt rather than saw the start of anger in the woman beside him.

"Captain Boyson! — I cannot defend myself, but I would ask you to recognize ordinary courtesies! I have now no husband."

"Of your husband," he repeated without hesitation, but gently. "By the law of England, at least, which you accepted, and under which you became a British subject, you are still the wife of Roger Barnes, and he has done nothing whatever to forfeit his right to your wifely care. It is indeed of him and of his present state that I beg to be allowed to speak to you."

He heard a little laugh beside him — unsteady and hysterical.

"You beg for what you have already taken. I repeat, I am at your mercy. An American subject, Captain Boyson, knows nothing of the law of England. I have recovered my American citizenship, and the law of my country has freed me from a degrading and disastrous marriage!"

"While Roger remains bound? Incapable, at the age of thirty, of marrying again unless he renounces his country — permanently debarred from home and children."

His pulse ran quick. It was a strange adventure, this, to which he had committed himself!

"I have nothing to do with English law — nothing whatever! It is unjust — monstrous. But that was no reason why I, too, should suffer!"

"No reason for patience? No reason for pity?" said the man's voice, betraying emotion at last. "Mrs. Barnes, what do you know of Roger's present state?"

"I have no need to know anything."

"It matters nothing to you? Nothing to you that he has lost health, and character, and happiness, his child, his home, everything? — owing to your action."

"Captain Boyson!" she cried, her composure giving way, "this is intolerable, outrageous! It is humiliating that you should even expect me to argue with you. Yet," — she bit her lip, angry with the agitation that would assail her, — "for the sake of our friendship to which you appeal, I would rather not be angry. What you say is monstrous!" Her voice shook. "In the first place I freed myself from a man who married me for money."

"One moment! Do you forget that, from the day you left him, Roger has never touched a farthing of your money? — that he returned everything to you?"

"I had nothing to do with that; it was his own folly."

"Yes; but it throws light upon his character. Would a mere fortune-hunter have done it? No, Mrs. Barnes! — that view of Roger does not really convince you; you do not really believe it."

She smiled bitterly.

"As it happens, in his letters to me after I left him he amply confessed it."

"Because his wish was to make peace — to throw himself at your feet. He accused himself more than was just. But you do not really think him mercenary and greedy — you *know* that he was neither! Mrs. Barnes, Roger is ill and lonely."

"His mode of life accounts for it."

"You mean that he has begun to drink — has fallen into bad company? That may be true. I cannot deny it. But consider. A man from whom everything is torn at one blow — a man of not very strong character, not accustomed to endure hardness — Does it never occur to you that you took a frightful responsibility?"

"I protected myself — and my child."

He breathed deep.

"Or rather — did you murder a life — that God had given you in trust?"

He paused, and she paused also, as though held by the power of his will. They were passing along the public garden that borders the road; scents of lilac and fresh leaf floated over the damp grass; the moonlight was growing in strength, and the majesty of the gorge, the roar of the leaping water, all seemed to enter into the moral and human scene, to accent and deepen it.

Daphne suddenly clung to a seat beside the path — dropped into it.

"Captain Boyson! I — I cannot bear this any longer."

"I will not reproach you any more," he said quickly. "I beg your pardon. The past is irrevocable, but the present is here. The man who loved you, the father of your child, is alone, ill, poor, in danger of moral ruin — because of what you have done. I ask you to go to his aid. But first let me tell you exactly what I have just heard from England." He repeated the greater part of French's letter, so far as it concerned Roger.

"He has his mother," said Daphne, when he paused, speaking with evident physical difficulty.

"Lady Barnes, I hear, had a paralytic stroke two months ago. She is incapable of giving advice or help."

"Of course I am sorry. But Herbert French —"

"No one but a wife could save him — no one!" he repeated with emphasis.

"I am *not* his wife!" she insisted faintly. "I released myself by American law. He is nothing to me." As she spoke, she leant back against the seat and closed her eyes. Boyson saw clearly that excitement and anger had struck down her nervous power — that she might faint or go into hysterics. Yet a man of remarkable courtesy and pitifulness towards women was not thereby moved from his purpose. He had his chance; he could not relinquish it. Only there was something now in her attitude which recalled the young Daphne of years ago, which touched his heart.

He sat down beside her.

"Bear with me, Mrs. Barnes, for a few moments, while I put it as it appears to another mind. You became first jealous of Roger, for very small reason, then tired of him. Your marriage no longer satisfied you — you resolved to be quit of it. So you appealed to laws of which as a nation we are ashamed — which all that is best among us will before long rebel against and change. Our State system permits them — America suffers. In this case — forgive me if I put it once more as it appears to me — they have been used to strike at an Englishman, who had absolutely no defence, no redress. And now you are free; he remains bound — so long, at least, as you form no other tie. Again I ask you, have you ever let yourself face what it means to a man of thirty to be cut off from lawful marriage and legitimate children? Mrs. Barnes! you know what a man is — his strength and his weakness. Are you really willing that Roger should sink into degradation, in order that you may punish him for some offence to your pride or your feeling? It may be too late! He

may, as French fears, have fallen into some fatal entanglement; it may not be possible to restore his health. He may not be able —" he hesitated, then brought the words out firmly, "— to forgive you. Or, again, French's anxieties about him may be unfounded. But, for God's sake, go to him! Once on English ground, you are his wife again as though nothing had happened. For God's sake put everything aside but the thought of the vow you once made to him! Go back! I implore you, go back! I promise you that no happiness you have ever felt will be equal to the happiness that step would bring you — if only you are permitted to save him!"

Daphne was by now shaking from head to foot. The force of feeling which impelled him so mastered her, that when he gravely took her hand she did not withdraw it. She had a strange sense of having at last discovered the true self of the quiet, efficient, unpretending man she had known for so long and cast so easily aside. There was shock and excitement in it, as there is in all trials of strength between a man and a woman. She tried to hate and despise him; but she could not achieve it. She longed to answer and crush him, but her mind was a blank, her tongue refused its office. Surprise, resentment, wounded feeling made a tumult and darkness through which she could not find her way.

She rose at last painfully from her seat.

"This conversation must end," she said brokenly. "Captain Boyson, I appeal to you as a gentleman, let me go on alone."

He looked at her sadly, and stood aside. But as he saw her move uncertainly towards a portion of the road where various trenches and pits made walking difficult, he darted after her.

"Please!" he said peremptorily. "This bit is unsafe."

He drew her hand within his arm, and guided her. As he did so, he saw that she was crying; no doubt, as he rightly guessed, from shaken nerves and wounded pride; for it did not seem to him that she had yielded at all. But this time he felt distress and compunction.

"Forgive me!" he said, bending over her. "But think of what I have said — I beg of you! Be kind, be merciful!"

She made various attempts to speak, and at last she said: "I bear you no malice. But you don't understand me; you never have."

He offered no reply. They had reached the courtyard of the hotel. Daphne withdrew her hand. When she reached the steps, she preceded him without looking back, and was soon lost to sight.

Boyson shook his head, lit a cigar, and spent some time longer pacing up and down the

verandah. When he went to his wife's room he found her asleep — a vision of soft youth and charm. He stood a few moments looking down upon her, wondering in himself at what he had done. Yet he knew very well that it was the stirring and deepening of his whole being produced by love that had impelled him to do it.

Next morning he told his wife. "Do you suppose I produced *any* effect?" he asked her anxiously. "If she really thinks over what I said, she *must* be touched! unless she's made of flint. I said all the wrong things — but I *did* rub it in."

"I'm sure you did," said his wife, smiling. Then she looked at him with a critical tenderness.

"You dear optimist!" she cried, and slipped her hand into his.

"That means you think I behaved like a fool, and that my appeal won't move her in the least?"

The face beside him saddened.

"Dear, dear optimist!" she repeated, and pressed his hand. He urged an explanation of her epithet. But she only said, thoughtfully:

"You took a great responsibility!"

"Towards her?"

She shook her head.

"No — towards him!"

Meanwhile Daphne was watching beside a death-bed. On her return from her walk, she had been met by the news of fresh and grave symptoms in Mrs. Verrier's case. A Boston doctor arrived the following morning. The mortal disease which had attacked her about a year before this date had entered, so he reported, on its last phase. He talked of a few days — possibly hours.

The Boysons departed, having left cards of enquiry and sympathy, of which Mrs. Floyd took no notice. Then, for Daphne, there followed a nightmare of waiting and pain. She loved Madeleine Verrier, as far as she was capable of love, and she jealously wished to be all in all to her in these last hours. She would have liked to feel that it was she who had carried her friend through them, who had nobly sustained her in the dolorous pass. To have been able to feel this would have been as balm, moreover, to a piteously wounded self-love, to a smarting and bitter recollection, which would not let her rest.

But in these last days Madeleine escaped her altogether. A thin-faced priest arrived, the same who had been visiting the invalid at intervals for a month or two. Mrs. Verrier was received into the Roman Catholic Church; she made her first confession and communion; she

saw her mother for a short final interview, and her little girl; and the physical energy required for these acts exhausted her small store. Whenever Daphne entered her room, Madeleine received her tenderly; but she could speak but little, and Daphne felt herself shut out and ignored. What she said or thought was no longer, it seemed, of any account. She resented and despised Madeleine's surrender to what she held to be a decaying superstition; and her haughty manner towards the mild oratorian whom she met occasionally on the stairs, or in the corridor, expressed her disapproval. But it was impossible to argue with a dying woman. She suffered in silence.

As she sat beside the patient in the hours of narcotic sleep, when she relieved one of the nurses, she went often through times of great bitterness. She could not forgive the attack Captain Boyson had made upon her; yet she could not forget it. It had so far roused her moral sense that it led her to a perpetual brooding over the past, a perpetual restatement of her own position. She was most troubled, often, by certain episodes in the past, of which, she supposed, Alfred Boyson knew least: the corrupt use she had made of her money; the false witnesses she had paid for; the bribes she had given. At the time it had seemed to her all part of the campaign — in the day's work. She had found herself in a milieu that demoralised her; her mind had become like "the dyer's hand — subdued to what it worked in." Now she found herself thinking in a sudden terror, "If Alfred Boyson knew so and so!" or, as she looked down on Madeleine's dying face, "Could I even tell Madeleine that?"

And then would come the dreary thought, "I shall never tell her anything any more. She is lost to me — even before death."

She tried to avoid thinking of Roger; but the memory of the scene with Alfred Boyson did in truth bring him constantly before her. An inner debate began, from which she could not escape. She grew white and ill with it. If she could have rushed away from it into the full stream of life, have thrown herself into meetings and discussions, have resumed her place as the admired and flattered head of a particular society, she could easily have crushed and silenced the thoughts which tormented her.

But she was held fast. She could not desert Madeleine Verrier in death; she could not wrench her own hand from this frail hand which clung to it; even though Madeleine had betrayed the common cause, had yielded, at last, to that moral and spiritual cowardice which — as all free-thinkers know — has spoiled and clouded so many death-beds. Daphne, the skimmer

of many books, remembered how Renan — *sain et sauf* — had sent a challenge to his own end; and, defying the possible weakness of age and sickness, had demanded to be judged by the convictions of life, and not by the terrors of death. She tried to fortify her own mind by the recollection.

The first days of June broke radiantly over the great gorge and the woods which surround it. One morning, early, between four and five o'clock, Daphne came in, to find Madeleine awake and comparatively at ease. Yet the preceding twenty-four hours had been terrible, and her nurses knew that the end could not be far off.

The invalid had just asked that her couch might be drawn as near to the window as possible, and she lay looking towards the dawn, which rose in fresh and windless beauty over the town opposite, and the white splendour of the falls. The American Fall was still largely in shadow; but the light struck on the fresh green of Goat Island, and leapt in tongues of fire along the edge of the Horseshoe, turning the rapids above it to flame and sending shafts into the vast tower of spray that holds the centre of the curve. Nature was all youth, glitter, and delight; summer was rushing on the gorge; the mingling of wood and water was at its richest and noblest.

Madeleine turned her face towards the gorge, her wasted hands clasped on her breast. She beckoned Daphne with a smile, and Daphne knelt down beside her.

"The water!" said the whispering voice; "it was once so terrible. I am not afraid — now."

"No, darling! Why should you be?"

"I know now — I shall see him again."

Daphne was silent.

"I hoped it — but I couldn't be certain. That was so awful. Now — I am certain."

"Since you became a Catholic?"

She made a sign of assent.

"I couldn't be uncertain — I *couldn't*!" she added with fervour, looking strangely at Daphne. And Daphne understood that no voice less positive or self-confident than that of Catholicism, no religion less well provided with tangible rites and practices, could have lifted from the spirit the burden of that remorse which had yet killed the body.

A little later Madeleine drew her down again.

"I couldn't talk, Daphne, — I was afraid; but I've written to you — just bit by bit — as I had strength. Oh, Daphne —!"

Then voice and strength failed her. Her eyes piteously followed her friend for a little, and then closed.

She lingered through the day; and at night,

when the June starlight was on the gorge, she passed away, with the voice of the falls in her dying ears. A tragic beauty — "beauty born of murmuring sound" — had passed into her face; and that great plunge of many waters which had been to her in life the symbol of anguish and guilt, had become in some mysterious way the comforter of her pain, the friend of her last sleep.

A letter was found for Daphne in the little box beside her bed.

It ran thus:

"DAPHNE DARLING: It was I who first taught you that we may follow our own lawless wills — and that marriage is something we may bend or break as we will. But oh! it is not so. Marriage is mysterious and wonderful; it is the supreme test of men and women. If we wrong it, and despise it, we mutilate the divine in ourselves.

"Oh, Daphne! it is a small thing to say, 'Forgive!' Yet it means the whole world.

"And you can still say it to the living. It has been my anguish that I could only say it to the dead. Daphne, good-bye! I have fought a long, long fight, but God is master. I bless — I adore——"

Daphne sat staring at the letter through a mist of unwilling tears. All its phrases, ideas, preconceptions were unwelcome, unreal to her, though she knew they had been real to Madeleine.

Yet the compulsion of the dead was upon her, and of the scene with Boyson. What they asked of her — Madeleine and Alfred Boyson — was, of course, out of the question; the mere thought of that humiliating word "forgiveness" sent a tingle of passion through her. But was there no third course? — something which might prove to all the world how full of resource and generosity a woman may be?

She pondered through some sleepless hours; and at last she saw her way plain.

Within a week she had left New York for Europe.

XII

The ship on which Daphne travelled had covered about half her course. On a certain June evening, Mrs. Floyd, walking up and down the promenade-deck, found her attention divided between two groups of her fellow travellers — one taking exercise on the same deck as herself, the other, a family party, on the steerage-deck, on which many persons in the first class paused to look down with sympathy as they reached the dividing-rail aft.

The group on the promenade-deck consisted of a lady and gentleman, and a boy of seven. The elders walked rapidly, holding themselves stiffly erect, and showing no sign of acquaintance with any one on board. The child dragged himself wearily along behind them, looking sometimes from side to side at the various people passing by, with eyes no less furtive than his mother's. She was a tall and handsome woman, with extravagantly marine clothes and much false hair. Her companion, a bulky and ill-favoured man, glanced superciliously at the ladies in the deck-chairs, bestowing always a more attentive scrutiny than usual on a very pretty girl, who was lying reading midway down, with a white lace scarf draped round her beautiful hair and the harmonious oval of her face. Daphne, watching him, remembered that she had seen him speaking to the girl — who was travelling alone — on one or two occasions. For the rest, they were a notorious couple. The woman had been twice divorced after misdoings which had richly furnished the newspapers; the man belonged to a financial class with which reputable men of business associate no more than they are obliged. The ship left them severely alone; and they retaliated by a manner clearly meant to say that they didn't care a brass farthing for the ship.

The group on the steerage-deck was of a very different kind. It was made up of a consumptive wife, a young husband, and one or two children. The wife's malady, recently declared, had led to their being refused admission to the States. They had been turned back from the immigrant station on Ellis Island, and were now sadly returning to Liverpool. But the courage of the young and sweet-faced mother, the devotion of her Irish husband, the charm of her dark-eyed children, had roused much feeling in an idle ship ready for emotion. There had been a collection for them among the passengers; a Liverpool shipowner in the first class had promised work to the young man on landing; the mother was to be sent to a sanatorium; the children cared for during her absence. The family made a kind of nucleus round which whatever humanity — or whatever imitation of it — there was on board might gather and crystallise. There were other mournful cases, indeed, to be studied on the steerage-deck, but none in which misfortune was so attractive.

As she walked up and down, or sat in the tea-room catching fragments of the conversation round her, Daphne was often secretly angered by the public opinion she perceived, favorable in the one case, hostile in the other. How ignorant and silly it was — this public opinion! As to herself, she was soon aware that a few

people on board had identified her, and communicated their knowledge to others. On the whole, she felt herself treated with deference. Her own version of her story was clearly accepted, at least by the majority; some showed her an unspoken but evident sympathy, while her wealth made her generally interesting. Yet there were two or three in whom she felt or fancied a more critical attitude; who looked at her coolly, and seemed to avoid her. Bostonian Pharisees, no doubt! — ignorant of all those great expansions of the female destiny that were going forward.

The fact was — she admitted it — that she was abnormally sensitive. These moral judgments, of different sorts, of which she was conscious, floating, as it were, in the life around her, which her mind isolated and magnified, found her smarting and sore, and would not let her be. Her irritable pride was touched at every turn; she hardly knew why. She was not to be judged by anybody; she was her own defender and her own judge. If she was no longer a symbolic and sympathetic figure, — like that young mother among her children, — she had her own claims. In the secrecy of the mind, she fiercely set them out.

The days passed, however, and as she neared the English shores her resistance to a pursuing thought or compunction became fainter. It was, of course, Boyson's astonishing appeal to her that had let loose the avenging goddesses. She repelled them with scorn; yet, all the same, they hurtled round her. After all, she was no monster. She had done a monstrous thing in a sudden brutality of egotism; and a certain crude state of law and opinion had helped her to do it, had confused the moral values and falsified her conscience. But she was not yet brutalised. Moreover, do what she would, she was still in a world governed by law; a world at the heart of which broods a power austere and immutable — a power which man did not make, which, if he strive with it, grinds him to powder. Its manifestations in Daphne's case were slight, but enough. She was not happy — that, certainly, was clear. She did not suppose she ever would be happy again. Whatever it was, — just, heroic, or the reverse, — the action by which she had violently changed her life had not been a success, estimated by results. No other man had attracted her since she had cast Roger off; her youth seemed to be deserting her; she saw herself in the glass every morning with discontent, even a kind of terror; she had lost her child. And in these suspended hours of the voyage, when life floats between sky and sea, amid the infinity of waves, all that she had been doing since the divorce, her public

"causes" and triumphs, the adulations with which she had been surrounded, began to seem to her barren and futile. No, she was not happy; what she had done had not answered; and she knew it.

One night, a night of calm air and silvery sea, she hung over the ship's side, dreaming rather miserably. The ship, aglow with lights, alive with movement, with talk, laughter, and music, glided on between the stars and the unfathomable depths of the mid-Atlantic. Nothing, to north and south, between her and the poles; nothing but a few feet of iron and timber between her and the hungry gulfs in which the highest Alp would sink from sight. The floating palace, hung by Knowledge above Death, just out of Death's reach, suggested to her a number of melancholy thoughts and images. A touch of more than arctic cold stole upon her, even through the loveliness of a summer night. She felt desperately unhappy and alone.

From the saloon came a sound of singing:

"An die Lippen wollt' ich pressen
Deine kleine weisse Hand,
Und mit Thränen sie benetzen
Deine kleine weisse Hand."

The tears came to her eyes. She remembered that she, too, had once felt the surrender and the tenderness of love.

Then she brushed the tears away, angry with herself, and determined to brood no more. But she looked round her in vain for a companion who might distract her. She had made no friends on board, and though she had brought with her a secretary and a maid, she kept them both at arm's length, and they never offered their society without an invitation.

What was she going to do? And why was she making this journey?

Because the injustice and absurdity of English law had distorted and besmirched her own perfectly legitimate action. They had given a handle to such harsh critics as Alfred Boyson. But she meant somehow to put herself right; and not only herself, but the great cause of woman's freedom and independence. No woman, in the better future that is coming, shall be forced, either by law or opinion, to continue the relations of marriage with a man she has come to despise. Marriage is merely proclaimed love; and if love fails, marriage has no further meaning or *raison d'être*: it comes, or should come, automatically to an end. This is the first article in the woman's charter; and without it marriage itself has neither value nor sanctity. She seemed to hear sentences of this

sort, in her own voice, echoing about windy halls, producing waves of emotion on a sea of strained faces — women's faces, set and pale, like that of Madeleine Verrier. She had never actually made such a speech; but she felt she would like to have made it.

What was she going to do? No doubt, Roger would resent her coming — would probably refuse to see her, as she had once refused to see him. Well, she must try and act with dignity and common sense; she must try and persuade him to recognize her good faith, and to get him to listen to what she proposed. She had her plan for Roger's reclamation, and was already in love with it. Naturally, she had never meant permanently to hurt or injure Roger! She had done it for his good as well as her own. Yet, even as she put this plea forward in the inner tribunal of consciousness, she knew that it was false.

"*You have murdered a life!*" Well, that was what prejudice and hide-bound persons like Alfred Boyson said, and no doubt always would say. She could not help it; but for her own dignity's sake, that moral dignity in which she liked to feel herself enwrapped, she would give as little excuse for it as possible.

Then, as she stood looking eastward, a strange thought struck her. Once on that farther shore and she would be Roger's wife again — an English subject, and Roger's wife. How ridiculous, and how intolerable! When shall we see some real comity of nations in these matters of international marriage and divorce?

She had consulted her lawyers in New York before starting: on Roger's situation first of all, but also on her own. Roger, it seemed, might take certain legal steps, once he was aware of her being again on English ground. But, of course, he would not take them. "It was never me he cared for — only Beatty!" she said to herself with a bitter perversity. Still, the thought of returning within the range of the old obligations, the old life, affected her curiously. There were hours, especially at night, when she felt shut up with thoughts of Roger and Beatty — her husband and her child — just as of old.

How, in the name of justice, was she to blame for Roger's illness? Her irritable thoughts made a kind of grievance against him of the attack of pneumonia which she was told had injured his health. He must have neglected himself in some foolish way. The strongest men are the most reckless of themselves. In any case, how was it her fault?

One night she woke up suddenly, in the dawn, her heart beating tumultuously. She had been dreaming of her meeting — her possible meeting — with Roger. Her face was flushed, her

memory confused. She could not recall the exact words or incidents of the dream, only that Roger had been in some way terrible and terrifying.

And as she sat up in her berth, trying to compose herself, she recalled the last time she had seen him at Philadelphia,— a painful scene!— and his last words to her, as he turned back from the door to speak them:

"As to Beatty, I hold you responsible! She is my child, no less than yours. You shall answer to me! Remember that!"

Answer to him? Beatty was dead — in spite of all that love and science could do. Involuntarily she began to weep as she remembered the child's last days; the little choked cry, once or twice, for "Daddy!" followed, so long as life maintained its struggle, by a childish anger that he did not come. And then the silencing of the cry, and the last change and settling in the small face, so instinct already with feeling and character, so prophetic of the woman to be.

A grief, of course, never to be got over; but for which she, Daphne, deserved pity and tenderness, not reproaches. She hardened herself to meet the coming trial.

She arrived in London in the first week of July, and her first act was to post a letter to Herbert French, addressed to his East End vicarage, a letter formally expressed and merely asking him to give the writer "twenty minutes' conversation on a subject of common interest to us both." The letter was signed "Daphne Floyd," and a stamped envelope addressed to "Mrs. Floyd" was enclosed. By return of post she received a letter from a person unknown to her, the curate apparently in charge of Mr. French's parish. The letter informed her that her own communication had not been forwarded, as Mr. French had gone away for a holiday after a threat of nervous breakdown in consequence of overwork; and business letters and interviews were being spared him as much as possible. "He is, however, much better, I am glad to say, and if the subject on which you wish to speak to him is really urgent, his present address is Prospect House, St. Damian's, Ventnor. But, unless it is urgent, it would be a kindness not to trouble him with it until he returns to town, which will not be for another fortnight."

Daphne walked restlessly up and down her hotel sitting-room. Of course the matter was urgent. The health of an East End clergyman — already, it appeared, much amended — was not likely to seem of much importance to a woman of her temperament, when it stood in the way of her plans.

But she would not write — she would go. She had good reason to suppose that Herbert French would not welcome a visit from her; he might, indeed, very easily use his health as an excuse for not seeing her. But she must see him.

By midday she was already on her way to the Isle of Wight. About five o'clock she arrived at Ventnor, where she deposited maid and luggage. She then drove out alone to St. Damian's, a village a few miles north, through a radiant evening. The twinkling sea was alive with craft of all sizes, from the great liner leaving its trail of smoke along the horizon, to the white-sailed yachts close upon the land. The woods of the Undercliff sank softly to the blues and purple, the silver streaks and gorgeous shadows of the sea-floor. The lights were broad and rich. After a hot day, coolness had come and the air was delightful.

But Daphne sat erect, noticing nothing but the relief of the lowered temperature after her hot and tiresome journey. She applied herself occasionally to natural beauty, as she applied herself to music or literature, but it is not to women of her type that the true passion of it — "the soul's bridegroom" — comes. And she was absorbed in thinking how she should open her business to Herbert French.

Prospect House turned out to be a detached villa standing in a garden, with a broad view of the Channel. Daphne sent her carriage back to the inn, and climbed the steep drive which led up to the verandahed house. The front garden was empty, but voices — voices, it seemed, of children — came from behind the house, where there was a grove of trees.

"Is Mr. Herbert French at home?" she asked of the maid who answered her bell.

The girl looked at her doubtfully.

"Yes, ma'am; but he doesn't see visitors yet. Shall I tell Mrs. French? She's in the garden with the children."

"No, thank you," said Daphne firmly. "It's Mr. French I have come to see, and I am sure that he will wish to see me. Will you kindly give him my card? I will come in and wait."

And she brushed past the maid, who was intimidated by the visitor's fashionable dress and by the drooping feathers of her Paris hat, in which the sharp, olive-skinned face with its magnificent eyes was picturesquely framed. The girl gave way unwillingly, showed Mrs. Floyd into a small study looking on the front garden, and left her.

"Elsie!" cried Herbert French, springing from the low chair in which he had been loung-

ing in his shirt-sleeves, with a book, when the parlour-maid found him,—“Elsie!”

His wife, who was at the other end of the lawn, playing with the children, the boy on her back and a pair of girl twins clinging to her skirts, turned in astonishment and hurried back to him.

“Mrs. Floyd?” They both looked at the card in bewilderment. “Who is it? Mrs. Floyd?”

Then French’s face changed.

“What is this lady like?” he asked peremptorily of the parlour-maid.

“Well, sir, she’s a dark lady, dressed very smart —”

“Has she very black eyes?”

“Oh, yes, sir!”

“Young?”

The girl promptly replied in the negative, qualifying it a moment afterwards by a perplexed, “Well, I shouldn’t say so, sir.”

French thought a moment.

“Thank you. I will come in.”

He turned to his wife with a rapid question, under his breath:

“Where is Roger?”

Elsie stared at him, her colour paling.

“Herbert! — it can’t — it can’t —”

“I suspect it is — Mrs. Barnes,” said French slowly. “Help me on with my coat, darling. Now, then, what shall we do?”

“She can’t have come to force herself on him!” cried his wife passionately.

“Probably she knows nothing of his being here. Did he go for a walk?”

“Yes, towards Sandown. But he will be back directly.”

A quick shade of expression crossed French’s face, which his wife knew to mean that whenever Roger was out by himself there was cause for anxiety. But the familiar trouble was immediately swallowed up in the new and pressing one.

“What can that woman have come to say?” he asked, half of himself, half of his wife, as he walked slowly back to the house. Elsie had conveyed the children to their nurse, and was beside him.

“Perhaps she repents!” The tone was dry and short; it flung a challenge to misdoing.

“I doubt it! But — Roger?” French stood still, pondering. “Keep him, darling, — intercept him if you can. If he must see her, I will come out. But we mustn’t risk a shock.”

They consulted a little in low voices. Then French went into the house and Elsie came back to her children. She stood thinking, her fine face, so open-browed and purely lined, frowning and distressed.

“You wished to see me, Mrs. Barnes?”

French had closed the door of the study behind him, and stood without offering to shake hands with his visitor, coldly regarding her.

Daphne rose from her seat, reddening involuntarily.

“My name is no longer what you once knew it, Mr. French. I sent you my card.”

French made a slight inclination and pointed to the chair from which she had risen.

“Pray sit down. May I know what has brought you here?”

Daphne resumed her seat, her small hands fidgeting on her parasol.

“I wished to come and consult with you, Mr. French. I had heard a distressing account of — of Roger, from a friend in America.”

“I see!” said French, on whom a sudden light dawned. “You met Boyson at Niagara, — that I knew, — and you are here because of what he said to you?”

“Yes, partly.” The speaker looked round the room, biting her lip; and French observed her for a moment. He remembered the foreign vivacity and dash, the wilful grace of her youth, and marvelled at her stiffened, pretentious air, her loss of charm. Instinctively the saint in him knew from the mere look of her that she had been feeding herself on egotisms and falsehoods, and his heart hardened.

Daphne resumed:

“If Captain Boyson has given you an account of our interview, Mr. French, it was probably a one-sided one. However, that is *not* the point. He *did* distress me very much by his account, which I gather came from you — of — of Roger, and although, of course, it is a very awkward matter for me to move in, I still felt impelled for old times’ sake to come over and see whether I could not help you — and his other friends — and, of course, his mother —”

“His mother is out of the question,” interrupted French. “She is, I am sorry to say, a helpless invalid.”

“Is it really as bad as that? I hoped for better news. Then I apply to you — to you chiefly. Is there anything that I could do to assist you, or others, to —”

“To save him?” French put in the words as she hesitated.

Daphne was silent.

“What is your idea?” asked French, after a moment. “You heard, I presume, from Captain Boyson that my wife and I were extremely anxious about Roger’s ways and habits; that we cannot induce him, or at any rate we have not yet been able to induce him, to give up drinking; that his health is extremely bad, and that we are sometimes afraid that there is now some secret in his life of which he is ashamed?”

"Yes," said Daphne, fidgetting with a book on the table. "Yes, that is what I heard."

"And you have come to suggest something?"

"Is there no way by which Roger can become as free as I now am!" she said suddenly, throwing back her head.

"By which Roger can obtain his divorce from you — and marry again? None, in English law."

"But there is — in Colonial law." She began to speak hurriedly and urgently. "If Roger were to go to New Zealand, or to Australia, he could, after a time, get a divorce for desertion; I know he could — I have enquired. It doesn't seem to be certain what effect my action — the American decree, I mean — would have in an English Colony. My lawyers are going into it. But at any rate there is the desertion. And then" — she grew more eager — "if he married abroad — in the Colony — the marriage would be valid. No one could say a word to him when he returned to England."

French looked at her in silence. She went on — with the unconscious manner of one accustomed to command her world, to be the oracle and guide of subordinates:

"Could we not induce him to go? Could you not? Very likely he would refuse to see me; and of course he has — most unjustly to me, I think — refused to take any money from me. But the money might be provided without his knowing where it came from. A young doctor might be sent with him — some nice fellow who would keep him amused and look after him. At Heston he used to take a great interest in farming. He might take up land. I would pay anything — anything! He might suppose it came from some friend."

French smiled sadly. His eyes were on the ground. She bent forward.

"I beg of you, Mr. French, not to set yourself against me! Of course," — she drew herself up proudly, — "I know what you must think of my action. Our views are different, irreconcilably different. You probably think all divorce wrong. We think, in America, that a marriage which has become a burden to either party is no marriage, and ought to cease. But that, of course," — she waved a rhetorical hand, — "we cannot discuss. I do not propose for a moment to discuss it. You must allow me my national point of view. But surely we can, putting all that aside, combine to help Roger?"

"To marry again?" said French, slowly. "It can't, I fear, be done — what you propose — in the time. I doubt whether Roger has two years to live."

Daphne started.

"Roger! — to live?" she repeated, in horror.

"What is really the matter? Surely nothing more than care and a voyage would set right?"

French shook his head.

"We have been anxious about him for some time. That terrible attack of septic pneumonia in New York, as we now know, left the heart injured and the lungs weakened. He was badly nursed, and his state of mind at the time — his misery and loneliness — left him little chance. Then the drinking habit, which he contracted during those wretched months in the States, has been, of course, sorely against him. However, we hoped against hope — Elsie and I — till a few weeks ago. Then some one, we don't know who, made him go to a specialist, and the verdict is — phthisis; not very advanced, but certain and definite. And the general outlook is not favourable."

Daphne had grown pale.

"We must send him away!" she said imperiously. "We must! A voyage, a good doctor, a dry climate, would save him — of course they would! Why, there is nothing necessarily fatal now in phthisis! Nothing! It is absurd to talk as though there were."

Again French looked at her in silence. But as she had lost colour he had gained it. His face, which the East End had already stamped, had grown rosy; his eyes sparkled.

"Oh, do say something! Tell me what you suggest?" cried Daphne.

"Do you really wish me to tell you what I suggest?"

Daphne waited, her eyes first imploring, then beginning to shrink. He bent forward and touched her on the arm.

"Go, Mrs. Barnes, and ask your husband's forgiveness! What will come of it I do not know. But you at least will have done something to set yourself right — with God."

The Christian and the priest had spoken; the low voice in its intensity had seemed to ring through the quiet, sun-flooded room. Daphne rose, trembling with resentment and antagonism.

"It is you, then, Mr. French, who make it impossible for me to discuss — to help. I shall have to see if I can find some other means of carrying out my purpose."

There was a voice outside. Daphne turned. "Who is that?"

French ran to the glass door that opened on the verandah, and, trying for an ordinary tone, waved somebody back who was approaching from without. Elsie came quickly round the corner of the house, calling to the new-comer.

But Daphne saw who it was and took her own course. She, too, went to the window, and, passing French, she stepped into the verandah.

"Roger!"

A man hurried through the dusk. There was an exclamation, a silence. By this time French was on the lawn, his wife's quivering hand in his. Daphne retreated slowly into the study, and Roger Barnes followed her.

"Leave them alone," said French, and, putting an arm round his wife, he led her resolutely away, out of sound and sight.

Barnes stood silent, breathing heavily and leaning on the back of a chair. The western light from a side window struck full on him. But Daphne, the wave of excitement spent, was not looking at him. She had fallen upon a sofa; her face was in her hands.

"What do you want with me?" said Roger at last. Then, in a sudden heat, "By God, I never wished to see you again!"

Daphne's muffled voice came through her fingers.

"I know that. You needn't tell me so!"

Roger turned away.

"You'll admit it's an intrusion?" he said fiercely. "I don't see what you and I have got to do with each other now."

Daphne struggled for self-control. After all, she had always managed him in the old days. She would manage him now.

"Roger, I — I didn't come to discuss the past. That's done with. But — I heard things about you — that —"

"You didn't like?" He laughed. "I'm sorry, but I don't see what you have to do with them."

Daphne's hand fidgetted with her dress, her eyes still cast down.

"Couldn't we talk without bitterness? Just for ten minutes? It was from Captain Boyson that I heard —"

"Oh, Boyson! — was that it? And he got his information from French — poor old Herbert! Well, it's quite true. I'm no longer fit for your — or his — or anybody's society."

He threw himself into an arm-chair, calmly took a cigarette out of a box that lay near, and lit it. Daphne at last ventured to look at him. The first and dominant impression was of something shrunken and diminished. His blue flannel suit hung loose on his shoulders and chest, his athlete's limbs. His features had been thinned and graced and scooped by fever and broken nights; all the noble line and proportion was still there, but for one who had known him of old the effect was no longer beautiful, but ghastly. Daphne stared at him in dismay.

He, on his side, observed his visitor, but with a cooler curiosity. Like French, he no-

ticed the signs of change, the dying down of brilliance and of bloom. To go your own way, as Daphne had done, did not seem to conduce to a woman's good looks.

At last he threw in a dry interrogation: "Well?"

"I came to try and help you!" Daphne broke out, turning her head away, "to ask Mr. French what I could do. It made me unhappy —"

"Did it?" He laughed again. "I don't see why. Oh, you needn't trouble yourself. Elsie and Herbert are awfully good to me. They're all I want, or at any rate," — he hesitated a moment, — "they're all I *shall* want — from now on. Anyway, you know there'd be something grotesque in your trying your hand at reforming me."

"I didn't mean anything of the kind!" she protested, stung by his tone. "I — I wanted to suggest something practical — some way by which you might — release yourself from me — and also recover your health."

"Release myself from you?" he repeated. "That's easier said than done. Did you mean to send me to the Colonies — was that your idea?"

His smile was hard to bear. But she went on, choking, yet determined.

"That seems to be the only way — in English law. Why shouldn't you take it? The voyage, the new climate, would probably set you up again. You need only be away a short time."

He looked at her in silence a moment, fingering his cigarette.

"Thank you," he said at last, — "thank you. And I suppose you offered us money? You told Herbert you would pay all expenses? Oh, don't be angry! I didn't mean anything uncivil. But," he raised himself with energy from his lounging position, "at the same time, perhaps you ought to know that I would sooner die a thousand times over than take a single silver sixpence that belonged to you!"

Their eyes met, his quite calm, hers sparkling with resentment and pain.

"Of course I can't argue with you if you meet me in that tone," she said passionately. "But I should have thought —"

"Besides," he interrupted her, "you say it is the only way. You are quite mistaken. It is not the only way. As far as freeing me goes, you could divorce me to-morrow — here — if you liked. I have been unfaithful to you. A strange way of putting it — at the present moment — between you and me! But that's how it would appear in the English courts. And as to the 'cruelty,' that wouldn't give *you* any trouble!"

Daphne had flushed deeply. It was only by a great effort that she maintained her composure. Her eyes avoided him.

"Mrs. Fairmile?" she said in a low voice.

He threw back his head with a sound of scorn.

"Mrs. Fairmile! You don't mean to tell me, Daphne, to my face, that you ever believed any of the lies — forgive the expression — that you, and your witnesses, and your lawyers, told in the States — that you bribed those precious newspapers to tell?"

"Of course I believed it!" she said fiercely. "And as for lies, it was you who began them."

"You *believed* that I had betrayed you with Chloe Fairmile?" He raised himself again, fixing his strange, deep-set gaze upon her.

"I never said —"

"No! To that length you didn't quite go. I admit it. You were able to get your way without it." He sank back in his chair again. "No, my remark had nothing to do with Chloe. I have never set eyes on her since I left you at Heston. But — there was a girl, a shop-girl, a poor little thing, rather pretty; I came across her about six months ago — it doesn't matter how. She loves me; she was awfully good to me — a regular little brick. Some day I shall tell Herbert all about her — not yet, though of course he suspects. She'd serve your purpose, if you thought it worth while. But you won't —"

"You're — living with her — now?"

"No. I broke with her a fortnight ago, after I'd seen those doctors. She made me see them, poor little soul! Then I went to say good-bye to her, and she —" his voice shook a little — "she took it hard. But it's all right. I'm not going to risk her life, or saddle her with a dying man. She's with her sister. She'll get over it."

He turned his head towards the window; his eyes pursued the white sails on the darkening blue outside.

"It's been a bad business, but it wasn't altogether my fault. I saved her from some one else, and she saved me, once or twice, from blowing my brains out."

"What did the doctors say to you?" asked Daphne, brusquely, after a pause.

"They gave me about two years," he said indifferently turning to knock off the end of his cigarette. "That doesn't matter." Then, as his eyes caught her face, a sudden animation sprang into his. He drew his chair nearer to her and threw away his cigarette. "Look here, Daphne, don't let's waste time. We shall never see each other again, and there are a number of things I want to know. Tell me everything you can remember about Beatty that last six

months — and about her illness, you understand; never mind repeating what you told Boyson, and he told me. But there's lots more — there must be. Did she ever ask for me? Boyson said you couldn't remember. But you must remember!"

He came closer still, his threatening eyes upon her. And as he did so, the dark presence of ruin and death, of things damning and irrevocable, which had been hovering over their conversation, approached with him — flapped their sombre wings in Daphne's face. She trembled all over.

"Yes," she said faintly, "she did ask for you."

"Ah!" He gave a cry of delight. "Tell me — tell me at once — everything, from the beginning!"

And, held by his will, she told him everything — all the piteous story of the child's last days — sobbing herself, and, for the first time, making much of the little one's signs of remembering her father, instead of minimising and ignoring them, as she had done in the talk with Boyson. It was as though, for the first time, she were trying to stanch a wound instead of widening it.

He listened eagerly. The two heads — of the father and mother — drew closer; one might have thought them lovers still, united by tender and sacred memories.

But at last Roger drew himself away. He rose to his feet.

"I'll forgive you much for that!" he said, with a long breath. "Will you write it for me some day — all you've told me?"

She made a sign of assent.

"Well, now, you mustn't stay here any longer. I suppose you've got a carriage? And we mustn't meet again. There's no object in it. But I'll remember that you came."

She looked at him. In her nature the great deeps were breaking up. She saw him as she had seen him in her first youth. And, at last, what she had done was plain to her.

With a cry she threw herself on the floor beside him. She pressed his hand in hers.

"Roger, let me stay! Let me nurse you!" she panted. "I didn't understand. Let me be your friend! Let me help! I implore — I implore you!"

He hesitated a moment; then he lifted her to her feet, decidedly, but not unkindly.

"What do you mean?" he said slowly. "Do you mean that you wish us to be husband and wife again? You are, of course, my wife, in the eye of English law, at this moment."

"Let me try and help you!" she pleaded again, breaking into bitter tears. "I didn't — I didn't understand!"

He shook his head.

"You can't help me. I — I'm afraid I couldn't bear it. We mustn't meet. It — it's gone too deep."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and walked away to the window. She stood helplessly weeping.

When he returned he was quite composed again.

"Don't cry so," he said calmly. "It's done. We can't help it. And don't make yourself too unhappy about me. I've had awful times. When I was ill in New York — it was like hell. The pain was devilish, and I wasn't used to being alone, and nobody caring a damn, and everybody believing me a cad and a bully. But I got over that. It was Beatty's death that hit me so hard, and that I wasn't there. It's that, somehow, I can't get over — that you did it — that you could have had the heart. It would always come between us. No, we're better apart. But I'll tell you something to comfort you. I've given up that girl, as I've told you; and I've given up drink. Herbert won't believe it, but he'll find it is so. And I don't mean to die before my time. I'm going out to Switzerland directly. I'll do all the correct things. You see, when a man *knows* he's going to die, well," — he turned away, — "he gets uncommonly curious as to what's going to come next."

He walked up and down a few turns. Daphne watched him.

"I'm not pious — I never was. But, after all, the religious people profess to know something about it, and nobody else does. Just supposing it were true?"

He stopped short, looking at her. She understood perfectly that he had Beatty in his mind.

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to live decently for the rest of my time — and die decently. I'm not going to throw away chances. And don't trouble yourself about money. There's enough left to carry me through. Good-bye, Daphne!" He held out his hand to her.

She took it, still dumbly weeping. He looked at her with pity.

"Yes, I know — you didn't understand what you were doing. But you see, Daphne, marriage is" — he sought rather painfully for his words — "it's a big thing. If it doesn't make us, it ruins us. I didn't marry you for the best of reasons, but I was very fond of you — honour bright! I loved you in my way; I should have loved you more and more. I should have been a decent fellow if you'd stuck to me. I had all sorts of plans; you might have taught me anything. I was a fool about Chloe Fairmile, but there was nothing in it, you know there wasn't. And now it's all rooted up and done with. Women like to think such things can be mended, but they can't — they can't, indeed. It would be foolish to try."

Daphne sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. He drew a long and painful breath. "I'm afraid I must go," he said waveringly. "I — I can't stand this any longer. Good-bye, Daphne, — good-bye."

She only sobbed, as though her life dissolved in grief. He drew near to her, and as she wept, hidden from him, he laid his hand a moment on her shoulder. Then he took up his hat.

"I'm going now," he said in a low voice. "I shan't come back till you have gone."

She heard him cross the room, his steps in the verandah. Outside, in the summer dark, a figure came to meet him. French drew Roger's arm into his, and the two walked away. The shadows of the wooded lane received them.

A woman came quickly into the room.

Elsie French looked down upon the sobbing Daphne, her own eyes full of tears, her hands clasped.

"Oh, you poor thing!" she said, under her breath. "You poor thing!" And she knelt down beside her and folded her arms round her.

So, from the same heart that had felt a passionate pity for the victim, compassion flowed out on the transgressor. For, where others feel the tragedy of suffering, the pure in heart realise with an infinitely sharper pain the tragedy of guilt.

THE END

THE REPUTATION OF THE "BELLA B."

BY

HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

"A SHIP'S reputation is like a woman's," said the skipper. "When there's a whisper against it, it's as good as gone."
"Yes, sir," said the second mate, touching his cap.

Etiquette is exacting at sea, and a freight-boat flatters herself that she knows what is fitting as well as a man-of-war. The captain had shipped as cabin-boy when he was fourteen, and had worked his way up to his present lofty eminence, yet even with his officers he hedged himself about with an impenetrable superiority. He ate his meals in solitary state. He sometimes came into the mess-room and watched the progress of a card-game, but he never took a hand. To express an opinion contrary to that of the captain was not considered good form on the *Bella B.*, and so the second mate touched his cap and said, "Yes, sir."

Down in his heart he was wishing that the *Bella B.* was not so ready to shift the responsibility of protecting her reputation. She was a tramp steamer, and perhaps it was her roving life that had unsettled her standards. She had fought her way through a tornado on the Bay of Bengal, and had rounded the Horn in a tempest. In both instances, badly crippled, she had crawled into the nearest port for repairs. Her deck had been stained with the blood of a mutiny. She had been a floating pest-house on one or two occasions, lying tranquilly at anchor while the plague decimated her crew. She had a trick of leaving port just when the signals foretold dirty weather. She had a penchant for meeting icebergs in the most unheard-of places, and she had been the chief sufferer from several collisions. But of all her escapades her latest was the most serious.

Strictly speaking, this could not be laid at the door of the *Bella B.* When the captain had called the attention of the owners to the fact that the asbestos lining of one of the coal-

bunkers was distinctly the worse for wear, these practical men had shrugged their shoulders. After one more voyage it would be necessary to have the *Bella B.* thoroughly overhauled, for the annual inspection. To make repairs before that time would be a waste of good money. The owners took the risk with the composure of business men who know how slight a margin there often is between making a fortune and losing one. The captain accepted their decision with the serenity of a man whose life has been one long hazard. And so the *Bella B.* sailed out jauntily, bound for Montreal.

They were five days from port when the fire was discovered. The defective asbestos lining had failed to protect the coal in one of the bunkers from the heat of the adjacent furnaces. The fuel had ignited. The *Bella B.* was not an ocean greyhound. With fair weather the captain hoped to make Montreal in fourteen days from Glasgow. Storms might delay him another week. At the best the fire might easily become unmanageable before they reached land.

A ship at sea with a fire smoldering in her hold is like nothing so much as a human being with a cancer gnawing at his vitals. Outwardly life is much as usual. One goes about his work, laughs at a good story, makes money, makes love, and all the time that deadly, inexorable thing is gaining little by little. Each morning sees the inevitable a day nearer. Nothing out of the ordinary was observable on the *Bella B.* Perhaps the captain's eyes had a sunken look, as if he had slept poorly, and once, in the middle of a game of poker, the chief engineer dropped his hand and sprang to his feet. "I—I thought I heard something," he said, and then he sat down again and picked up his cards with a shaking hand. But the crew sang and told stories as usual, and even made rough jests regarding the slow-growing horror in the hold beneath them. And the *Bella B.* plowed her tranquil way across the

gray-green water, the blue heavens over her, and a bit of red hell within.

What the tension had been none of them realized till land was sighted. Then a sudden hilarity possessed them all. With unexampled condescension the captain cracked a joke with the second mate, and that youth flushed with gratified pride as he touched his cap. He was very young to have received his papers, this second mate, but he had had two incentives. The one was a gentle old mother, who always wore a kerchief on Sundays, and had a way of ignoring the letter *b* that convinced the hearer that this particular letter had no business in the alphabet. The other incentive had brown curls and a trick of turning rose-color at the slightest provocation, to say nothing of the most tantalizingly long lashes that ever veiled a pair of gray eyes when a man wanted to look into their depths. No wonder that the second mate had been more ambitious and industrious than most young fellows of his age.

"We'll be in port soon," said the captain. "And, Mr. Davis, I'm thinking you and I will look after that little business in the coal-bunker."

"Yes, sir," said the second mate, but he blinked in bewilderment.

The captain saw the wonder in his face, and, though he was under no obligation to do so, he explained.

"It would be an easy thing to get the fire department down here," said the captain. "But if we did, we couldn't keep it secret. Shippers don't like to hear of such things. It plays the very devil with the underwriters." Then he added oracularly, "A ship's reputation is like a woman's. When there's a whisper against it, it's as good as gone."

The second mate's sense of resentment against the *Bella B.* for her seeming indifference to her own reputation had been but momentary. When the time came, he followed the captain down into the hold, his thoughts chiefly occupied with the honor conferred on him. When there was dangerous work to be done, the captain never held back, and his choice of the youth had gone to show that he recognized him as one of his own sort. "When I'm a skipper," thought the boy, "I won't send any man where I'm afraid to go myself." There was an elation in his face that made those he passed glance at him curiously.

For days the men had been drawing what they could of the coal from the bunker, and they were near the fire. From the sullen heaps against the wall adjacent to the furnace the smell of gas arose, and the heat was men-

acing. Each holding a hose, the two advanced upon the pile. The streams of water turned to steam as they struck, and the hissing white cloud drove the men back. Again they advanced, hose in hand, and again retreated.

"We're right on the fire," said the captain, drawing his hand across his eyes, blinded by perspiration. "It would have been a shame to have troubled the department for a little thing like this."

Even as he spoke there was a roar. Then the second mate found himself huddled against the wall and alone. The captain had disappeared. The opening before which he had been standing, and through which they had entered, was choked with coal. The second mate was entombed in a furnace. The peril he had been attacking had cut off his retreat. For an instant he was a madman, clawing at the coal with his bare hands, nor knowing that they blistered at the touch. The face of a little woman with a white kerchief crossed beneath her chin flashed suddenly before him, and that of a pink-cheeked girl pouting and lowering her lashes. She had promised to wear his ring after he returned from this voyage. He wondered vaguely if any one would think to give her that ring, now that he was never to come back.

The men outside were working furiously at the coal, thrown into a barricade by the force of the explosion. Some one made an opening and thrust a hose through. The water that drenched him came just in time to save his reason and his life. He waited, choking in the noxious gases, watching the little opening growing larger as strong arms shoveled back the coal. Then, knowing he could endure no more, he sprang forward. Darkness came, and with strange tranquillity he told himself that this was death.

When he opened his eyes he was on deck. A few feet away lay a blackened, begrimed figure he did not recognize. The steward was trying to force some liquor down his throat, and he swallowed it, and began to realize the pain of his blistered hands.

"Who is that?" he said to the steward, looking toward the silent figure over which the first officer was bending.

"That's the skipper. He was standing so that the explosion of the gas blew him right out of the bunker. But he hasn't moved since, though his heart is beating."

Just then the blackened figure opened its eyes and sat up. It looked toward the prostrate second mate, and for a moment there was silence.

"A ship and a woman are alike," said the

skipper thoughtfully. "When you're doing your best to protect the reputation of either, the chances are that you'll get blown up. Mr. Saunders, as Mr. Davis is not fit for further duty, I will ask you to go down with me to put out the fire."

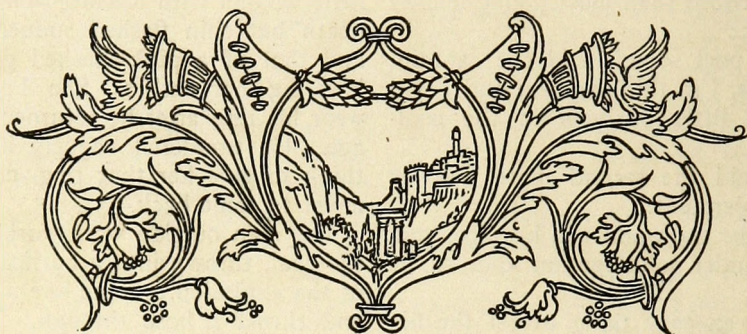
Then the second mate staggered to his feet, touched his singed hair with his blistered hand, and cried, "If you please, sir, I'm as fit as ever. Don't leave me out!"

That afternoon the *Bella B.*, lying at the dock, looked the picture of respectability. Not even the spick-and-span excursion steamers, carrying pleasure-seekers to near-by resorts, knew of aught to her discredit. The fire was extinguished. In the morning the repairs would begin. The second mate stood on the deck with his hands bandaged and

counted up the days before they would be home again.

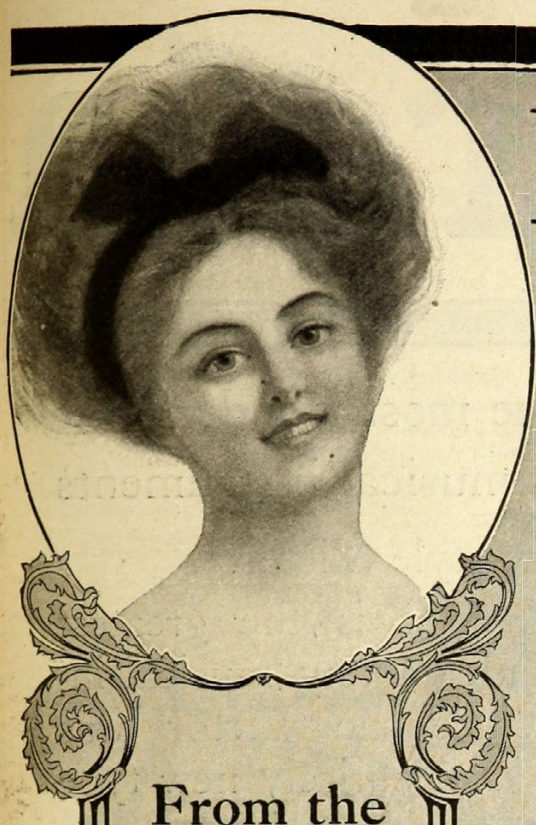
The captain, looking pale, yet very trim in his uniform, came up to him. "Are your burns any less painful?" he questioned. "They'll begin to ease up by to-morrow, perhaps." He hesitated a moment, then waived discipline sufficiently to say: "Some people would call it foolish. But the reputation of a woman or of a ship cannot be guarded too carefully. Some day you'll have a wife and you'll understand."

The boy looked eastward, and across three thousand miles of water saw a pretty, piquant face, the color coming and going, and the drooping lashes shading the telltale eyes. "Yes, sir," he said, raising his bandaged hand to his cap, "I understand."



RECTIFICATION

IN the January number of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE a story by Jack London was published, some of the characters in which are taken by certain residents of Tahiti to refer to themselves. The characters in the story are purely fictitious, and there was no intent to describe or refer to any living person. In particular there was no intent to describe or refer to Mr. Emile Levy, the well-known pearl merchant of Tahiti, or to Mr. Mapuhi, who is one of the principal traders in the Islands. We regret that the story has been construed as referring to actual persons.



From the
Doctor's
Point
of
View



Beauty

Doctors regard beauty from the point of view of health, and tell you that a good natural complexion and a fair, soft skin are necessary essentials of beauty. They never disagree about that, nor do they disagree about the merits of

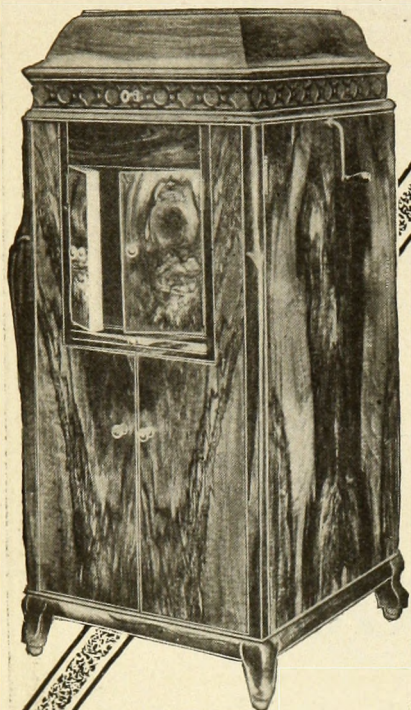
Pears' Soap

which is the most perfect beautifying agent known, being pure in every particle and possessing those special and unique qualities which render the skin pure, clear and of exquisite softness. The beauties of six generations have acknowledged PEARS' to be

The Best Aid to Beauty

OF ALL 'SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

Victrola



Victrola XVI

Circassian walnut, \$250
Mahogany, \$200
Quartered oak, \$200

The *Victrola* contains albums for 150 records and drawer for accessories.

Other styles of the Victor from \$10 up

The most wonderful
of all musical instruments

The new style Victor.

The *Victrola* is the greatest advance made in any musical instrument since the Victor was invented. An entirely new type on an improved principle; not a mere concealing cabinet.

The *Victrola* is complete in itself. The sounding board surface amplifies and reflects the tone waves, and the melody issues from behind the modifying doors, loud or soft, as desired.

Simple and elegant in design, the *Victrola* is specially constructed to make the beautiful Victor music—clear and natural as it was before—richer, sweeter, and more lifelike than ever.

There is nothing else like the *Victrola*.

See and hear the *Victrola* at the nearest Victor dealer's.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

New Victor Records

for June

on sale throughout America on May 28

10-inch Records—Single-faced 60 cents; Double-faced 75 cents

The doubled-faced records are lettered "(a)" and "(b)".

Accompaniments by the Victor Orchestra

- | | | | | | |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 5698 | Teddy After Africa..... | Pryor's Band | 16299 | (a) Lincoln Centennial March..... | U. S. Marine Band |
| 5694 | If You Alone Were Mine—Two-Step..... | Victor Orchestra | | (b) Gate City March..... | U. S. Marine Band |
| 5692 | Yip! I Adee! I Aye!..... | Blanche Ring | 16300 | (a) Oh, the Women (O Les Femmes)..... | Victor Orchestra |
| 5682 | When You and I Were Young, Maggie..... | Will Oakland | | (b) Rondo Caprice (Cornet Solo)..... | Herbert L. Clarke |
| 5693 | How Mother Made the Soup..... | Charley Case | 16301 | (a) Whistle and I'll Wait for You..... | Ada Jones |
| 5695 | Jungle Town Parody..... | Nat M. Wills | | (b) When the Meadow Larks are Calling,
Annie Laurie..... | Arthur C. Clough |
| 5697 | Good Luck, Mary..... | Macdonough and Haydn Quartet | 16302 | (a) The Whitewash Man..... | Arthur Collins |
| 5699 | My Bambazoo..... | Collins and Harlan | | (b) The Boogie Boo (from "The Newlyweds")..... | Billy Murray |
| 52016 | Wearing Kilts (That's the Reason Noo I
Wear a Kilt)..... | Harry Lauder | 16303 | (a) I Remember You..... | Jones and Murray |
| 52017 | Carnival of Venice (Ocarina Solo)..... | Mose Tapiero | | (b) Lena (guitar accompaniment)..... | Ward Barton |
| 16295 | (a) Mariar..... | Clarice Vance | 16304 | (a) Just One Sweet Girl..... | Harry Macdonough |
| | (b) It Looks Like a Big Night To-night..... | Clarice Vance | | (b) Summer Reminds Me of You..... | Walter Van Brunt |
| 16297 | (a) Sullivan Medley..... | Pryor's Band | | | |
| | (b) Yankee Dude March..... | Pryor's Band | | | |

12-inch Records—Single-faced \$1; Double-faced \$1.25

The double-faced records are lettered "(a)" and "(b)".

- | | | | | | |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|-------|-------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 31735 | Parsifal—Processional of Knights of the
Holy Grail..... | Pryor's Band | 35076 | (a) Traviata Selection..... | Pryor's Band |
| | | | | (b) Trovatore Selection..... | Pryor's Band |
| 31734 | Hortense at the Skating Rink (Comic Mon-
ologue)..... | Nat M. Wills | 35070 | (a) Golden Lilies—Three-Step..... | Victor Dance Orchestra |
| | | | | (b) Sirens Waltz (Les Sirenes)..... | Victor Dance Orchestra |

New Victor Red Seal Records

Three Records by Mme. Arral

Blanche Arral, Soprano

- 64098 Beggar Student—Czardas (Millocker) 10-inch, \$1—
In French.
64099 Valse d'oiseau (Bird Waltz) 10-inch, \$1—In French.
74132 Traviata—Ah, fors' e lui (He My Heart Fore-
told) (Verdi) 12-inch, \$1.50—In French.

An English Ballad by Williams

Evan Williams, Tenor

- 64100 The Lass of Richmond Hill (McNally) 10-inch, \$1.

A New Elman Record

Mischa Elman, Violinist

- 61184 Gavotte (Bohm) 10-inch, \$1.

Two Duets by Eames and de Gogorza

Emma Eames—Emilio de Gogorza

- 89022 Trovatore—Mira d' acerbe lagrime (Let My
Tears Implore Thee) (Verdi) 12-inch, \$4—In Italian.
89023 Nozze di Figaro—Crudel! perche finora (Too
Long Have You Deceived Me) (Mozart) 12-inch,
\$4—In Italian.

A Wagner Aria by Van Rooy

Anton Van Rooy, Bass

- 92062 Lohengrin—Dank, Konig, dir, dass du zu
richten kamst! (Telramund's Charge Against
Elsa, Act I) (Wagner) 12-inch, \$3—In German.

Victor Records are works of art—masterpieces of music and mirth by the world's greatest artists—and their superiority is universally acknowledged.

Write to us for complete catalogues of the *Victor-Victrola* and *Victor Records*, and for name of the nearest Victor dealer.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U.S.A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records



DELICATE and DAINTY Summer Wash Fabrics must be handled carefully in the Wash.

¶ It's the Rubbing—not the Wearing—that shortens the Life of most Fabrics and the more Delicate the material—the greater the Harm that Rubbing does. The Wash-Board is the Summer Garment's worst enemy. Why use it?

¶ This Summer try washing those things you really care about in the "PEARLINE WAY"—Without Rubbing—hence without Wear and Tear to the Clothes. PEARLINE Loosens all the Dirt and Rinsing carries it away, leaving your Clothes Fresh—Clean and Sweet Smelling.



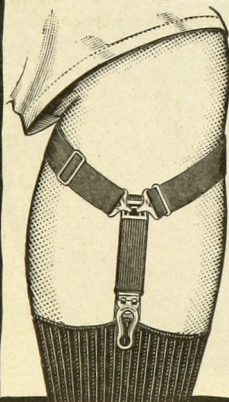
**Pearline SAVES AT EVERY POINT
MONEY-TIME-HEALTH-TOO**

FOR WEARERS OF
KNEE DRAWERS
THERE'S A

Needraw

BOSTON GARTER

DELIGHTFULLY COMFORTABLE
TO THE BARE LEG



NON-ELASTIC, TUBULAR
KNIT LEG BAND
ELASTIC, ADJUSTABLE
PENDANT

Velvet Grip

CUSHION
RUBBER BUTTON CLASP

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
BOSTON

Cotton Pendant, Nickel Plate, 25c.
Silk Pendant, Gold Plate. - 50c.

Sample Pair Mailed
on Receipt of Price

GOOD ALL THE YEAR ROUND

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

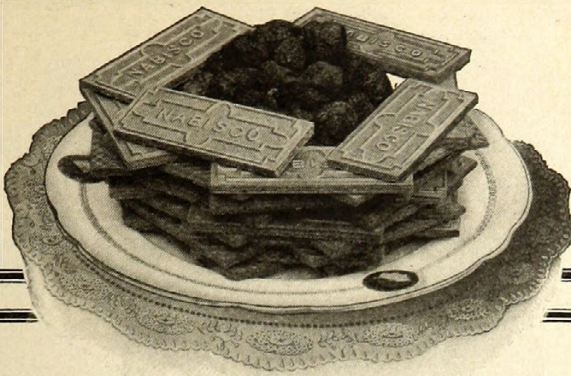
**The Dainty
Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum**

Particularly Desirable
after Dinner

YOUR DRUGGIST KNOWS
that the best peppermint in the
world is contained in Chiclets

Sold in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Flee & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

Fruit Basket
Made with
NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS



With luncheon or dinner
With a sherbet or ice,
With beverage or fruit
Or served alone

NABISCO

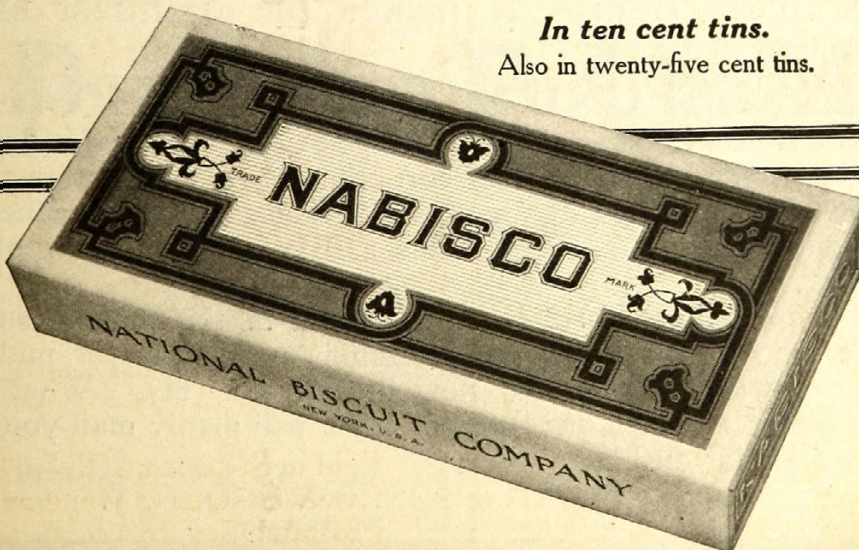
SUGAR WAFERS.

add the final and crowning touch
to afternoon tea or formal banquet.

RECIPE

Arrange NABISCO Sugar Wafers on a pretty dish to resemble a fruit basket. Fill the center with strawberries (or any seasonable fruit), piling them high. Serve the NABISCO Sugar Wafers and berries with sugar and cream, or as fancy may dictate.

In ten cent tins.
Also in twenty-five cent tins.





THERE is a Cake-Baking Secret known to good cooks that should interest every housewife.

¶ It's the use of Kingsford's Corn Starch—not only in the *filling*, but in the *cake itself*—one part Corn Starch to three parts flour. It makes the daintiest smooth, light cake imaginable.

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

is absolutely necessary for the best Angel Cake, White Mountain and other *white cakes*. Use one-half cup corn starch mixed with the flour.

¶ KINGSFORD'S has a hundred uses. The good cook reaches for the familiar yellow package a dozen times a day. It's on her grocery list *every week*.

¶ *A Word to Kingsford Friends*—Send us the name of any young housewife who thinks that Corn Starch is used only for puddings or desserts; we will send her our new little Book (H), "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch." We will gladly mail you without cost a copy too if you like.

T. KINGSFORD & SON, OSWEGO, N. Y.

NATIONAL STARCH CO., Successors



The College Boy

Keeps his Nerves steady for sport—
His Brain clear for study—on

P O S T U M

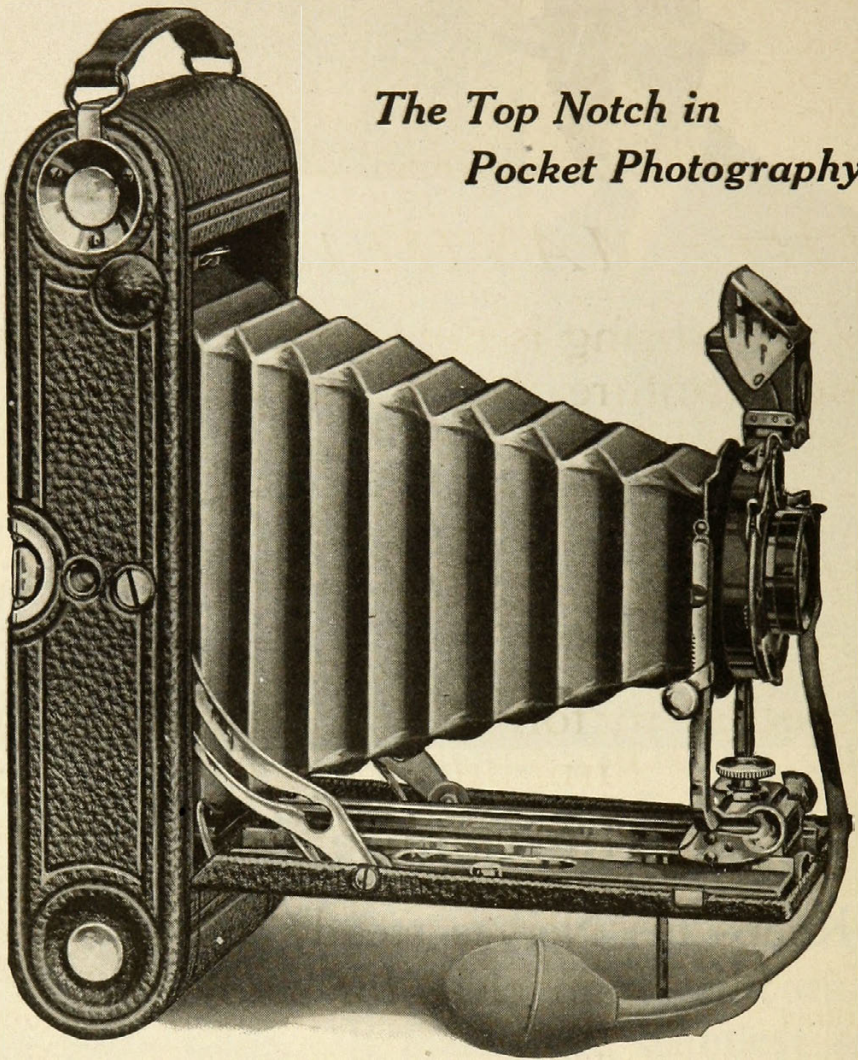
“There’s a Reason”

Let a change from coffee to Postum tell
its own tale of better feelings.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK.

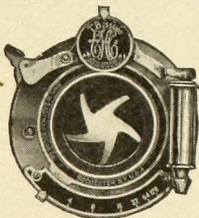
*The Top Notch in
Pocket Photography*



The 3A Folding Pocket Kodak

Every detail of design, material and workmanship has been worked out with the utmost care to produce a camera of the widest capabilities, yet it retains the Kodak simplicity—and "Kodak" you know, means photography with the bother left out.

A feature of the 1909 model is the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, in which we have embodied a new principle in shutter construction. The leaves are in five segments, mounted entirely on ball bearings and open in the form of a star, thus admitting a much greater amount of light in a given time than any other between the lens type of shutter. Practically frictionless and with a precision and smoothness that are a mechanical delight.

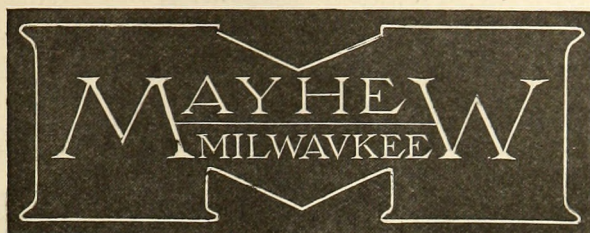


No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak, pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, \$20.00.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

*Kodak Catalogue free at
the dealers or by mail.*



THE MAYHEW IDEA

in advertising is not, primarily, to sell you furniture, but to inform you—and enable you to inform yourself—about furniture. Your purchase of

MAYHEW FURNITURE

—or at least your desire for it—is expected to follow your own investigation of furniture realities.

The Mayhew case is rested, finally, not upon Mayhew salesmanship or upon Mayhew advertising, good as we want these to be—but upon *Mayhew furniture*—the product of two generations of fidelity to definite ideals and specific standards in the design, manufacture and marketing of furniture.

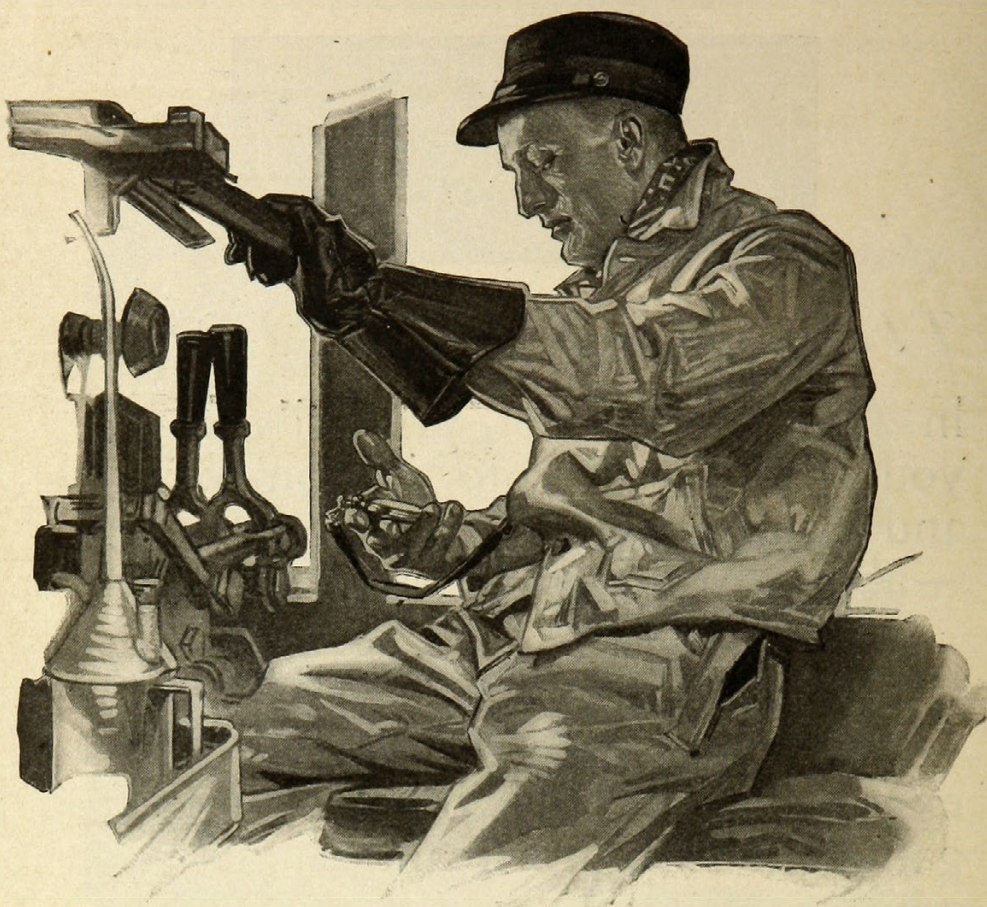
See Mayhew Furniture at your Dealer's

Leading dealers in all important American cities carry Mayhew furniture, and have the famous MAYHEW BOOK OF CARBON PRINTS by which to show you the various styles which they may not happen to have on their floors at a given time.

The Mayhew product consists principally of seat furniture. It includes a wide range of perfect examples in all the important English periods—in American Colonial—and in luxurious upholstered furniture in Morocco and fabric coverings.

No conventional booklets are distributed in behalf of Mayhew furniture. The best of conventional illustrations are constantly used to advertise inferior furniture. The MAYHEW BOOK, containing hundreds of 11 x 14 *Carbon Prints* obviously cannot be distributed except to dealers. *Your interests as a purchaser require that you*

See the Mayhew Prints at your Dealer's



The Howard Watch

AT night—with the train tearing through space—do you ever think of the man in the Engine Cab, his hand on the lever and his eye straining at the dark of the track ahead?

One thing shares with him his terrible responsibility—his *watch*.

Do you wonder that the TIME INSPECTORS of one hundred and eighty leading railroads of America have officially certified and adopted the HOWARD—the most accurate watch that money will buy?

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. B, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

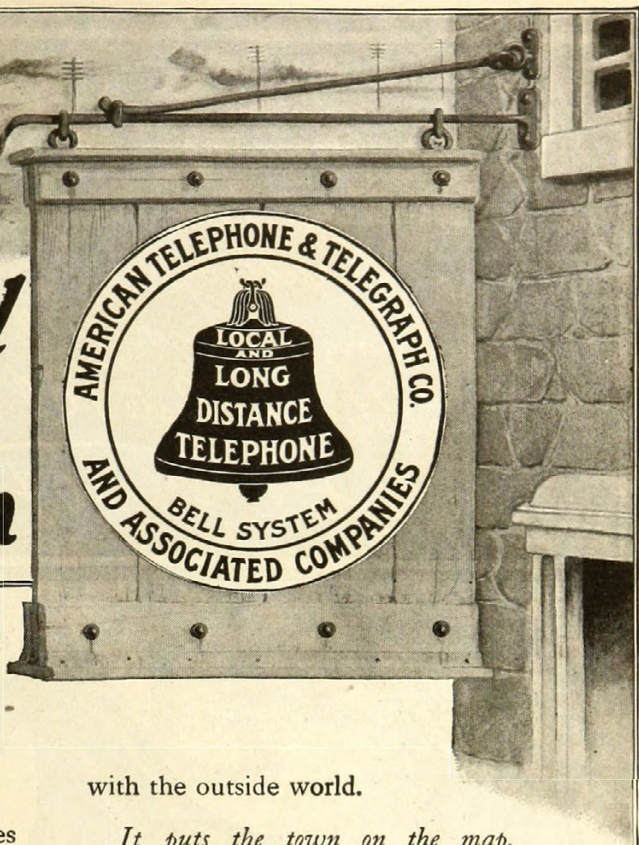
Despite any opinion to the contrary, American railways are the safest in the world—millions are spent for safety. Official inspection of employees' watches exists in no other country. The foreign railroad man carries no such watch as the HOWARD.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at \$35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at \$150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

The Sign Board of Civilization



Wherever you see this sign, it stands for civilization. It is the sign of one of the most powerful influences for broadening human intelligence.

The universal service of the Bell companies has provided it—has spread an even, highly developed civilization through the land. It has carried the newest impulses of development from town to town and from community to community.

Bell telephone service has brought the entire country up to the same instant of progress.

It has unified the Nation.

As soon as a new town springs up in the woods, on the plains, at the cross-roads, or walled in by mountains, the signpost of civilization is erected—the sign of the Bell. Telephone service puts the people of that town into communication with one another and

with the outside world.

It puts the town on the map.

You can see this march of progress right in your own neighborhood. Every little while some neighbor has a Bell telephone put in. If you have one, every new subscriber enlarges the scope of your personal contact. If you have not, every new telephone makes you the more isolated—the more cut off from the activities about you.

Just as individuals in your locality use the telephone for mutual convenience, so towns and cities in *different* localities are served and advanced by the long distance telephone.

Each contributes to, and benefits by, the broad universal service of the Bell.

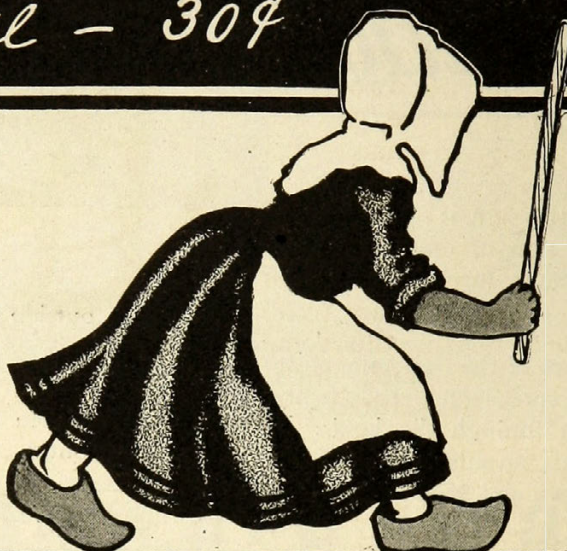
The busy man who wants to accomplish more than he is now doing can well afford to make use of the Bell Long Distance service. It is the most efficient office assistant imaginable. Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance station.

**The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies**

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

1 Cake of Soap
for Cleaning 5¢
1 Box Soap-Powder
for Scrubbing 5¢
1 Scouring Brick 10¢
1 Box Polishing Paste 10¢
Total — 30¢

1 Can of Old
Dutch Cleanser
= for Cleaning,
Scrubbing,
Scouring & Polishing
10¢



**Chases
Dirt**

A Simple Lesson in Household Economy

Housewives who use this handy, all-around cleanser save the expense of several old-fashioned cleaners, and at the same time accomplish all their house-cleaning in an easier and quicker way than ever before.

Old Dutch Cleanser

does all the work of soap, soap-powders, scouring-bricks and metal-polishes put together, and saves labor, time and trouble. Old Dutch Cleanser

Cleans, Scrubs, Scours, Polishes

everything in the house from cellar to attic. Avoid caustic and acid cleaners with their surface-destroying effects, and use Old Dutch Cleanser, which cleans *mechanically*, not chemically.

Large Sifting-Top Can (At all Grocers) 10 Cents

If your grocer doesn't keep it, send us his name and 10 cents in stamps and we'll gladly pay 22 cents postage to send you a full size can. Also write for our valuable free booklet, "Hints for Housewives."

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.

118 33rd Street,

So. Omaha, Neb.

(Branch) Toronto, Canada

ACME QUALITY

Paints and Finishes for the Home

At this time of year there are many little jobs of painting and finishing about the home that anyone can accomplish successfully by following the Acme Quality plan.

Now is a good time to repaint the floors, to refinish the woodwork, to brighten up the furniture, to re-decorate the walls, or to enamel the bath-room.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes are put up in convenient form for ready use and easy application—just tell your dealer what you want to do and insist on goods bearing the Acme Quality trade-marked label, for— if it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.

Acme Quality Enamel (Neal's)
Gives that smooth, beautiful, sanitary enamel surface so easy to keep bright and clean. In white or dainty tints.

Acme Quality Kalsomine
For walls and ceilings. Mixes with either hot or cold water. Flows freely, covers with one coat and does not show laps.

Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel
For finishing porch and lawn chairs, settees, swings, flowerstands, railings, etc. Imparts a tough, durable finish and prevents rust and decay.

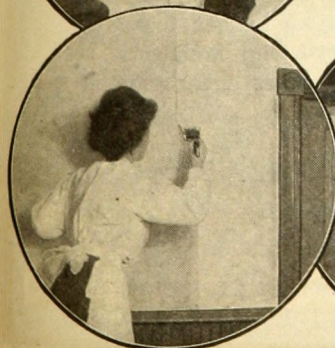


For example, a treasured old chair or other piece of furniture that is badly marred and scratched can be made as good as new. Simply refinish it with Acme Quality Varno-Lac—a stain and varnish combined that imparts the elegant effect and durable, lustrous surface of beautifully finished oak, mahogany or other expensive woods.

Acme Quality Text Book

The Acme Quality Text Book tells just how to get best results. It is an encyclopedia of paints and finishes, covering every phase of home painting. Tells what to use and how to use it. Free to any address on request.

ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS,
Dept. D, Detroit, Mich.
IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living

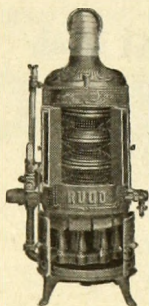




“Say, Sarah, this Ruud's hot stuff, aint it?”

You want just a *little* hot water on hot summer days—but you want that little badly.

The Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater, located in the cellar, *always ready*, sends a cupful or an inexhaustible supply *instantly* to any hot water faucet in the house—fresh, clean hot water, fit to cook with as it is to wash in. No raging coal fire.



You simply turn the faucet—the Ruud *lights* automatically from small, permanent, inexpensive pilot light. Heats the water to scalding heat as it flows through the coil. Gas *turns off* automatically when you close faucet. No hot, stagnant tank in kitchen. As valuable in Winter as it is in Summer. Country's best architects specify it. Easily connected with gas and water pipes already in.

Send for descriptive booklet

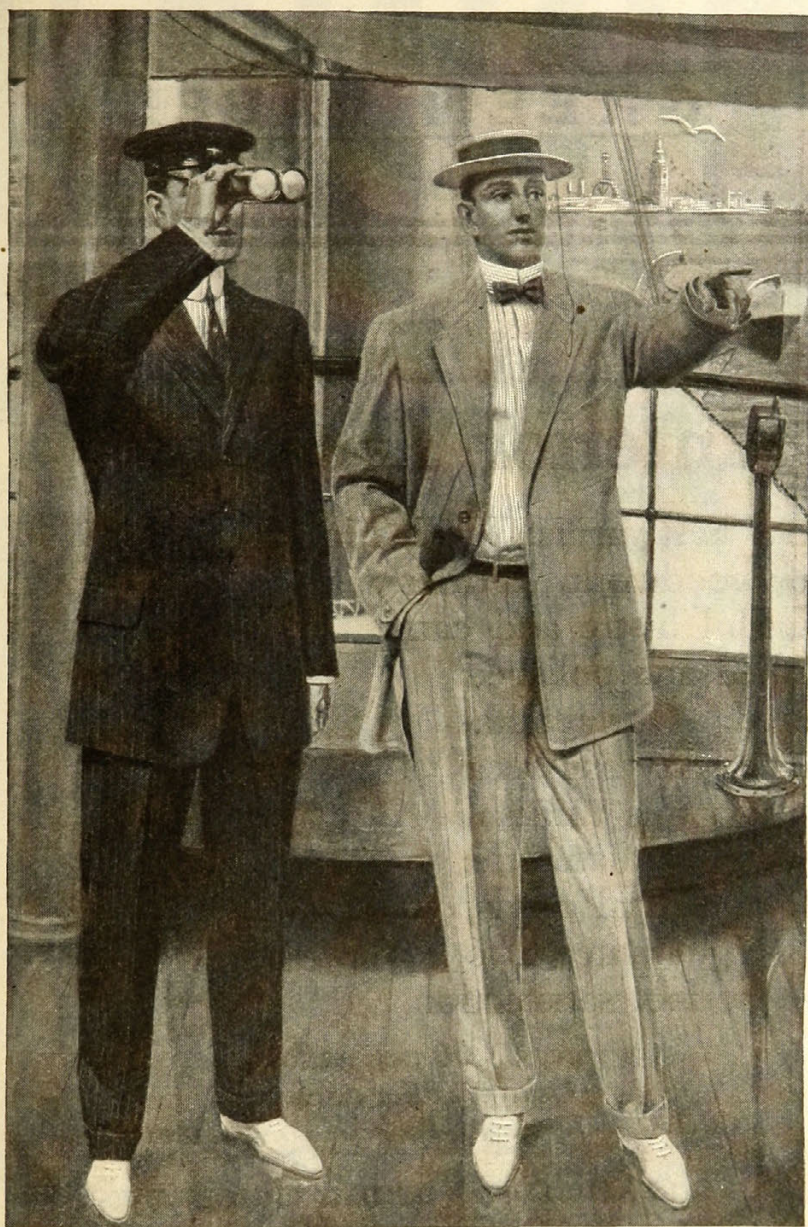
RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Department C, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Branch Offices and Salesrooms in all principal cities.

London: British Ruud Mfg. Co. Hamburg: Ruud Heisswasser Apparatebau.

Ordinary House Size.
Price (delivered) East
of Rocky Mts., \$100;
West of Rocky Mts.
and in Canada, \$115



Benjamin Clothes

Made in New York by Alfred Benjamin & Co.

Style,—fabrics,—making,—that satisfy the Best Dressed Men in the world. Prices, quality considered, extraordinarily modest.

One Good Clothier in each principal city sells Benjamin Clothes.

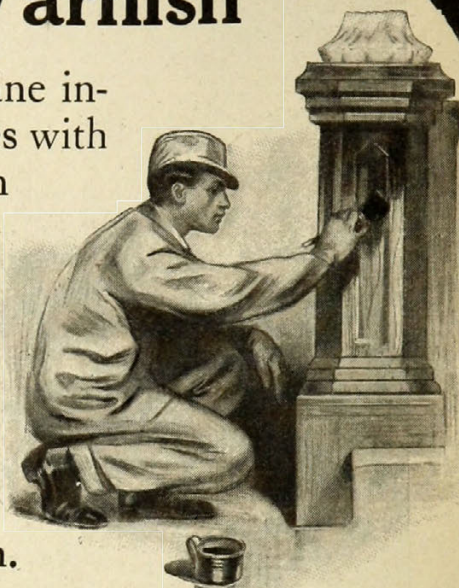
Book of New York Fashions for the asking. ALFRED BENJAMIN & CO., New York

GLIDDEN'S

GREEN LABEL

M. P. Durable Interior Varnish

is our best varnish for fine interior woodwork. It dries with a beautiful lustre and can be rubbed and polished if desired. Our reputation for quality has been built upon this varnish. Its use accentuates the beauty of natural woods, and we guarantee it to give perfect satisfaction.



**Price, \$3.00 per gallon
Quarts, 85c. each**

For Sale by Paint dealers everywhere. If not at yours, we will send by express prepaid on receipt of price. Full descriptive price list on application.

The Glidden Varnish Company

Makers of High Grade Varnishes for all Purposes
2678 Rockefeller Building
Cleveland, Ohio

VARNISHES

FOR ALL PURPOSES

A Hot Point Electric Iron is simple, safe, economical and such a comfort

ANY CHILD can use the **Hot Point Electric Iron**, because it is perfectly safe and simple. One end of the flexible cord attaches to any light fixture in the house. On the other end is a switch plug.

To heat the iron, simply push the switch plug in. And to cool it, take the plug out.

Putting in and taking out the plug controls the amount of electric current carried into the iron, and regulates the temperature.

Shortly after the plug is inserted the iron is hot. From then on you will not need current more than half the time.

The regular household iron weighs 6 lbs., but you never have to **lift** it—no carrying it from stove to board, and when not in use simply tip it up on the broad end. The stand is attached.

The heat all goes into the ironing. Hence, you iron in perfect comfort. You need no holder. Take it to any room, too; or out onto the porch.

Endorsed by Electrical Experts Throughout the Country

The Hot Point **Automatic** Iron cannot be overheated. Therefore it cannot possibly start a fire. If you forget to pull out the switch plug, the automatic device does it for you. It is controlled by the temperature of the iron; is positive and certain. The **Automatic** Iron simply **cannot** get hot enough to do any damage.

The Hot Point **Standard** Iron is exactly the same as the **Automatic** except the automatic control. Someone must think to pull out the switch plug, just as someone must think to turn off your electric lights.

And the same is true of every electric iron in the world, of whatever name, except only the Hot Point **Automatic**. Where the iron will be used intelligently, the **Standard** will answer every purpose, and there is little fire risk.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING CO.

Main Office and Factory: Ontario, Cal.

Eastern Factory: 63-65 W. Washington St. Chicago, Ill. Send order to nearest point.

Central Station Managers and Dealers

This is but one of the many advertisements we are running. We want to turn orders in your town to you. Order samples at wholesale, subject to 30 days' approval. State number you will be able to use and we will name special quantity price. Give voltage.



You Should Have One

Every electric-lighted home in America should have its **Hot Point Electric Iron**.

It will save the housewife hours of time and a world of worry and discomfort. It will keep the servant satisfied and save her time.

Costs only a few cents to do the weekly ironing. Will last for many years. Rarely gives any trouble and that point is covered by

Our Binding Guarantee

This Guarantee is good until July, 1910. It is printed right on the box. If you have any trouble the Lighting Company or Dealer will make your iron as good as new.

Order a Hot Point Iron.

There is no other electric iron so sturdy and strong, so simple and safe, as our **STANDARD** Model.

There is absolutely no other electric iron, except our **AUTOMATIC** Model, which has an automatic safety attachment.

Therefore when you go to your Lighting Company or Dealer ask to see the **HOT POINT IRON**. If they do not have it, order direct.

We ship you one to any part of the United States at the regular retail price of \$5.00 for a 4, 5 or 6-lb. **STANDARD**, or \$6.00 for a 6-lb. **AUTOMATIC**. We prepay the express charges.

Be sure to give voltage. If uncertain, call up your Lighting Company.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING CO.

Ontario, Cal. Chicago, Ill. (Address nearest office.)

Please send me further particulars about Hot Point Electric Irons.

Send me, charges prepaid, 1 Standard Hot Point Iron, \$5.00
1 Automatic Hot Point Iron, \$6.00

(Draw pencil through the one not wanted)

Enclosed is check in payment of same.

Name.....

Street..... Voltage.....

City..... State.....

I inquired about it of.....

The Springfield Metallic Casket

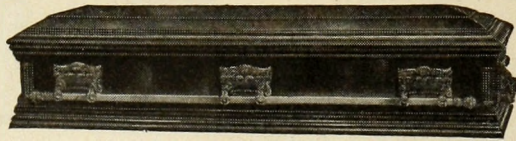
Trade-mark registered. This plate is on the end of every Springfield Metallic Casket

is indestructible. It is made of bronze, of cast metal and of steel.

In former times, only entire nations could protect the bodies of their saints and kings from the horrible violation of the earth. Now the Springfield Metallic Casket is within the reach of all.

"The Final Tribute" tells of the efforts of all peoples, even savages, to protect the bodies of their dead. Write for it.

The Springfield Metallic Casket Co., Springfield, O.



The Springfield Bronze Casket, the most perfect burial receptacle known. U. S. Letters Patent Sept. 13, 1898



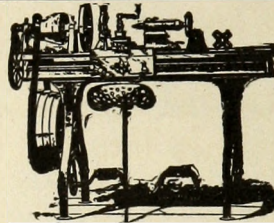
Universal Lawn Shears For Trimming Your Lawn

Don't crawl around on your knees with a pair of sheep shears. Its easier to use the **Universal Lawn Shears**. Operator stands erect, moving the handles cuts the grass in places where mower can't travel. One blade remains stationary permitting its use against Buildings, Trees, Fences, Monuments, etc.; also handy for trimming vines and hedges. Adjustable to any angle without tools. Light in weight, strong, durable and mechanically perfect. Blades oil tempered, will retain cutting edge indefinitely.

9 in. blade \$2, 12 in. blade \$2.50.

Your dealer can supply you or we will ship it prepaid on receipt of price. Write for circular.

SWEET-CLARKE CO.
Jamestown, N. Y.
1521 Steele St.



LATHES

For Electrical and Experimental Works. For Gunsmiths and Tool Makers. For General Machine Shop Work. For Bicycle Repairing.

Send for Lathe Catalogue and Prices.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street, Rockford, Ill.

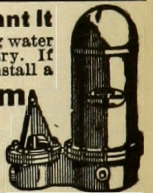
Running Water Where You Want It

Don't be without the convenience of running water in your house because you live in the country. If there's a spring or stream on the ground, install a

Niagara Hydraulic Ram

It will pump water just where you want it. No cost for power or repairs, either. Write for catalogue W and estimate. We furnish Caldwell Tanks and Towers.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
140 Nassau St., New York. Factory, Chester, Pa.



Do Your Dusting With LIQUID VENEER

Because, while polishing beautifully it picks up and completely Carries Away All Dust, Dirt and "Grime" from

Pianos, Furniture and Woodwork

Leaves All Surfaces Looking Like New.

Money Returned If Not Satisfactory.

Sold Everywhere in 25c and 50c Bottles.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Brighten Up



The effect of paint or varnish properly applied to your house and to the things inside and outside of your house will be to brighten up your home wonderfully, provided you use the right paint or varnish.

"Brighten Up" is the name of a line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes intended especially for the use of home-makers.

Go to the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town, tell him what you wish to do, and he will suggest the right Brighten Up finish for your purpose, or write to us and we will send you the Brighten Up booklet, telling all about the different kinds of paints and varnishes in this line.



THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD

Address all inquiries to 603 Canal Road, N.W., Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal

London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen Street, E. C.



Get "Improved," no tacks required

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label for your protection.

THE BEST LIGHT

ABSOLUTELY safe
—Is very brilliant,
powerful and steady.
—One burner gives
more light than six
16-candle power elec-
tric light bulbs—more
economical than kero-
sene. Each lamp is a
miniature light works.



FULLY GUARANTEED.
OVER 200 STYLES.
Agents wanted.
Catalogue Free.
Write to-day.

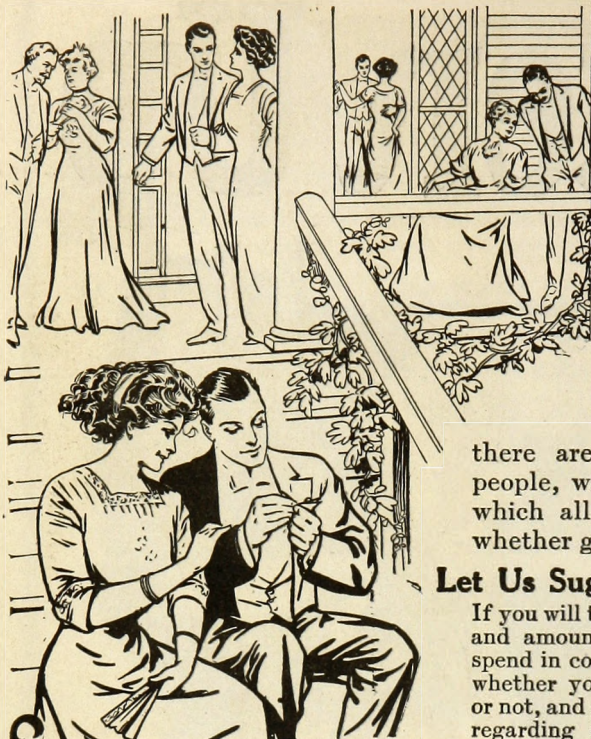
THE
BEST LIGHT CO.
829 E. 5th St.
Canton, O.



CONCRETE HOUSES

Cost Less Than Wood. More
handsome than Brick. Durable as
granite. A Pettyjohn \$35.00 concrete
block machine, sand, gravel and cement
are all that is needed. Simple, easy
and quick. We furnish full instruc-
tions. Save money for yourself or
make money by selling blocks. Write
for catalog and suggestions.

THE PETTYJOHN CO., 667 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.



The Evenings at Any Summer Resort

And the character of the social life there are very important in their influence upon your holiday. At the

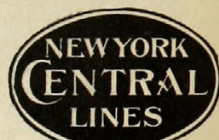
Thousand Islands Adirondack Mountains New England Seashore

there are high-class hotels frequented by refined people, with evening dances, parties and concerts, at which all visitors of refinement in the settlement—whether guests of the hotel or not—are made welcome.

Let Us Suggest a Vacation Trip

If you will tell us the number in your party, the length of time and amount of money you desire to spend in connection with your holiday, whether you want continuous traveling or not, and give some idea of your taste regarding surroundings, amusements, etc., we will propose one or two trips

for your consideration, with complete information. Address New York Central Lines Travel Bureau, Room 367 Grand Central Station, New York, or Room 569 La Salle Street Station, Chicago.



"America's Greatest
Railway System"



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

In each pound there are three to four hundred pipe fulls—it costs \$2.00 per pound—three quarters of a cent a pipe.

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly, ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

Send **10 CENTS** for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known

THE SURBRUG COMPANY
132 Reade Street, New York

See Four-inch Letters Half Mile Away

At a half-mile distance, through the ordinary field-glass, not one man in twenty could make out letters four inches high. Yet with the Perplex Prism Binocular, those same letters loom up so distinctly and clearly that any one could read them at even greater distance.

PERPLEX

Prism Binocular

"The Masterpiece of Optical Mechanism"

With the Perplex, the field of view at one mile is 607 feet in diameter and it is as brightly lighted from edge to edge as the center of the field of an old style field-glass. The prisms in the Perplex can be removed and cleaned by *any one, anywhere*. Sold by Opticians, Jewelers, Marine Supply and Sporting Goods dealers. If your dealer will not supply, we will sell direct and guarantee satisfaction.

Catalogue Sent Free

It fully explains this great glass and gives prices.

American Thermo-Ware Co.
Sole Amer. Distributors
21 Warren Street
New York



Ralston

Shoes \$4.

satisfy people who formerly bought only the high priced models of the fashionable custom makers.

They find in Ralstons the same style—the correctness of outline—the grace and becomingness.

And besides, a comfort that no other shoes can have, because Ralstons are made over the exclusive Ralston anatomical lasts that duplicate every curve of the foot—top and bottom. They are comfortable from the first and need no “breaking in.”

The model shown here is our **Stock No. 96** Sterling Patent Colt, Tokio Last

Its narrow toe gives a look of trimness to any foot—with comfort.

SEND FOR OUR STYLE BOOK—FREE

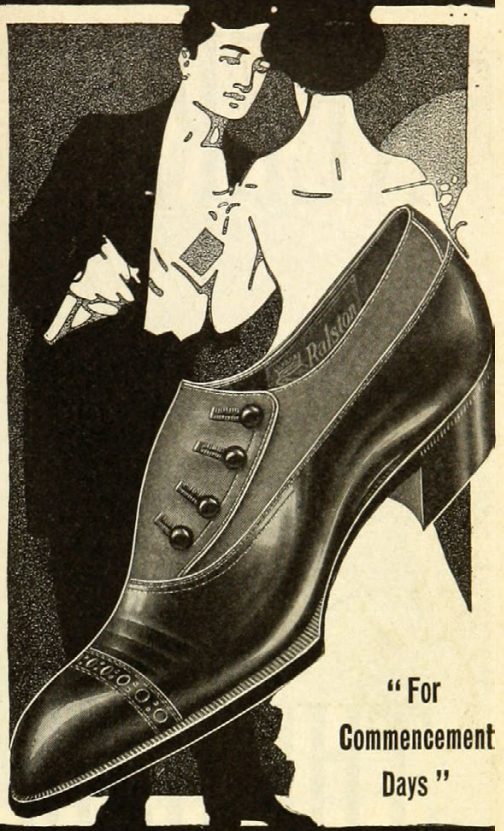
Shows the proper foot dress for men and women for all occasions. Explains why Ralstons wear so well and keep their shape indefinitely.

On request, we will send name of nearest agent, or will mail shoes direct at \$4.00, plus 25 cents for carriage; fit guaranteed or money refunded. Union Made.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS

979 Main St., (Campello)

BROCKTON, MASS.



“For
Commencement
Days”



“In a pinch,
use Allen's
Foot-Ease”

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes and for Dancing Parties. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept any Substitute.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

sent by mail. Address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.

OLD MILL



A high-grade business correspondence paper.

Better quality at less price than you are paying.

BOND

Ask your printer.

Tell us his name and get samples from us.

Cady Paper Co., 314PTacoma Bldg., Chicago

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

DURING THE SUMMER

avoid that red, shiny complexion caused by perspiration. Use Lablache, the great beautifier, and have no fear of exposure to the sun and wind. Pure and harmless.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10c. for sample.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers
Dept. 19, 125 Kingston St.
Boston, Mass.



KEEPING



THE HAIR

To prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove dandruff, allay itching and irritation and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, frequent shampoos with

Cuticura Soap

And occasional dressings with Cuticura are usually effective when all other methods fail. Special and full directions accompany each package of Cuticura. In the preventive and curative treatment of eczemas, rashes, itchings and chafings, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing of ulcerated and inflamed mucous surfaces and all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, these pure, sweet and gentle emollients are indispensable.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Z. P. Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; Russia, Ferrein (Apteka), Moscow; South Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, Natal, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Post-free, 32-page Cuticura book telling how to preserve, purify and beautify the skin and scalp

**CLEAN-UP
to prevent
SUNBURN and TAN**

(D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream
on a hot wet cloth.)

"In Kansas City some years ago, the thermometer stood at 110° F for three days, heat reflecting from pavement and buildings all night. The more I washed my face, the worse it seemed. In desperation, I tried

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
Perfect Cold Cream**

It cooled, soothed and healed my face, and has been used by my whole family ever since. For long drives, motoring and especially for a trip on water, it will prevent sunburn. There is no reason why a summer's exposure should spoil the beauty of a girl's face if she protects it with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream." (Name on request.)

Traveler's tubes 10c. up;
Jars 35c. up at best shops
in America, Europe and
the Orient.

Sample Mailed Free.
Daggett & Ramsdell
Dept. B
D. & R. Bldg., W. 14th St.
NEW YORK

GOULD

**"The Tanks with a Reputation"
TANKS ON BUILDINGS**

should be extra well made, constructed of the most serviceable and durable materials and protected by hoops of guaranteed strength against all possibility of collapse or leakage.

**THE CALDWELL CYPRESS
TANKS**

embody every element necessary to the best and most durable tank that can be built. The quality of the lumber, the weight and strength of the hoops and the perfect workmanship that goes into every tank explains their high renown.

THE CALDWELL STEEL TOWERS

are constructed on the most conservative engineering principles and have the stability and weight of the heaviest Bridge Construction.

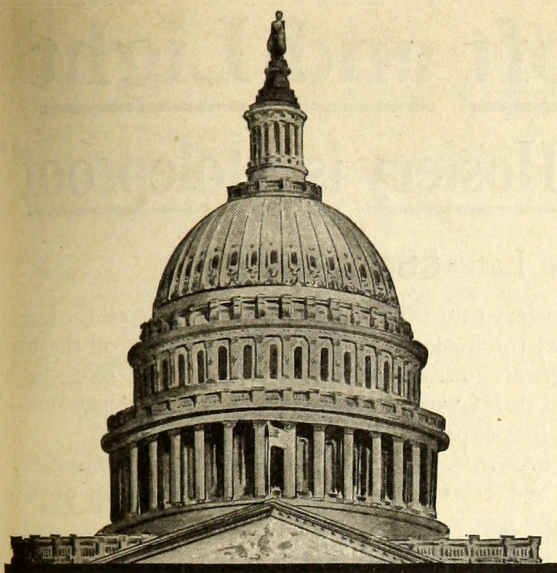
We make a specialty of designing tanks and structures for special conditions and our experience is often of aid to architects in planning for such tanks.

We erect anywhere—everywhere. 25 years' experience.

We also construct Steel Tanks. Send for illustrated catalogue P and 64-page embossed View Book.

W. E. CALDWELL CO., Louisville, Ky.

**TANKS—Steel, Wood, Galvanized—TOWERS
WIND MILLS PUMPS GAS ENGINES**



The Capitol at Washington
is painted with paint containing

OXIDE OF ZINC

The Oxide of Zinc was introduced to
make the paint more durable and beautiful.

No other white paint material meets
these two requirements, and, incidentally,
no other is so economical.

When you select house-paint, ask the
dealer or the painter:

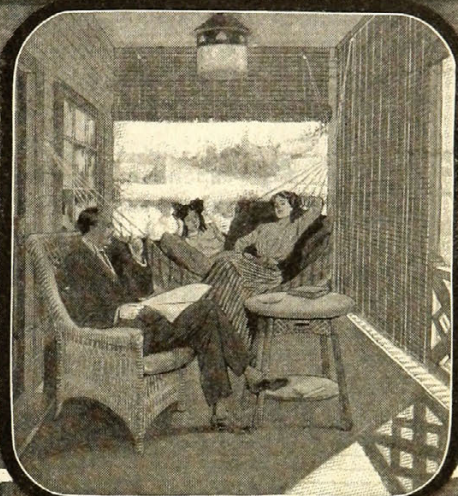
**Does your paint
contain Oxide of Zinc?**

Oxide of Zinc is unalterable even
under the blow-pipe

The New Jersey Zinc Co.
National City Bank Building
55 Wall Street, New York

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil. A list of manufacturers
of Oxide of Zinc paints mailed on request.

Vudor Porch Shades



Any Porch Is Made Cool, Shady and Secluded

by the use of Vudor Porch Shades. They
make the porch a comfortable outdoor
living room at all times. They keep out
the sun and glare, but let in the breeze
and sufficient light for reading, sewing or
games. They can be seen through from
the inside, but not from the outside.

Vudor Porch Shades

are substantially made of wide linden
wood slats bound together with strong
seine twine; and they last for years. They
are stained in artistic weather-proof
colors, green or brown, and come in
various widths.

Do not confuse Vudor Porch Shades
with the flimsy bamboo or imported
screens, but ask for Vudor Porch Shades,
and look for the Vudor aluminum name
plate which is always on the genuine.

Booklet Free

Write for our booklet illustrating in
colors and fully describing Vudor Porch
Shades and Vudor Re-enforced Ham-
mocks. With the booklet we will send
name of our dealer in your town.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
241 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

The Soft and Light Guaranteed Hosiery is "Holeproof"

In All the Latest Summer Colors

If you want guaranteed hosiery that is soft, light and stylish in all the latest summer colors, you must get the hosiery stamped "Holeproof" on the toe. "Holeproof" is the *original* guaranteed hosiery, 31 years have been spent in perfecting it. You don't want hosiery heavy and cumbersome—made by an amateur with less experience.

No amateur maker can ever make hose half so good as "Holeproof."

We use Egyptian and Sea Island cotton at an average cost of 63c per pound.

Yet, yarn is sold for as low as 35c per pound.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We use a special process of knitting. Our yarn is 3-ply in the body and doubled to 6-ply in heel and toe. We spend \$30,000 a year simply for inspection.

The result is a hosiery so much better than others that we must now make 18,000 pairs a day to supply the demand.

It is this enormous production that allows us to sell the best hose on the market at the price of the ordinary. When the best costs no more than the common you may as well have the best.

It is not enough just to get "guaranteed" hosiery. If you want hose that are soft and attractive, you must insist on "Holeproof."

25c a Pair

6 Pairs—Guaranteed 6 Months—\$1.50

Up to \$3.00

This guarantee comes in each box of six pairs of men's, women's and children's hose:

"If any or all of these hose come to holes, rip or tear—or need darning within six months from the day you buy them—we will replace them free."

Are Your Hose Insured?

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We will tell you the dealers' names on request or will ship direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.

311 Fourth St. Milwaukee, Wis.



Heels and Toes doubly reinforced with the finest and softest pliable yarn.

Holeproof Sox

—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, \$2.00. Made entirely of Sea Island cotton.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, \$3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

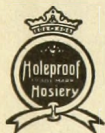
Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, \$3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre - Stockings—6 pairs, \$3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$3.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$3.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.



Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906.

A One-Piece Roof

The same space covered with a single roll of Ruberoid roofing would require at least **600 shingles**. 600 separate pieces of wood, each inclined to warp a different way.

1,800 **exposed edges**—1,800 chances for leaks.

Yet a roof of Ruberoid, whether it requires one roll, or 100, is practically a one-piece roof.

For with each roll comes our exclusive product, Ruberine cement, with which the seams and edges are cemented together—sealed against warping—sealed against the weather.

A Ruberoid roof is heat proof, cold proof, rain proof. It resists acids, gases and fumes.

Ruberoid is Fire-Resisting

And it is so nearly fireproof that you can throw burning coals on it without danger of setting fire either to the Ruberoid, or to the timbers underneath.

Ruberoid roofing is so simple to apply that you can lay it yourself; or you can have it laid without using skilled labor.

For the service it gives it is the cheapest of all roofings—whether used on home, barn, outbuilding, factory, warehouse, store.

The first large Ruberoid roof ever laid—a foundry roof put

on in 1892—is still weather tight, still flexible, after seventeen solid years of service.

But do not confuse Ruberoid with other ready roofings. Ruberoid was the first ready roofing by several years.

Beware These Substitutes

Today there are 300 substitutes. They have names which **sound** like Ruberoid. **Before they are laid**, most of these substitutes **look** like Ruberoid.

But there the resemblance ends. For in Ruberoid, and Ruberoid alone, is used the exclusive processed Ruberoid gum. This wonderful flexible gum is the vital element which no other maker can copy.

Another Ruberoid feature is that it comes in colors—attractive Red, Brown, Green—suitable for the finest home. These colors do not wear off or fade—they are a **part** of the roofing, itself.

Before you decide on **any** roofing, for **any** purpose, learn about **all** kinds of roofings.

Simply ask for our free book which tells the results of twenty years of tests with shingles, iron, tin, tar and ready roofings.

It is a gold mine of roofing knowledge, and will be sent free to all who address Dept. 12B, The Standard Paint Company, 100 William St., New York.

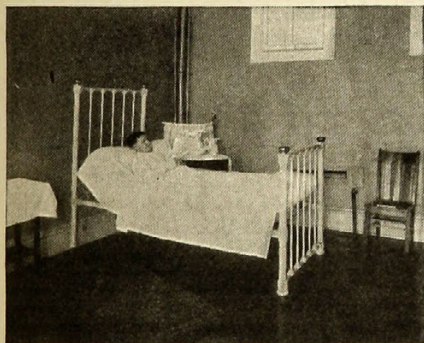
RUBEROID

(TRADEMARK REGISTERED)

Be sure to look for this registered trademark which is stamped every four feet on the **under** side of all genuine Ruberoid. This is your protection against substitutes which many dealers brazenly sell as Ruberoid. Ruberoid is usually sold by but one dealer in a town. We will tell you the name of your Ruberoid dealer when you send for our free book.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, Bound Brook, N. J.

New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Boston, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Memphis, Denver, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Paris, Hamburg



YOU can be comfortable sitting up in bed.

Our appliance lifts the head of the mattress to any angle; no pile of pillows to slip out of place; smooth and comfortable as the bed when flat. Easily and quickly adjusted; a small child can raise the head and shoulders of an adult.

For reading in bed.

For eating in bed.

For convalescence.

For Asthma sufferers.

For Hay Fever victims.

A comfort to the well; a necessity for the sick; salvation for those whose breathing is difficult. For metal beds only.

The Levinger Mfg. Co.

Room 584, 280 Dearborn St.

Chicago

SIMPLEX QUALITY



The Simplex Electric Flatiron

Never fails—always ready—even—reliable heat—guaranteed.

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Monadnock Bldg., Chicago

Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.



"Sampeck" Clothes

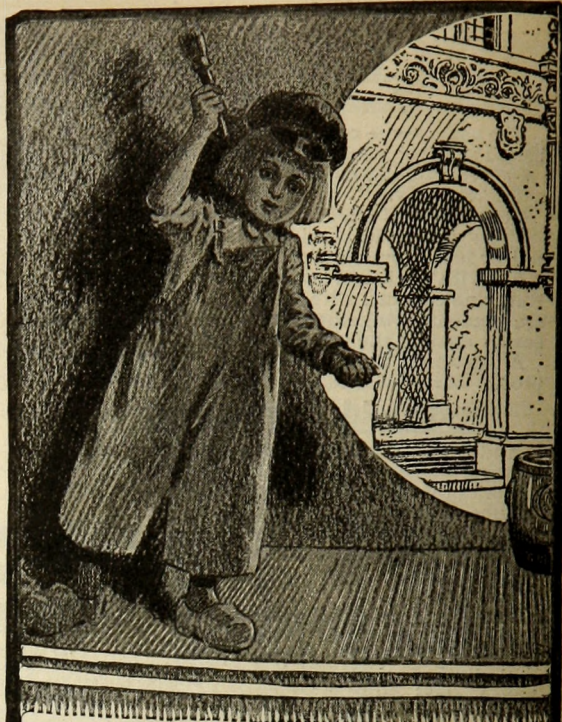
for
Young Men

ETCH THE NAME, "Sampeck"
INTO YOUR MEMORY.
It means clothes for Young men with
the *Fifth Avenue* drape and poise.

"Sampeck" Clothes are conceived and created in
our own tailoring studios, which pledges their *style-
correctness*. Thirty-three years' experience and the
best-drilled tailoring organization in America vouch
for the *fabrics* and *finish*.

Demand the brand, "Sampeck" of your clothes-
shop. Our label is in every garment. The fascina-
ting "COLLEGE ALMANAC" "E" of Dress and
Sports sent *free* for a postal.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
NEW YORK



Paint Talks—No. 5

Painting Cement and Concrete

Cement and concrete are bidding for popular
favor as building materials. The only bar to their
immediate favor is their liability to discolor and
streak.

Paint is their only salvation. But paint—even
the best—so often softens and becomes sticky,
bleaches or scales off cement. What's to be done?

The whole trouble lies in the moisture and
alkali in the cement. Let it stand a year or
eighteen months and there is no trouble. To
artificially age it, two methods are effective:
(1) Wash the surface with zinc sulphate dissolved
in water. (2) Wash it with carbonic acid water.

When dry, paint with pure white lead and lin-
seed oil, according to specifications which we will
send on application.

Do not use sulphuric or muriatic acids as a
wash before painting, and do not try to get along
with a substitute for linseed oil. Kill the alkali as
directed and use nothing but pure white lead and
linseed oil paint.

Write for Houseowner's Painting Outfit "D"
Contains specifications for all kinds of painting,
color schemes, etc.

Buy of your local dealer if possible. If he
hasn't it, do not accept something else, but write
our nearest office.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the
following cities:

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cin-
cinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, St.
Louis, (John T. Lewis & Bros.
Company, Philadelphia), National
Lead and Oil Company, Pittsburgh)



MOTT'S PLUMBING



BATHROOM "KNICKERBOCKER"

HOW can I most efficiently equip my bathroom? Which are the latest designs? Shall I use Porcelain or Porcelain Enameled Iron—or both? What will it cost? Our free booklet, "MODERN PLUMBING," shows 24 model interiors like the "Knickerbocker" illustrated above and gives detailed description and price of each fixture and fitting shown. In addition, there are schemes for tiling and suggestions of value to every home-owner.

"MODERN PLUMBING" will be sent on receipt of 4c. to cover postage.

THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS

1828 *EIGHTY YEARS OF SUPREMACY* 1909

FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTEENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

BRANCHES

Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit,
Minneapolis, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans,
San Francisco, San Antonio, Atlanta, Seattle and
Indianapolis. CANADA: 83 Bleury St., Montreal

If you wear thin stockings

you need Togards to keep the toes from kicking through.

Togards

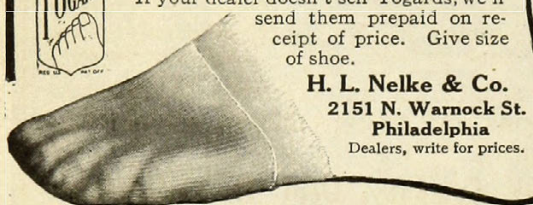
are worn over the bare foot. They are smooth, snug-fitting and elastic; take up little space, are perfectly comfortable, absorb perspiration, keep stockings and shoe linings dry, protect tender feet and make walking easier. Natural color, not dyed, light, cool, sanitary, washable.

Sold only in sealed waxed envelopes, bearing the Togard trade-mark.

10c a pair; 3 pairs 25c; 12 pairs \$1.00.

Sizes for men, women, and children.

If your dealer doesn't sell Togards, we'll send them prepaid on receipt of price. Give size of shoe.



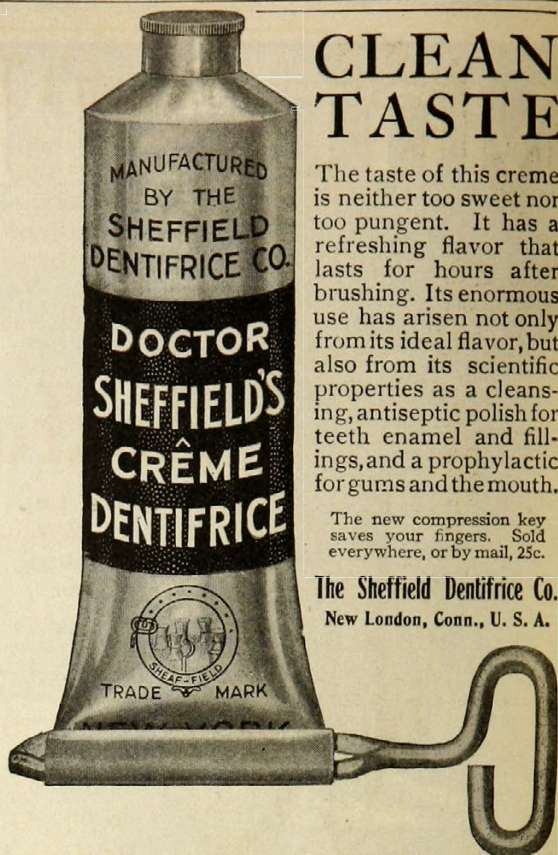
H. L. Nelke & Co.
2151 N. Warnock St.
Philadelphia
Dealers, write for prices.

CLEAN TASTE

The taste of this creme is neither too sweet nor too pungent. It has a refreshing flavor that lasts for hours after brushing. Its enormous use has arisen not only from its ideal flavor, but also from its scientific properties as a cleansing, antiseptic polish for teeth enamel and fillings, and a prophylactic for gums and the mouth.

The new compression key saves your fingers. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25c.

The Sheffield Dentifrice Co.
New London, Conn., U. S. A.



CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM IN CALIFORNIA

"One of the strangest sights in America"—N. Y. American.

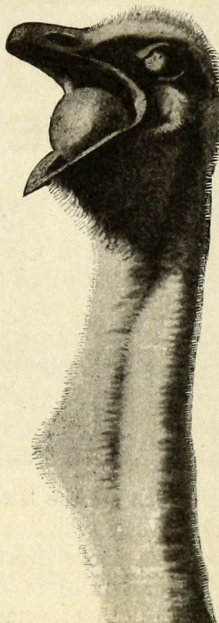
SITUATED in South Pasadena, the Cawston Ostrich Farm is one of the most interesting sights in one of the prettiest spots in California. Here in a semi-tropical park of flowers, palms and trees, are the world famous Cawston Ostriches. For about a quarter of a century the industry of raising these magnificent birds for their feathers, has steadily gone on, until to-day the finest feathers produced in the world are turned out from the Cawston Farm.

The Cawston feathers have received prize medals and ribbons at nearly every exhibition in the world. The feathers are plucked on the farm and are prepared in the factory on the farm. This factory is the largest west of New York.

Send postal for the beautifully illustrated catalogue sent free.

There is no more delightful souvenir of the Golden State of California than one of Cawston's famous ostrich plumes. Direct to you, we pay delivery.

It is interesting to watch these great ostriches swallow oranges whole, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Notice one orange in beak and the other in the neck.



CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM
P. O. Box 23, SOUTH PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Don't Throw it Away Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE **MENDETS** A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bag, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; two million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted.

Collette Mfg. Co., Box 654, Amsterdam, N. Y.



SANITOL
TOOTH & TOILET PREPARATIONS
fifteen in the family, all good
Sanitol Tooth Paste
cleans, polishes, and whitens

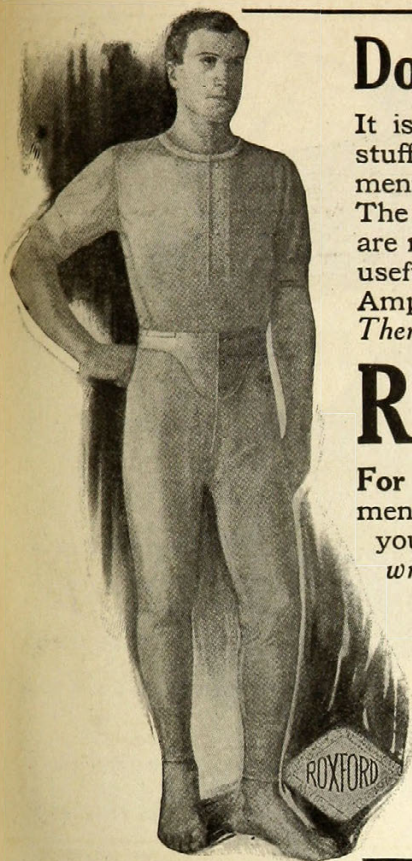
THE TRUNK WITH GUARANTEE

For Vacation Use

The 1909 P & S WARDROBE TRUNKS satisfy every requirement. When open in room, serve as chiffonier and wardrobe, occupying one-half usual trunk space. Screen contents completely from dust and observation; carry clothes without wrinkling or musing when travelling; easy to pack and unpack; contents always accessible. Handsome catalogue on request, with name of nearest dealer.

The J. F. PARKHURST & SON CO.,
281 Main Street, Bangor, Maine.

THE TRUNK WITH GUARANTEE



Doesn't This Look Comfortable?

It is. The satisfactory old-fashioned balbriggan knitted stuff is *now* made into the new-fashioned easy undergarments—short sleeves, knee length, coat-shirt and all. The “feminized” undergarments of muslin and nainsook are not in the same class for comfort, wear and general usefulness. Your ROXFORD size will fit you to a dot. Ample and easy in crotch and seat. Non-shrinking. *There is a little book on*

Roxford Underwear

For Men and Boys. It tells about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It is well worth writing for.*

Long sleeve shirts
Short sleeve shirts
Sleeveless shirts (no buttons)
Bachelor shirts (no buttons)
Coat-shirts (short or long sleeves)

Ribbed and flat union suits
Ankle length drawers
Knee length drawers
Short stout drawers
Long slim drawers

Any style, any weight, for any climate. Send your name for the **Book** and please yourself. 50c., 75c., \$1.00 per garment.

Roxford Knitting Company, Dept. H, Philadelphia

Trust
the
Truss

IVER JOHNSON TRUSS BRIDGE BICYCLE

Today, there are a score or more different makes of bicycles.

Yet the Iver Johnson is in a class by itself.

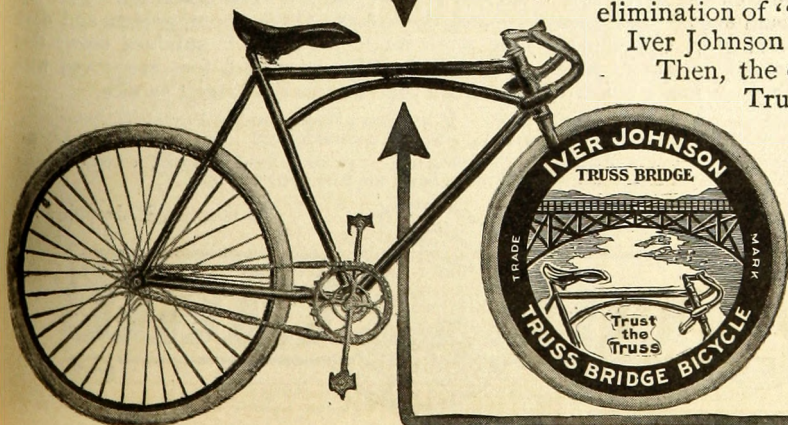
The others are all about alike except in name plates. One of the distinctive features of the Iver Johnson is the Truss Bridge—the same principle employed in bridge construction. This holds the frame absolutely rigid—all parts in perfect alignment. This elimination of “give” and “play” makes the Iver Johnson wonderfully easy-running.

Then, the extra strength given by the Truss Bridge adds immensely to the safety. Think what that means to you.

SEND FOR CATALOG

giving illustrations and descriptions of all models and name of your dealer.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
136 River Street, Fitchburg Mass.
Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers (“Hammer the Hammer”) and Single Barrel Shotguns.





Do You Buy Guaranteed Socks?

If so, you pay \$3 for only six pairs of "lustre" or mercerized socks, the usual price of 12 pairs. You wear them out; go back for the other six pairs (if you think of it) and wear *them* out. No *third* lot. You have paid full price for a dozen ordinary socks, been bothered with tickets and made several trips and a complaint to get them. **NOW LISTEN!**

Here's A Guarantee That Beats Them All

For \$3 we will sell you two boxes (12 pairs) of beautiful mercerized "Iron Clad" No. 398, assorted colors, *guaranteed to outwear any other make of the same weight and texture*. If you wear out the first half dozen you have the other six pairs right at hand without trouble or expense of going after them. If you don't want twelve pairs at one time we will sell you a box of six pairs of one color or assorted for \$1.50.

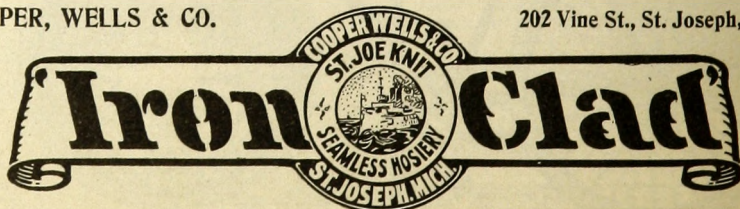
If you could feel the fine texture, soft, silky finish and see the beautiful coloring of these Iron Clads you would wonder how we can sell them so cheap. Pure silk hose could not be more pleasing—and the colors: Olive green, golden and dark tan, pearl grey, Copenhagen blue, wine, mode, black—rich, subdued colors that you can only obtain in high-priced socks. The heels and toes are woven with specially spun *four-ply* Sea Island thread that assures the longest service.

Ask your dealer for Iron Clad 398. If he hasn't them, send us Postal Order for as many boxes as you want, stating size and colors desired. We send prepaid.

Our handsome new catalogue, in eleven colors, gives a vivid idea of the beautiful coloring and finish of Iron Clads. Send for free copy today.

COOPER, WELLS & CO.

202 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.



"Prosknit" Summer Underwear

For Men For Boys

Fit isn't everything—neither is quality—neither is perfect comfort—but these three combined make the perfect warm weather underwear.

You know you're getting it when it bears this label



Ask your dealer for it

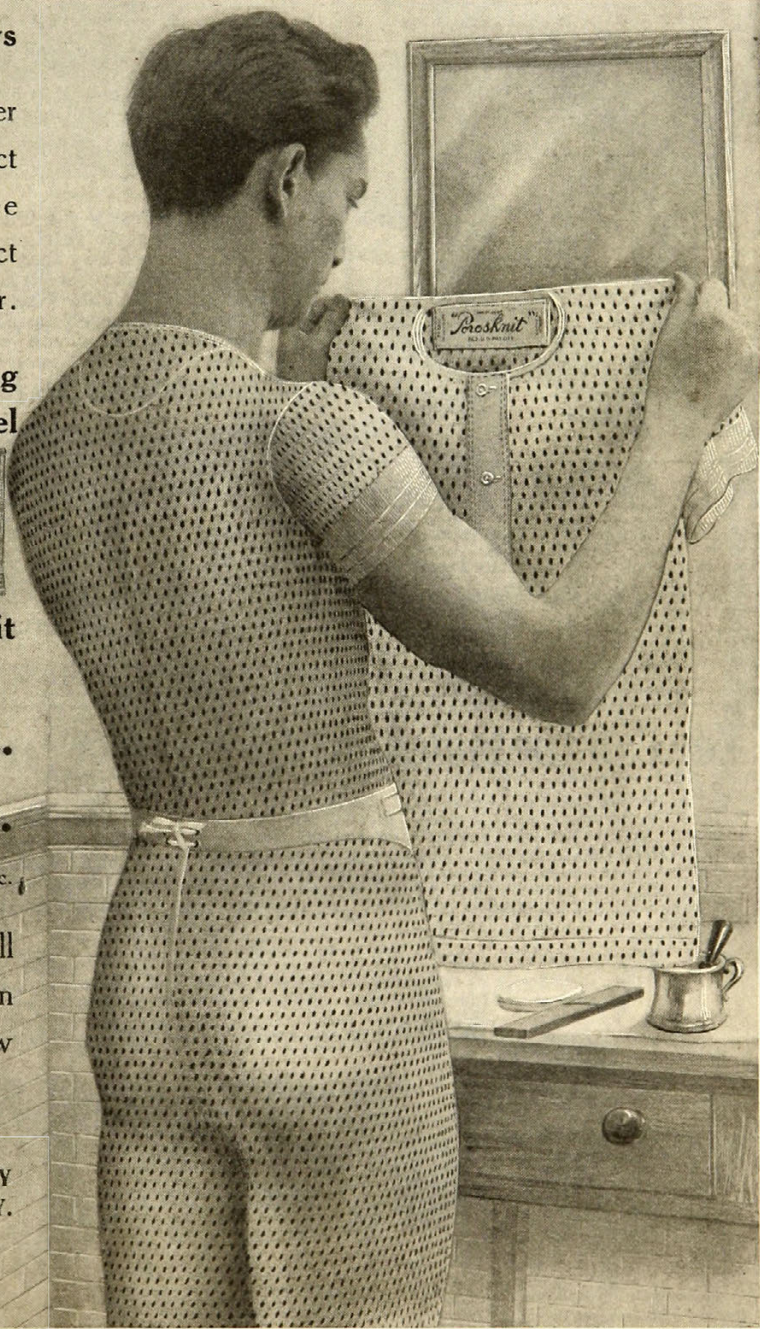
MEN'S Shirts and Drawers, ea. **50c.**

Boys' Shirts and Drawers, ea. **25c.**

Union Suits: Men's \$1.00; Boys' 50c.

Solid summer comfort in all styles and sizes—all shown in our very interesting new booklet. Send for it.

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
12 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

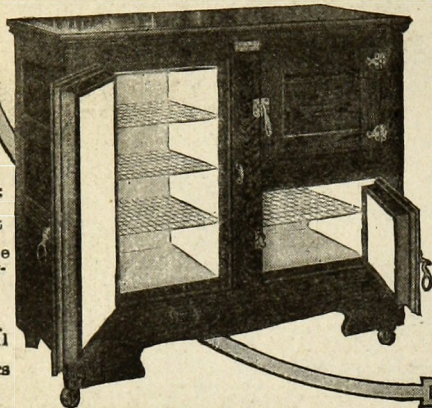


This is a Really SAFE Refrigerator

THE HEALTH of yourself and family is surely worth the price of a strictly sanitary refrigerator.

The Monroe is the *only* solid porcelain refrigerator. The inside is one solid piece—a "china dish" with walls an inch thick. Most other refrigerators have cracks and corners which can never be really cleaned.

The Monroe can be sterilized and rendered *germlessly* clean in *every part* in an *instant* by simply wiping it out with a cloth wrung from hot water. This is not true of most refrigerators—no matter what is claimed by the makers.



NOTE:
You cannot buy a Monroe Refrigerator from any dealer. We sell direct to users only.

This is why The Monroe is installed in the best flats and apartments, and why The Monroe is found today in a large majority of the very best homes in the United States.

And it's why *you* should have The Monroe in *your* home—for the sake of knowing your food is *clean*, and to protect the family's health at the same time. Read our *liberal offer*.

The "Monroe"

Is Sent to You, Anywhere, on 60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Lowest Factory Prices. We Pay the Freight.

Write *today* for The Monroe Catalog. Pick out the size and style refrigerator you wish to try, convince us in your own way that you are entitled to our trust and confidence, and we'll send you a refrigerator at once, all freight prepaid. Use it in your *own home* 60 days and prove to yourself that The Monroe is all we claim. Then decide whether you wish to keep it. Remember, all risk and expense is *ours*. Write today.

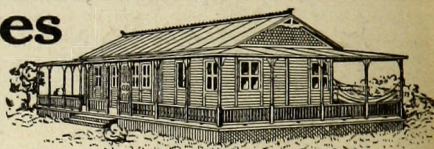
MONROE REFRIGERATOR CO., Station C CINCINNATI, O.

M. & M. Portable Houses

Beautiful Summer and Winter Homes, complete in every detail. Built on the Unit System. Everything fits. Anyone can erect them. Absolutely wind and weather proof. **We pay the freight** and deliver our houses to any R. R. Station in the United States.

Write us, enclosing 4c. postage, for our handsomely illustrated **Book of Plans and Designs No. 7**, showing in full detail our Summer Cottages, Bungalows, Automobile Garages, Photograph Galleries, Children's Play Houses, Hunter's Cabins, etc., etc.

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 610 Main Street, SAGINAW, MICH.
NEW YORK OFFICE: No. 1 Madison Avenue, Room 8102 B.



The Original, Reliable and Largest Manufacturers of Portable Houses in the United States.

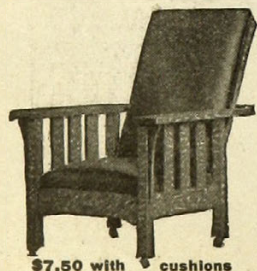
You Can't be fooled on "COME-PACKT" and You Save over Half

You can't be fooled on 'Come-packt' Sectional Furniture for it comes "in the white" and the finished sections are ready to put together. **You see just what you get**—and you get **QUARTER-sawed WHITE OAK** every time. No chance to disguise defects or substitute cheap woods. A few minutes only needed to fasten the sections and apply whatever stain you select—we include it free. It's a pleasure and satisfaction to **KNOW** you have the best obtainable.

You save over one half because we manufacture and ship direct to you at lower prices than dealers pay. Why pay middlemen's profits, store rents, clerks' wages, etc., as well as high freights and costly packing—all add to the **PRICE**, not the value of store furniture. Try our way **ONCE**—that's the proof. "Your money back if you say so."

"It comes in **SECTIONS**, not in pieces" so that it is only an evening's pastime to put together and finish—no tool work needed.

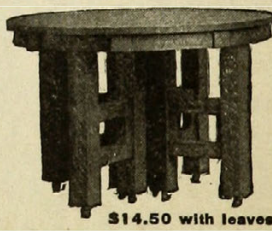
QUARTER sawed WHITE OAK is used throughout—rich in beautiful flake and grain. Your choice of seven finishes. **ONE HUNDRED** other splendid pieces, from \$3 up, all sold under our absolute **GUARANTEE to satisfy YOU** or your money refunded.



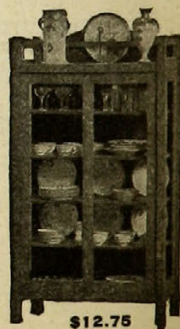
\$7.50 with cushions



\$14.50 with cushions



\$14.50 with leaves



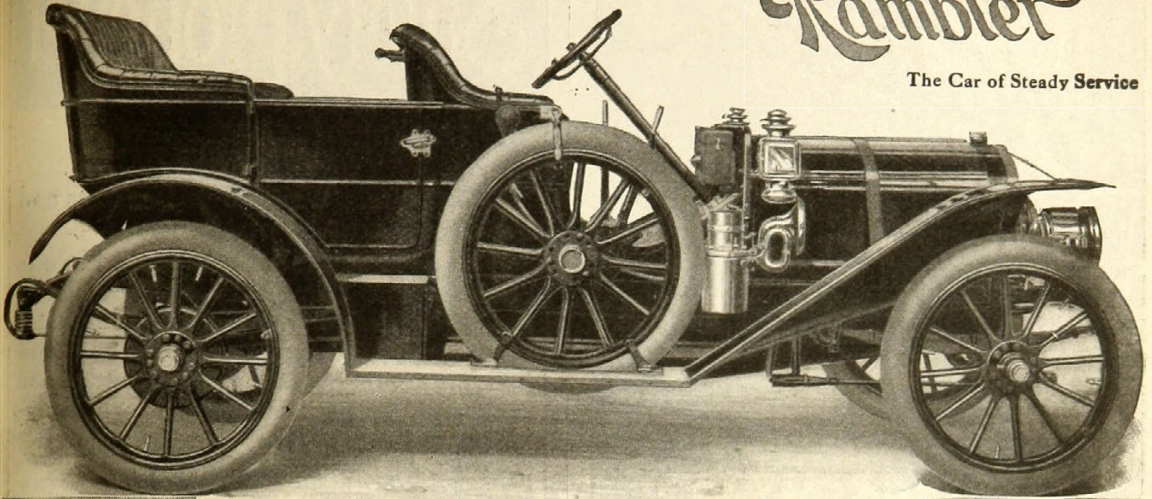
\$12.75

WRITE TODAY for beautiful catalog, free.

EXTENDS 8 FEET
INTERNATIONAL MFG. CO., 605 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Rambler

The Car of Steady Service



Model Forty-four, 34 H. P., \$2,250.

Spare Wheel, with Inflated Tire, Brackets, and Tools, \$74. Magneto, \$150.

Character Coupled with Efficiency

To that purchaser who demands quality without undue elaboration, steady service without sensational performance, and reasonable cost without sacrifice of worth, Rambler Model Forty-four most strongly appeals.

The Offset Crank-Shaft provides for greater power efficiency in hill-climbing and for high-gear work in crowded traffic. The Rambler Spare Wheel obviates all tire worries—saves the task of pumping up the new tire, and can be substituted for the regular wheel within three minutes.

Those big wheels and tires provide comfort in touring, besides saving tire expense.

May we send you the new Rambler catalog or a copy of the Rambler Magazine, a monthly publication for owners? Rambler automobiles, \$1,150 to \$2,500.

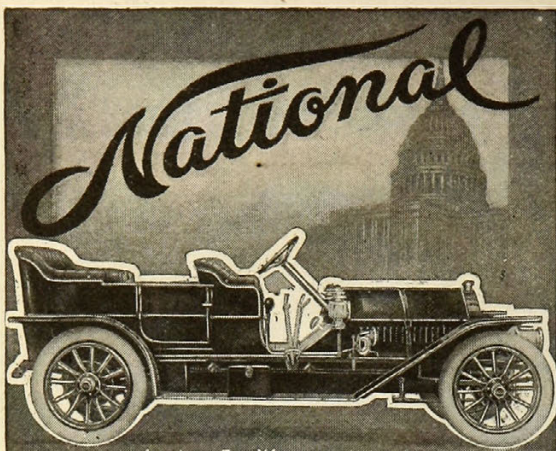
Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches and Distributing Agencies:

Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, New York,
Cleveland, San Francisco.

THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE



Just as Faultless as It Looks

Costly Construction

The improvements on the National from year to year constitute a very good history of motor car development. It has generally been somewhat in advance but its departures have always soon become standard practice with the best manufacturers.

In the introduction of the all-ball-bearing motor, however, only a few of the highest priced cars—all costing much more than the National—have followed it. It is expensive construction, but no expense is spared at any point to make the National the best.

*Four Models—Fours and Sixes—
—from \$2,750 to \$5,000.*

National Motor Vehicle Co.
1012 East 22nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.

ROPER Safety Propeller

**THE GREAT SAFETY DEVICE
FOR MOTOR BOATS**

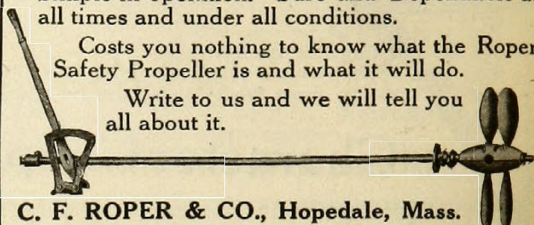
Investigate. Write to us for Facts and Proofs. **Know** before you buy.

If you want the best, there is but one choice. The Roper Safety Propeller is the **only** device that entirely eliminates engine racing and gives absolute and instantaneous control of the motor boat.

The **only** propeller or gear which renders the internal combustion engine as flexible as the steam engine. The **only one lever, one man control**. Safe and efficient in the hands of a woman. Simple in operation. Sure and Dependable at all times and under all conditions.

Costs you nothing to know what the Roper Safety Propeller is and what it will do.

Write to us and we will tell you all about it.



C. F. ROPER & CO., Hopedale, Mass.

SOLAR LAMPS "SHOW THE WAY"

DAYLIGHT BY NIGHT

is assured when your automobile has complete Solar Equipment

SOLAR LAMPS

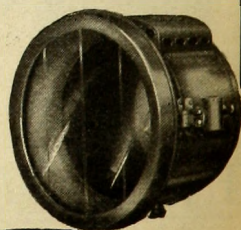
are so far superior to every other lamp on the market, that they are beyond competition. You will find in Solar Lamps more brass—which means quality; fewer parts—which means simplicity; less solder—which means durability; and Special Bausch & Lomb Mirrors—the best mirrors obtainable. From every standpoint Solar Lamps excel.

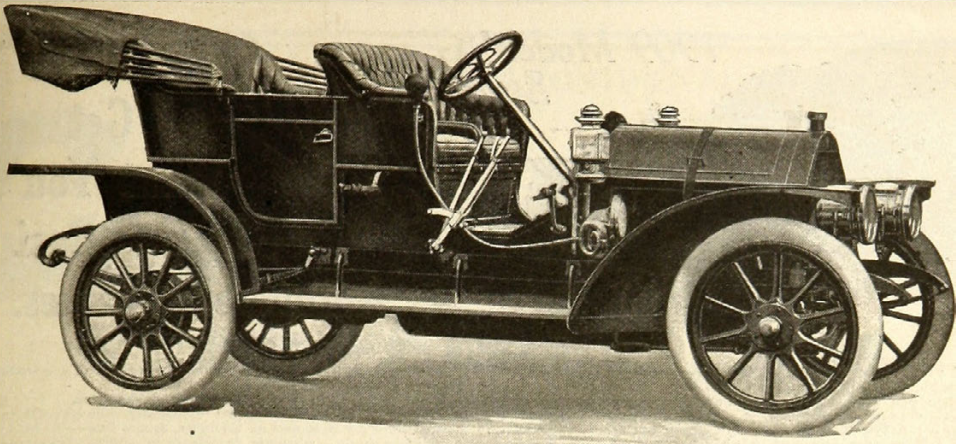
Write for 1909 Catalog

**BADGER BRASS MFG.
COMPANY**

Two Factories

437 Eleventh Ave., N. Y.
Kenosha, Wis.





The Chalmers-Detroit “Cross Country”

This car is the most rational style for anyone desiring greater carrying capacity than the ordinary Roadster, with less weight than the standard Touring Car.

We have brought out a very limited number of the “Cross Country” type quite late in our 1909 season, to meet the demands of buyers who desire special types.

These cars are ideal for cross country work because they are as fast and ready as a Roadster, while at the same time as comfortable as a Touring Car.

In addition they have the virtue of being unique. They are different.

The “Cross Country” cars are built on the well-tried, standard Chalmers-Detroit “Forty” chassis.

No car has given better satisfaction to users than the Chalmers-Detroit “Forty.”

It has proved itself speedy, powerful, durable, and economical in the hands of more than a thousand owners.

The “Cross Country” is dignified and classy in appearance. The body is lux-

uriously upholstered and perfectly finished. The “Cross Country” runs as eagerly as a Roadster, and yet it affords much more comfort to the passengers, particularly to those in the rear seat.

Because the rear seat is set well forward of the rear axle it rides easily. There is a minimum amount of jolting.

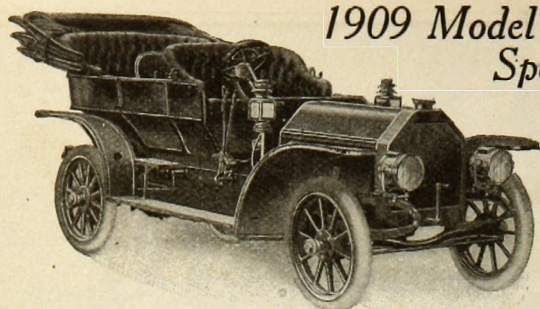
The “Cross Country” also affords more protection from dust than a Roadster or other close-coupled types.

It will carry five passengers comfortably if desired. It has a full sized door on either side, making the tonneau easy to enter and to leave.

The small number of these cars we have built can be delivered promptly while they last. Write for further information or ask the local dealer.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



1909 Model "G"
Special

GLIDE

What You
Get — Not
What You Pay
— is the Basis of
Automobile Values.

WHEN you feel wealthy or charitable, pay \$4,000 or \$5,000 for an automobile no better than the GLIDE.

When you approach the automobile buying problem as you would any other business investment, pay \$2,250 for a GLIDE Roadster or \$2,500 for a GLIDE Touring Car. The only difference in the two transactions will be, that you have a good car and a couple of extra thousand dollars in your pocket.

If it pleases you to make some automobile manufacturer a present of \$2,000 or \$3,000, do so, and change your mind next season. Every GLIDE agent knows that his strongest competition comes from cars which have the same features as the GLIDE Roadster and Touring Car, and which sell at from \$2,000 to \$3,000 more than any GLIDE Model.

The GLIDE is the first car perfect in size, in mechanism, and in action that has ever been offered to the public at a correct price.

Many years of automobile building are back of every GLIDE. Years of fruitful experience that have added to the merits and popularity of GLIDE cars.

The power plant is a 4-cylinder (cast separately) 45 actual H.-P. motor. The crank shaft has 5 bearings, not 2 or 3.

A constant level oiling system, eliminating piping and automatically maintaining the proper level of oil in the crank case at all times.

An improved form of selective type of transmission, located just forward of the rear axle, reducing the angularity of the propeller shaft.

A rear axle with liberal proportioned parts, and of a construction that gives an absolute assurance of perfect work.

A multiple disc clutch with discs of large diameter.

Double set of brakes—internal expanding and external contracting. Brake drums are 16 inches in diameter, 3-inch face—will hold the car on a mountain grade. Absolute confidence in ability to slow down or halt at will is established when GLIDE brake equipment is examined. No brake system on any American or Foreign car has ever before been so comprehensively treated.

One Universal Joint only in GLIDE cars, located between the motor and the transmission. Remember there are not two joints or three joints, or even four, as in other constructions.

Timken Roller Bearings throughout, all gears of the best Alloy Steel.

34 x 4½-in. tires all around—Wheel base 120 inches. Remember, tires are all alike, not 34x4-in. in front and 34x4½-in. in the rear, thus obviating the ridiculous necessity of carrying two sizes of spare casings and tubes.

The GLIDE is not an assembled car. It is built in our own shops, the motor excepted.

There is no more graceful car made. Its appearance suggests strength, reliability, and that quiet, purposeful performance which gives it the name—GLIDE.

If you are seeking a standard car of the best type, and at a price that is right, our catalog, containing much detailed information, will be of considerable interest to you. Write us to-day.

Glide Roadster Model "R"—same chassis—wheel base 106 inches—36x4-in. tires all around, with either close coupled body seating four or Runabout body seating two—\$2,250

THE BARTHOLOMEW CO. STANDARD MANUFACTURERS, A. M. C. M. A.
607 GLIDE STREET, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

**COLUMBUS
ELECTRIC**

Every automobile
makes 99 short trips
to one tour.

It is true that no electric will serve the purpose of a touring car but is it *rational* to use a big high-powered machine about town when an electric will carry you quickly and cheaper and you can drive yourself?

The Columbus Electric has all the points that appeal to you in a car—noiseless, odorless, smooth running, always ready—but we want to emphasize its *ease of operation*. You have complete control with one lever. There are no foot pedals to confuse you in operating. Simplicity of construction is our greatest achievement. You can learn in fifteen minutes to drive it.

Standard Exide Batteries are our regular equipment.

Write to-day for catalogue showing our 1909 models of four and two passenger Coupés, Stanhopes and other styles. Let us refer you to *users*.



*The town car you
will eventually buy*

Established 1870

THE COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.

376-450 Dublin Ave.

COLUMBUS, O.

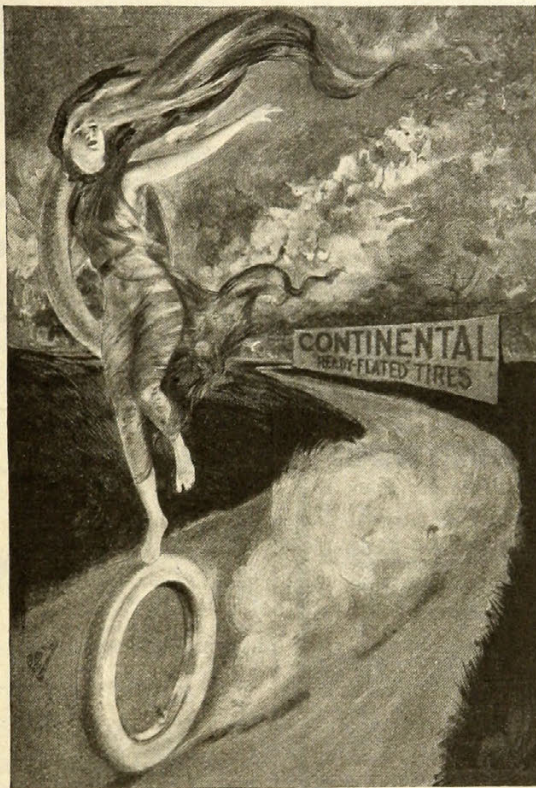
"KEEP YOUR EYE ON CONTINENTALS"

Continental

Ready-Flated Tires

"GOOD TIRES AND GOOD CARS GO TOGETHER"

Carry Your
Tires
Ready Flated
on
Spare Rims
==
Make
Motoring
a
Pleasure
==



Continental
Flat Tread
T. C.
Tires
"America's
Best
Pneumatic"
==
Outwear
All Others
==

The combination of Continental demountable rims fitted with Continental flat tread (T.C.) tires is the equipment automobile owners have longed and waited for. Used by those who have tried and found out by experience their superiority over all others. *We can prove it.*

Use the annexed Coupon when writing for our beautiful brochure entitled "Continental Ready-Flated Tires," and receive full information with price.

CONTINENTAL CAOUTCHOUC CO.

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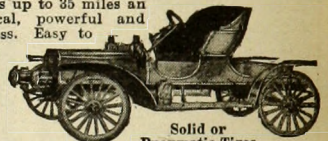
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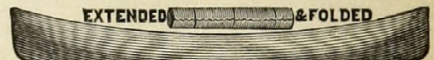
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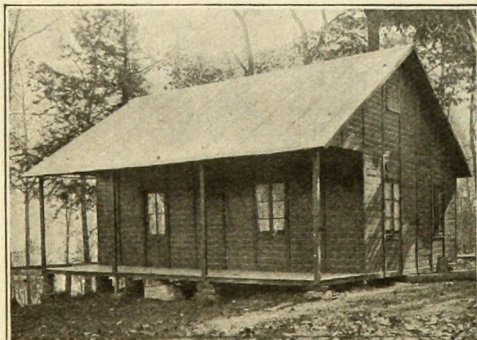
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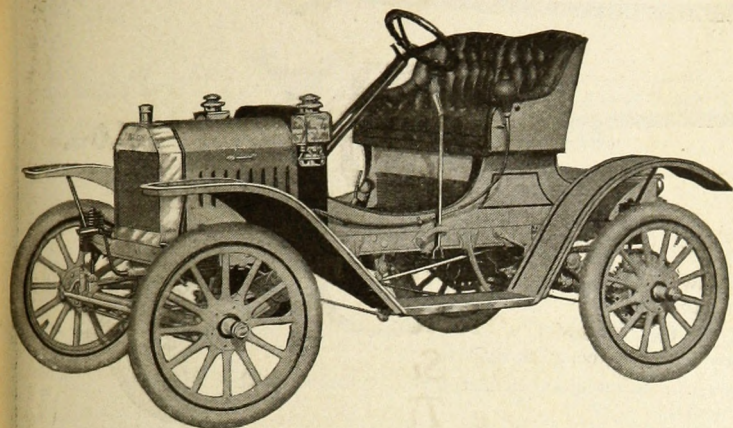
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The BRUSH RUNABOUT



\$550

**completely equipped
as shown in
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No car in the world compares with the Brush Runabout in low cost of maintenance; nor in simplicity, durability, convenience, reliability and ease of riding.

We make these claims knowing our ground absolutely. They are based on facts we have proven during the many years we have been connected with the automobile business, as well as the two years we have been manufacturing and selling the Brush.

You are probably surprised at that statement. You may even say, "Why, I don't believe I ever saw one of your cars!"

Well, we don't doubt it, even though there are almost 2,000 of them in use. When you distribute that number over the United States and eleven foreign countries they can't be very thick in every locality.

But in a few months you will see the Brush everywhere. Watch for the little gray car with the black stripes—and you will always see it deliver the goods.

There is a larger demand for the Brush this year than we can supply, even though we are running our factories twenty-one hours a day. This we know.

We know also that the car is right, so it's only a question of increasing our capacity to meet this demand for a simple, staunch, reliable runabout which will do all that is demanded of it.

Please understand, this isn't a speed car—one of the mile-a-minute kind. It's not an imitation of a big automobile with the complications left in and the strength left out. It's a runabout.

When Brush designed it, he didn't waste a minute trying to copy any of the big cars. His experience had taught him that more is expected of a runabout than of a big car, and that's why he spent over a year on the original designs.

Don't lose sight of the fact that Brush is acknowledged to be the greatest of all small-car designers and that over twenty-thousand automobiles of his design are in use.

Have you noticed what the foreign makers are doing? The manufacturers of such prominent machines as Renault, Clement, De Dion-Bouton and Darracq are building cars similar to the Brush.

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A car that will carry two passengers and baggage over any roads (up Pike's Peak if you want to go)—a car which is easily operated—one you can maintain for less than half what it costs to keep a horse and two-passenger vehicle.

If it were possible we would like nothing better than the opportunity to take you through our factories and show you how the Brush is made. This with a chance to demonstrate the performance of the car, would settle the question to our mutual satisfaction.

Since this isn't possible, we want to send you the name of our nearest dealer, with descriptive literature containing illustrations and specifications; also a little story about how the car has won endurance and hill-climbing contests which no car at anything like the price has even entered, to say nothing about winning.

No matter whether you want a car for business or pleasure or both, you will always find the Brush on the job. Its uses are legion. Let us show you what it will do for you.

You know we can sell you exactly the same car on solid rubber tires for \$500.

**BRUSH RUNABOUT CO. 632 BALTIMORE AVENUE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

ESTABLISHED 1906

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**Price
\$5.00.**

Here's a Good Revolver for Target Use.

Note the perfect full grip — how it fits the hand naturally, affording greater accuracy in shooting.

Six inch barrel, 22 calibre, rim fire. Graceful in design — perfectly balanced — solid frame, yet light, compact, durable.

The result of over 36 years manufacturing experience — your guarantee of the little details you cannot see. Particularly desirable

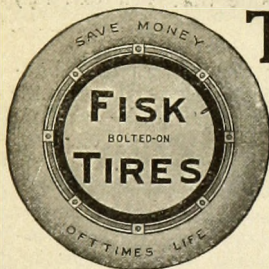
For Both Men and Women.

In fact a revolver that will fulfill every purpose—from pleasure to protection, and the rim fire means economy in ammunition.

Price, as illustrated, 6 inch barrel, Target Grip Stocks, nickel finish, \$5.00. Blued, 50 cents additional. With 2½ inch barrel, regular stocks, nickel finish, \$3.00. Especially desirable as a noise maker with blank cartridges.

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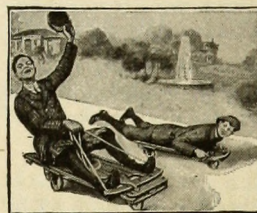
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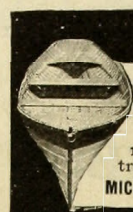


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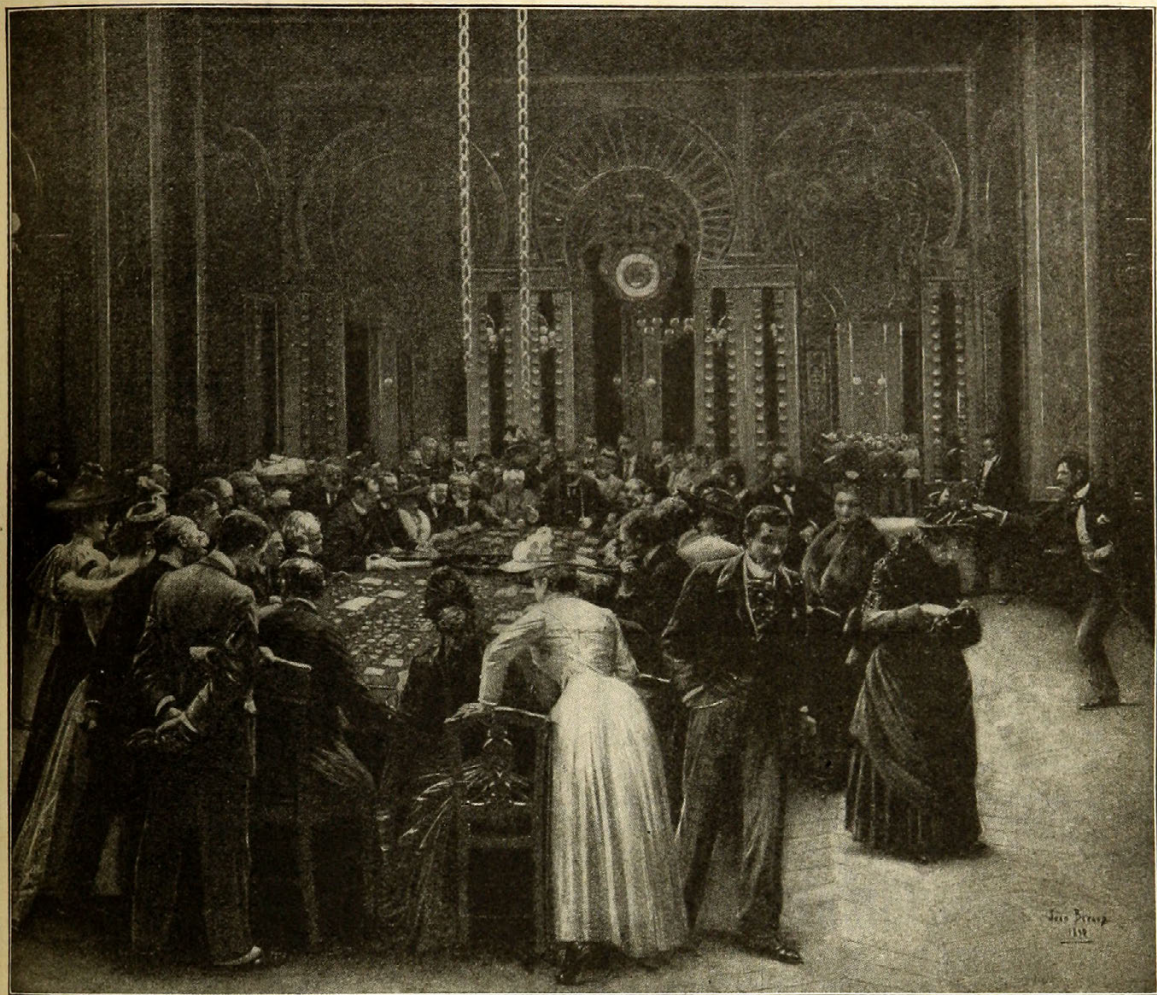


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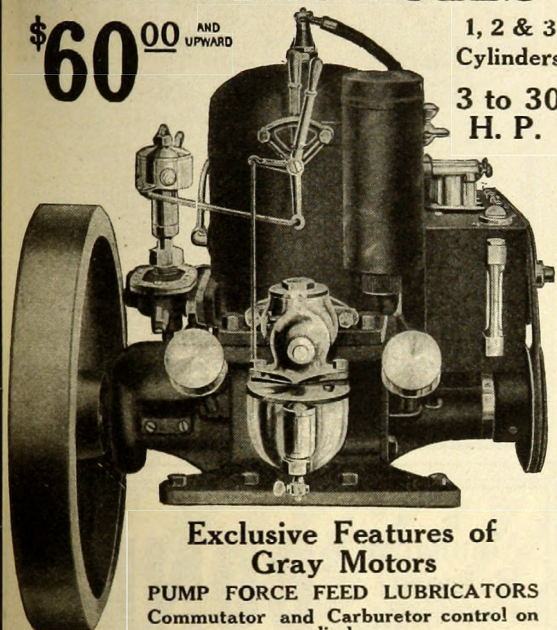
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\$60⁰⁰ AND UPWARD

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Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap
Antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth.
The metal package is convenient for travel or the home—no liquid or powder to spill or waste.
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Keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, and all eruptions. Sent postpaid for 25 cents.

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Municipal Railroad Corporation **BONDS**

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Yielding $3\frac{3}{4}\%$ to $5\frac{1}{2}\%$

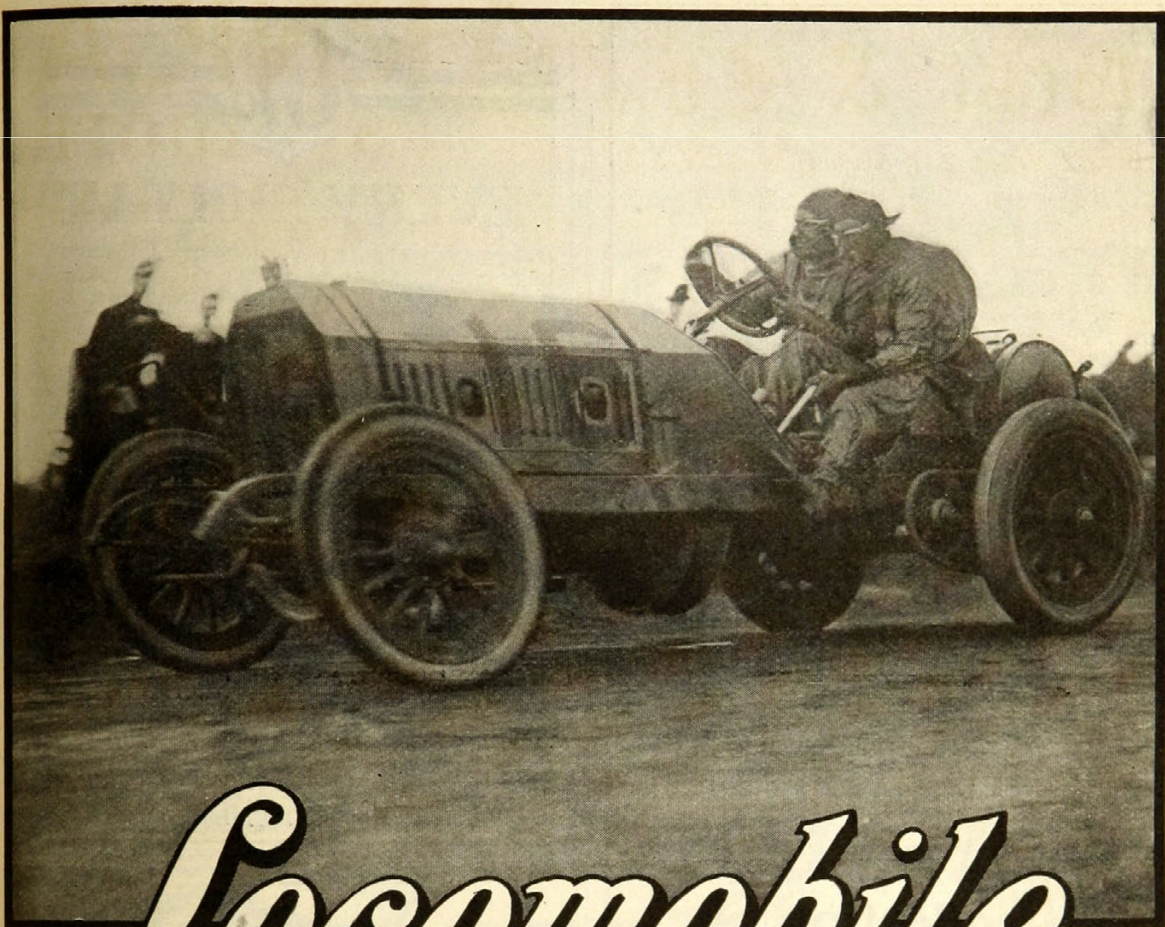
Denominations \$100, \$250, \$500
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The New "30" \$3500.—A five passenger car. The name "LOCOMOBILE" guarantees superiority in design of shaft drive construction • •

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A logical model for those who want high power. • • • •

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—that marvelous creation of the Mettlach potter's genius. (None other has solved the mystery of its manufacture.) Done in colored stone-clay inlays. Individual, quaint, artistic, but not price-prohibitive.

One room should be distinctively Mettlach in its decorative furnishings—the Dining-Room, the Billiard Hall, the owner's Den, all afford wide scope for unusual effects.

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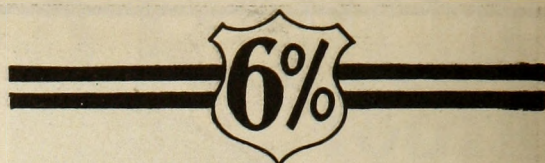
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Climax Wood Mortar on Sackett Plaster Board

—why it is superior to the old style lime mortar—why it is more economical and does not get out of repair.



"Climax Wood Mortar" is one of the "G. R. P. Quality" brands of plaster. It is made of pure Gypsum Rock and a finely cut wood fibre. It is light, dries quickly and is easy to apply.

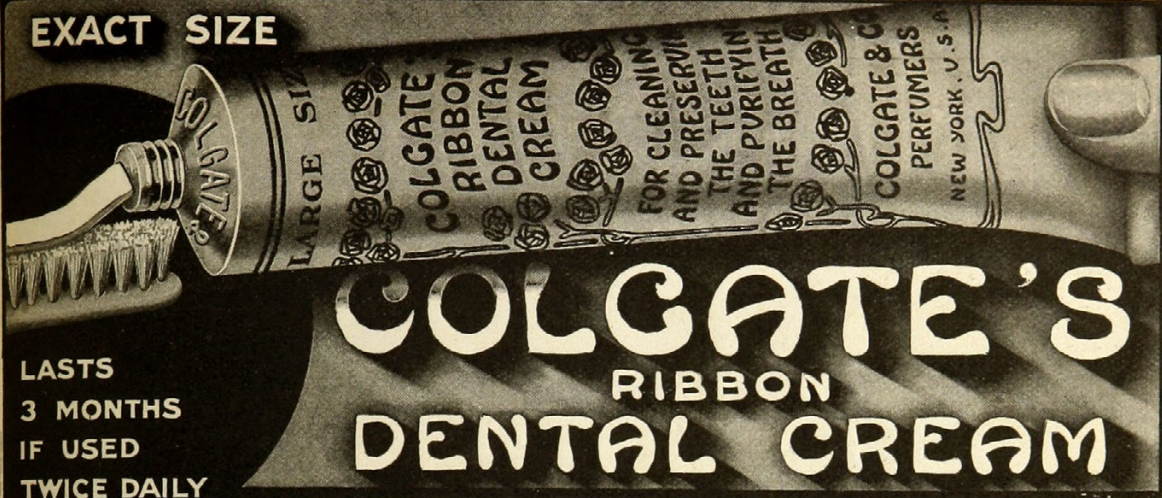
"Sackett Plaster Board" is a composition of alternate layers of felt paper and stucco. It is far better than lath—saves fuel and does away with lath stains—when used in combination with our Climax Wood Mortar offers wonderful fire protection. Ask us about it.

Grand Rapids Plaster Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Climax Wood Mortar Makers of Hercules Wall Plaster
Superior Wood Fibre Plaster Gypsum Wall Plaster
Sales Agents for Sackett Plaster Board.

For sale by all dealers in builder's supplies

EXACT SIZE



COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Fifteen Feet of Cream in this Five Inch Tube
and none wasted because it—

Comes out a Ribbon—Lies Flat on the Brush.

- 3 Points of ECONOMY** { 1. MORE CREAM—almost half as much again as in the average tube.
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DELICIOUS—ANTISEPTIC

Send 4 cents for 42 inches of Cream in trial tube—three weeks supply.

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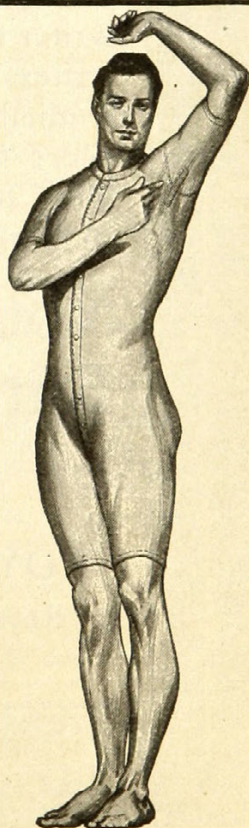
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¶ While good dressers never neglect their underwear, few get the maximum amount of fit, comfort and wear from the money invested. Why? Because the garments they buy are of faulty construction.

¶ Cooper's Spring Needle Knit underwear is more than the most elastic and perfect fitting—it is the most thoroughly made of any and all moderately priced underwear. It is reinforced at points of strain by **silk stays**—the collar is unapproached—the buttons cost twice as much as the ordinary kind. These points of excellence, added to the best fabric on earth, are responsible for its popularity.

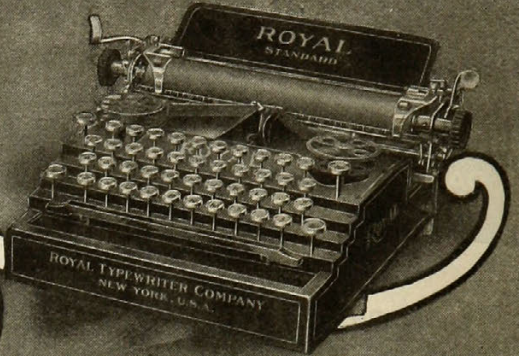
¶ Try a silk lisle suit for spring and summer wear. All sizes. Get the genuine.

COOPER MFG. CO., Bennington, Vermont



ROYAL

\$65⁰⁰



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Designed and built by the master minds of the typewriter world—those who have “grown up” with typewriter making since its inception—those who have studied the whys of every success, the reasons for every failure, and have *profited* by their experience. That is *why* the Royal Typewriter is meeting with such phenomenal success, that is *why*

You can *PAY* more
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The Original Desk-Table

Combined Table and Desk

We only appreciate values by comparison.

The best in a certain line is always the standard.

A piano manufacturer will tell you his piano is "as good as" the Steinway.

And the "Imitation" manufacturer of a so-called Desk-Table will tell you his "surface Imitation" is "as good as" the Cadillac Desk-Table—the original Desk-Table.

Casually his "Imitation" may look like the Cadillac.

But herein is the difference:

His "Imitation" isn't counter-balanced, as is the Cadillac, so that when the desk of the Imitation is extended, the whole thing will tip over (something a Cadillac can't do) and you set your house on fire if you have a lamp on the Imitation.

Then the bearing point of the desk of the Imitation is at, or near the opening. In a short time the strain will pry the table top off.

The bearing point of the extended desk in the Cadillac is broad and way inside. There's no chance of prying any table top off in the Cadillac.

Then the desk in the Imitation will stick when you want to pull it out—

Whereas sticking is impossible in the Cadillac for the independent slide in Cadillac is absolutely sure.

These points of superiority belong to the Cadillac Desk-Table alone.

These are the reasons why "Only the Cadillac's a 'Desk-Table.'"

Write for (free) booklet F.

We make the Cadillac in seventy-five different styles for all purposes. The home, the school, the study, the hotel. We make them in all the best and latest finishes—golden oak, dull or polished, Wax Golden, Early English, Fumed or Weathered.

We show all our different styles in splendid half-tones in our handsome booklet F, which we will send you promptly upon receipt of your name and address and the name and address of your furniture dealer. Send for this handsome booklet F today. We will forward booklet F by return mail. Address

Cadillac "Desk-Table"

The Cadillac Cabinet Co.,

- Detroit, Mich.

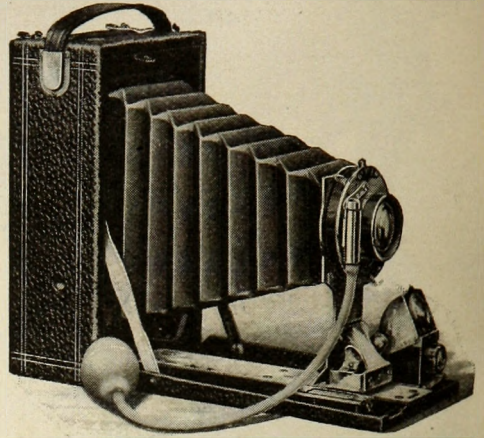
FILM PREMO NO. 1

For light weight; for compactness; for convenience; for splendid results; here's the camera for your Summer pictures.

It's the lightest and most compact of all cameras for pictures of corresponding size—the easiest to load and operate. Open back, drop in Premo Film Pack, close back and the camera is loaded in daylight. To make exposures, pull out successive black paper and press the bulb.

Films may be developed by tray or tank method; one or more may be removed without waiting until the entire twelve are exposed.

Fitted with single valve automatic shutter and excellent Rapid Rectilinear Lens.



Film Premo No. 1 is made in four sizes— $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, \$10.00; 4×5 , \$12.50; $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, \$12.50; 5×7 , \$20.00.

Over fifty styles and sizes of Premos at prices from \$2.00 to \$200.00.

Complete catalogue at the dealer's or mailed free on request.

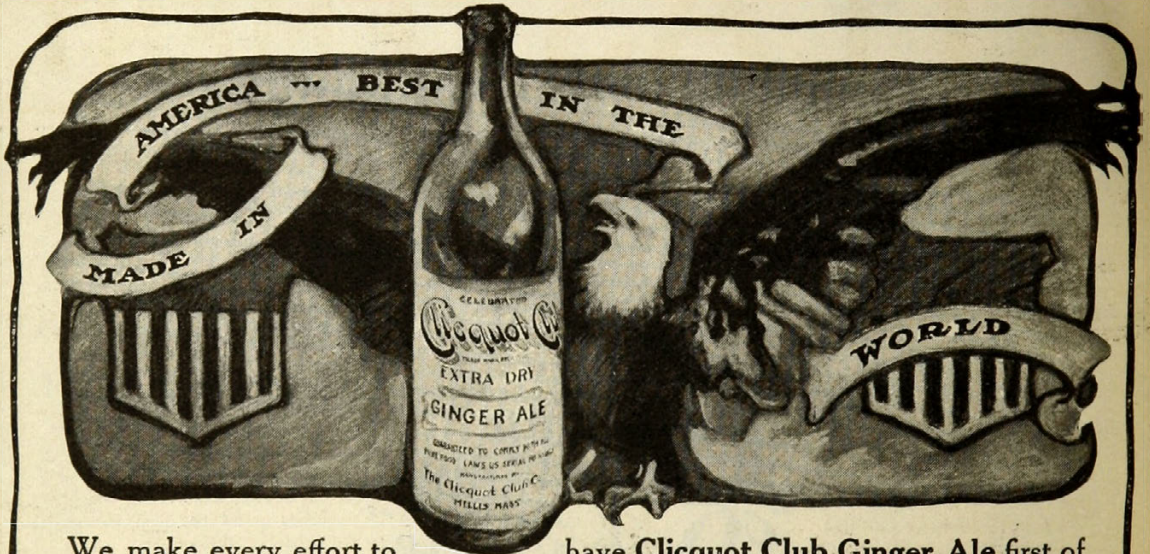
IMPORTANT. In writing, please be sure to specify Premo catalogue.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION

59 South Street

Eastman Kodak Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



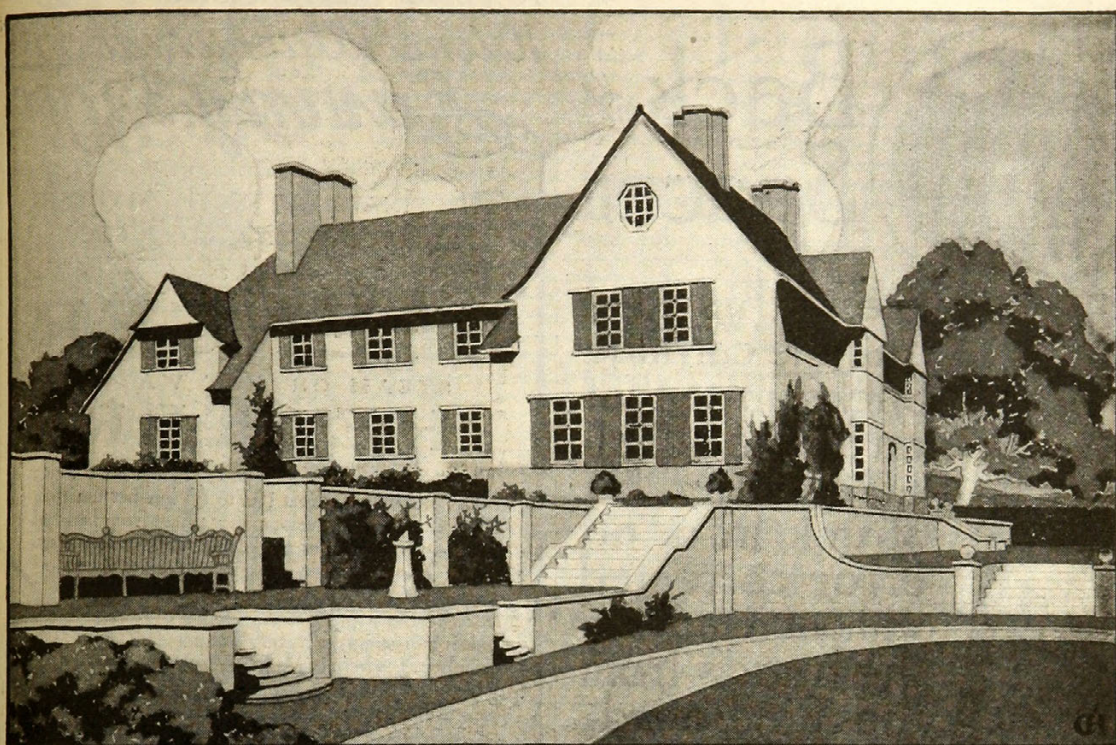
We make every effort to have **Clicquot Club Ginger Ale** first of all pure, then delicious. The result we assure you is a beverage of unsurpassed excellence. Always the same, thoroughly carbonated. We present it in supremely proper "form." Non-astringent, and without preservatives.

We also make

Birch Beer Sarsaparilla Blood Orange Root Beer Lemon Soda

all of "Clicquot" quality

CLICQUOT CLUB CO. . . . **Millis, Mass., U. S. A.**



ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

Atlas Concrete Adapts Itself to Any Style of Architecture

It is the only building material that has no limitations and no disadvantages.

It is economical, durable, sanitary, fire-resisting, damp-proof, warm in winter and cool in summer.

Learn about concrete before you build; get the experience of those who have used it; study plans and costs of houses so built.

Then look into cement, and particularly Atlas Portland Cement.

You will find that this brand is the standard; that its purity and uniform quality make it the best for concrete

purposes. There is but one grade of Atlas—the best—and the same for everybody. Atlas Portland Cement costs no more than other brands. The largest order ever placed for cement was for Atlas, 4,500,000 barrels being purchased by the Government for use in building the Panama Canal. We offer four books for your information:

"Concrete Country Residences"
(delivery charges 25 cents)

"Concrete Cottages" (sent free)

"Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm" (sent free)

"Reinforced" Concrete in Factory Construction" (delivery charges 10 cents)

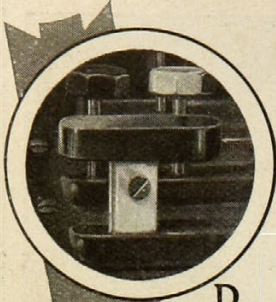


NONE JUSTAS GOOD

If your Dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO., DEPT. 56. 30 BROAD ST., NEW YORK

Largest Output of any Cement Company in the World—Over 40,000 Barrels per Day



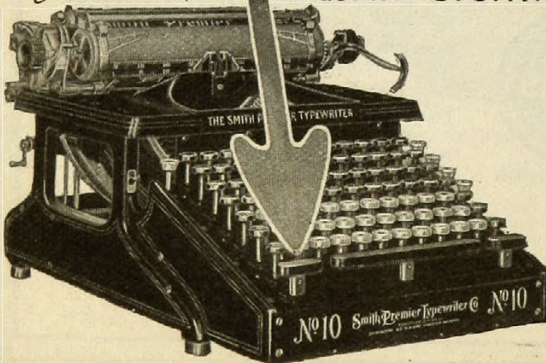
Back Spacer

Press this key and the carriage backs up so that an omitted character may be struck in, or an error corrected without removing the hands from the keyboard. One of the 28 features of the easy - action, light - running

Model 10 Smith Premier Typewriter

A booklet describing all the features sent free on request.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Inc.,
Syracuse, New York, U.S.A.



10 tons Egg Coal \$65⁰⁰
10 tons #1 Buckwheat 35⁰⁰
Saving, \$30⁰⁰

This shows the yearly saving in
an average small residence
with a

SPENCER

STEAM OR HOT WATER HEATER

The "Spencer" is the *only* heater that burns No. 1 Buckwheat Coal (\$2 to \$3 less per ton than other sizes). It develops more heat from less fuel than any other heater made, and requires less attention. The "Spencer" magazine feed (water-jacketed) and automatic regulation render it unnecessary to coal the heater more than once every 24 hours in ordinary weather (twice in severe).

Catalog on request. Please mention your dealer's name.

SPENCER HEATER CO.

800 Commonwealth Bldg., Scranton, Pa.



TORREY STROPS

**This Side Sharpens
a Razor**

If your razor won't clip a hair clean and quick, pass it a few times up and down the canvas side of a
Torrey Strop

Then—

**This Side
Finishes
The Edge**

Just a few more strokes on this soft, pliable, fine grained finishing side, and you're ready to shave with ease.

Torrey Stropps are sold everywhere—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

If not with your dealer, we will send one by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

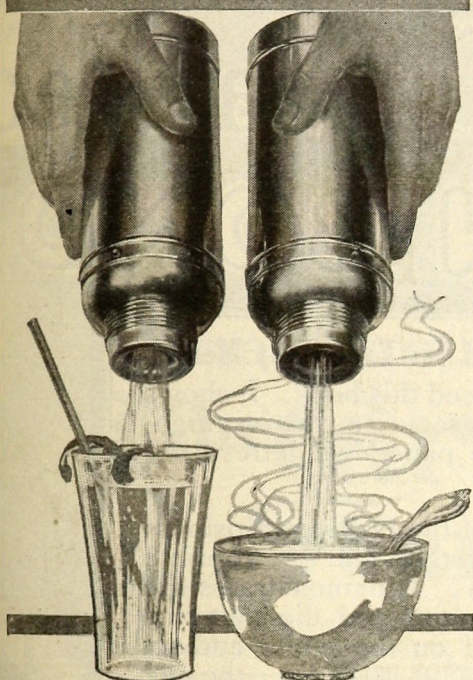
Torrey's **Oil-Edge Dressing** keeps a razor strop soft and pliable 15c at dealers or by mail.

Ask for Torrey Stropps and Razors. Write for free catalog containing valuable information for men who shave.

J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. C
Worcester, Mass.



THERMOS THE BOTTLE



A Freezing-Cold Drink On A Burning-Hot Day

In mid-summer, when the sun's rays beat down with tropical fierceness, and you lack ambition—lack inclination—lack the desire to do anything other than keep out of its range—then, and surely then, you'll thank yourself for having made the comfort-investment of a THERMOS BOTTLE.

The refreshing coldness of the liquid within—the ice-cold liquid that *stays* cold—ice-cold for three days—that's always ready—will stimulate you and add immeasurably to your hot-day comfort. The same bottle in the winter keeps liquids piping hot for 24 hours.

It doesn't matter what you pour into the Thermos—ice-cold milk, lemonade, champagne, coffee, tea, water—it *will stay ice-cold without ice for 72 hours—ready for instant use.*

In the New Model Thermos Bottle, the inner bottle can be easily and cheaply replaced in case of accidental breakage. The Thermos is the only bottle in which this separable-case feature has been patented.

Pints from \$3.00 up. Quarts from \$5.00 up.

If you don't already own a Thermos, get one today. It's guaranteed by 30,000 dealers. Be sure to look for the name "THERMOS" on the bottle. It's your guarantee that the bottle is genuine. The others are merely weak—worthless imitations.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.

1163 Broadway

New York City

Column Finder & Paragrapher

Press the key designating the column or paragraph position you desire to reach, and the carriage immediately moves to that position without shock or jar.

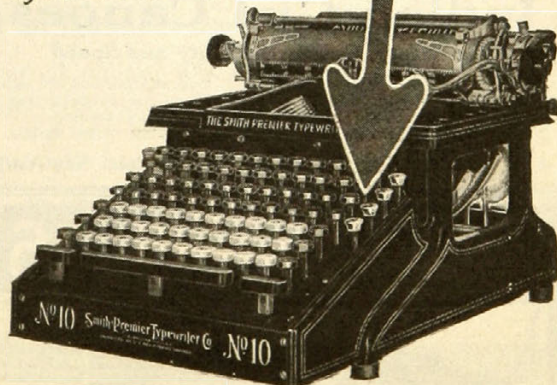
"It's like express service." One of the 28 features of the easy-action, light-running

Model 10

Smith Premier Typewriter

Complete description of all features sent free on request

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Inc.
Syracuse, New York, U. S. A.



Let Us Send You This Sample of COUPON BOND

And a "Just Remember" Pad for Your Daily Memos.

If you use stationery you need this book. It shows you the one way in which to secure attractive, high-grade, *productive* business paper—a letter-head above the common level.

This is the De Luxe Book of the De Luxe Business Paper. It contains suggestive and appropriate forms of business stationery. It demonstrates the excellent printing, lithographing and die-stamping effects that can be secured on the white and six attractive colors of **COUPON BOND**—the one Bond Paper qualified in every way to represent the high-grade commercial house. You'll also find the "Just Remember" pad of most convenient use.

Write today for both. They're free. On request, we will also send a specimen book of Berkshire Text, a paper unusually fine for booklet work. Please use your business letter-head.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO. HOLYOKE, MASS.
Largest Mfrs. of Writing, Book and Cover, and other Papers for Business Purposes. 29 Mills

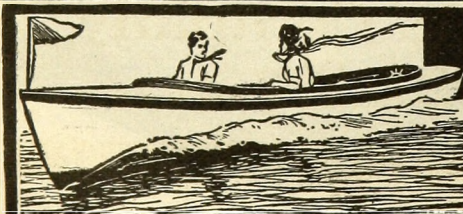
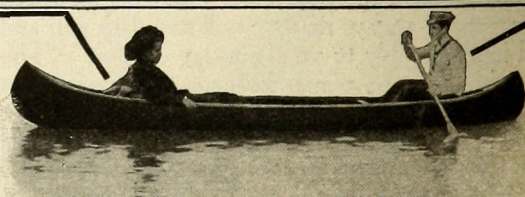


Indian Girl Canoes

For Safety, Comfort, Beauty and Speed

Write at once for our Free Canoe Book. You will find in it the right suggestions, the right canoe, the right price. For nearly 40 years Rushtons have been the standard models. Yet prices are reasonable. We ship direct, where we have no dealer, the day we get order.

J. H. Rushton, Inc., 668 Water St., Canton, New York

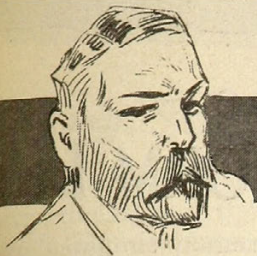


16 FOOT STEEL LAUNCH \$96

With 2 H.P. Engine Complete

18-21-25 foot launches at proportionate prices. All launches fitted with two cycle reversing engines with speed controlling lever; simplest engine made; starts without cranking, has only 3 moving parts. Steel rowboats, \$20.00. All boats fitted with water-tight compartments; cannot sink, need no boat house. We are the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world. Orders filled the day they are received. We sell direct to user, cutting out all middle-men's profits. **Free Catalogue.**

Michigan Steel Boat Co., 1260 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



The Architect

—whose "veto" power is wisely considered by discriminating owners, from his technical acquaintance with every form of roof construction for over 20 years, is professionally justified at all times in specifying The Carey Roof Standard.



The Contractor

—knows that his obligation to the Architect and Owner can be fulfilled without question where Carey Standardized Construction is specified. Also that the cost is uniform, delivery prompt, and that any workman can lay it.



The Dealer

—must stand high in his locality to be a distributor of Carey's. Our 45 Branch Stations in every section co-operate most cordially with our Dealers. Our Factory Guarantee stands back of every Carey Roof wherever laid.



The Owner

—when a Carey Roof is decided upon, is relieved of all question as to the responsibility of the Architect, Dealer, Contractor or Workman, because of the Manufacturer's Standardized Construction. He gets full value in return for what he pays.

Unanimously Endorse-- The Carey Roof Standard

INVESTIGATE all classes of roofing and you will find that The Carey Standardized Construction is most widely endorsed. It is most universally specified and used on all substantial buildings for service, durability and guaranteed satisfaction. The permanent economy and first cost of Carey's are the Standards of roofing values. For over a quarter of a century Carey's has been a uniform, standard, finished roofing always made the same in materials, quality, thickness and weight. Carey's is a combination of high-grade, wear-resisting materials formed by our special process into a compact, flexible, indivisible sheet that improves with age and gives the highest degree of protection and service in any climate. It is the one perfect finished roofing ready to apply. Any workman can apply Carey's. No roof can be a perfect roof that must be manufactured on top of the building by the workmen who lay it. The reason that so many "Built-up" roofs are failures is that the manufacturer of the materials cannot regulate or oversee their construction. With Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing there are no "specifications" to follow—No materials to "mix." The directions on every roll are simple and unmistakable.

Write For Booklet and Free Sample

Satisfy yourself on the whole roofing subject by reading our booklet on the Carey Roof Standard. Let us also send you a sample of Carey's so that you will appreciate how it is made.

The Philip Carey Mfg. Company

40 Wayne Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

We Have 45 Branches and Distributing Points All Over the United States

The New REGALFORM Last

Many great inventions have been extremely simple.

The new **REGALFORM** Last (patented and owned exclusively by us), while it means the greatest improvement of a decade in shoe manufacture, is simplicity itself.

In making ready-to-wear shoes it has always been necessary to draw the broadest part of a *solid* last through the narrowest part of the shoe—the “waist.”

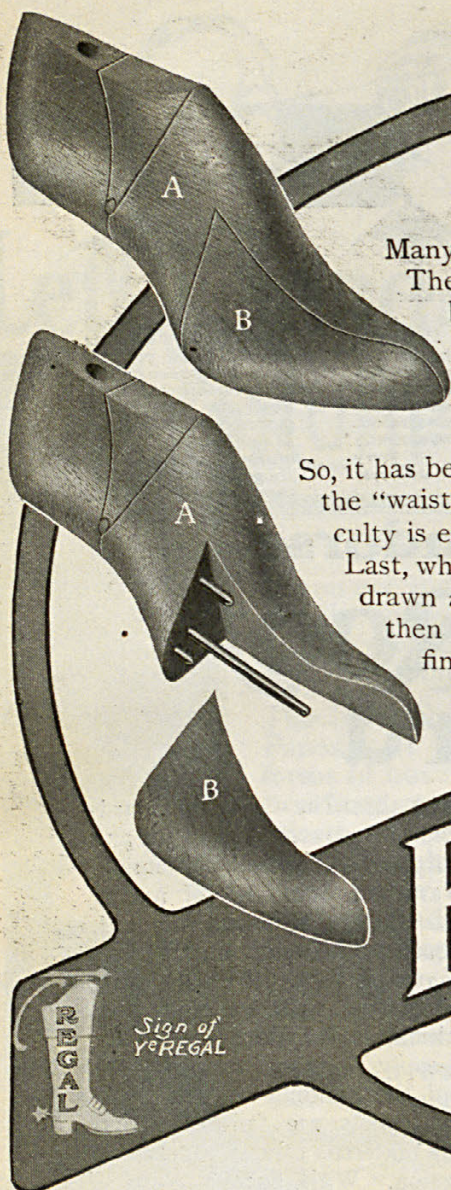
So, it has been impossible to make the shoes snug enough in the “waist” to produce perfect custom fit. This difficulty is entirely overcome by the **REGALFORM**

Last, which is made in *two parts*, and withdrawn in *sections*—first part A, then part B—from the finished Regal Shoe.

REGAL

This enables Regal Shoes to be shaped in perfect proportion at the instep or “waist,”

duplicating the snugness found in the highest-priced custom shoes. All other ready-to-wear shoes are built on old-style solid lasts, and their large “waists” make these shoes apt to wrinkle over the instep and under the arch, and let the foot slide forward and crowd into the toes of the shoes.



The Best Place

to spend your vacation is the place that offers every kind of recreation and sport—a place where you can paddle, sail, swim, motor, ride, golf, hunt, fish or just be lazy, as the mood strikes you. Send 10 cents in stamps for the **NEW 1909 Lackawanna Vacation Book.**

“MOUNTAIN AND LAKE RESORTS”

It contains 110 pages of description and information with numerous illustrations. It tells the best place to go, how to get there, cost of railroad fares, the best place to stay, with lists of hotels, boarding houses, and rates, etc. Address

George A. Cullen,

General Passenger Agent Lackawanna Railroad
Department 1, 90 West St., New York City



New Summer Styles

These Regal models are correct in every detail, reproducing each style-feature of the most exclusive made-to-order footwear. The new Regal Oxfords are the smartest low-cuts produced this season.

SHOES

FOR MEN
&
WOMEN

Regal Quarter-Sizes

In addition to the regular half and full sizes, Regal Shoes are made in the one-quarter and three-quarter sizes *in-between*, giving you *double* the number of fittings found in other makes—for Regal Shoes are the *only* shoes made in quarter-sizes. Regal Shoes are sold directly from Regal factories to *you*, with all intermediate profits eliminated. They are recognized everywhere as the greatest shoe values in the world.

\$3⁵⁰ \$4⁰⁰ and \$5⁰⁰

SEND FOR OUR SUMMER STYLE BOOK—Illustrates the correct models for both men and women. It's an acknowledged authority on styles. Magazine size. Handsome cover in colors. Free on request.

If you don't live near one of the 624 Regal Stores and Agencies, order from the Regal Mail Order Department. If the shoes are not exactly as ordered, we will cheerfully exchange or refund your money, if desired.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

Mail Order Dept.: 309 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Mail Order Sub-stations: Factory, Whitman, Mass., Box 903. San Francisco, Cal., Phelan Building. London, Eng., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane, E. C.



**KENYON
\$4.00**

(Delivered Prepaid
\$4.25)

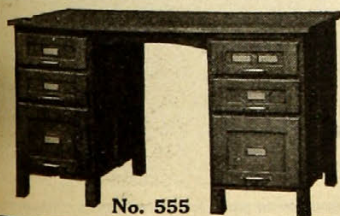
Style B-3304—(As illustrated) Oxford, blucher-cut. Made of Regal King Patent Leather.

Style B-6330—Same, except high shoe blucher-cut.

Weis CONCENTRATED FILING SYSTEMS

Nine different kinds of drawers are made for the Weis Desks and Weis Filing Cabinets shown here. You can combine in either just the ones you need—vertical letter files, document drawers, catalog files, card indexes, check files, etc. Your filing capacity is thus varied, yet concentrated—assorted, yet compact. Solid Oak, Roller Bearings and Dust Proof Construction make these wonderful values, as your dealer will tell you. We will ship direct if he will not supply you.

WE PREPAY FREIGHT



No. 555

Weis

Weis

Weis

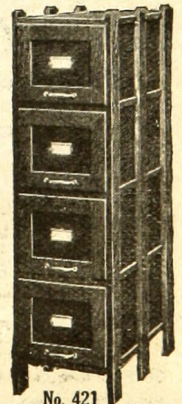
Four Drawer Vertical Letter File, No. 421, for correspondence only, holds 20,000 letters, freight paid **\$13.25**

Combination Vertical File and Card Index, No. 425 (15,000 letters and 8,000 cards), freight paid **\$16.75**

Flat-Top Desk, No. 555, "A Complete Office on Legs," your choice of drawers, freight paid **\$22.00**

Get Posted on these and other Weis Business Conveniences. See a dealer or a catalog. Let us send you some valuable hints for saving office space and time.

The **Weis** Mfg. Co., 52 Union St., Monroe, Mich.



No. 421

Harmony in Hardware Trimmings

The matter of hardware for a home is not a detail of small importance—the selection should have your own attention. The right sort of hardware has a distinctive decorative value and the owner of the home should give expression to his own taste so that it may always be a source of pleasure and delight, chosen to harmonize perfectly with style of architecture and general scheme of ornamentation.

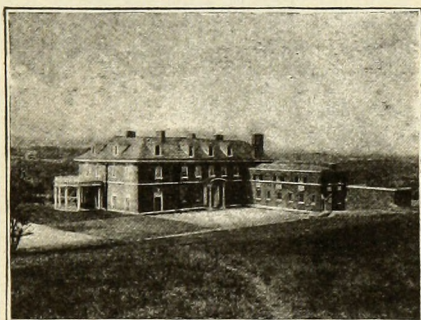
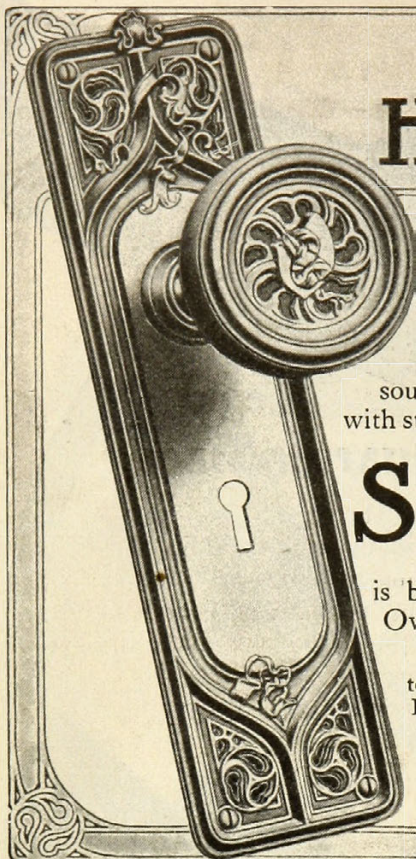
Sargent's ARTISTIC HARDWARE

is beautiful and durable—the perfection of hardware art. Over seventy designs are handsomely illustrated in

Sargent's Book of Designs—Free

together with many helpful suggestions and an explanation of the Easy Spring Principle of Sargent's Locks. The *Colonial Book* illustrates this line especially well. Both books are valuable—but sent gladly on request. Write at once for them.

SARGENT & CO., 159 Leonard St., New York



The owner of this elegant residence at Mt. Kisco, N. Y., designed by Delano & Aldrich, New York, could have any heating system he wanted. He chose the KELSEY.

The KELSEY SYSTEM of FRESH AIR HEATING

is the only method that heats **every room in the house alike** and at the same time furnishes an abundant supply of fresh air properly warmed (not scorched).

If you are planning or building a home, or if your present heating plant is not satisfactory, write today for our illustrated book about heating, and the

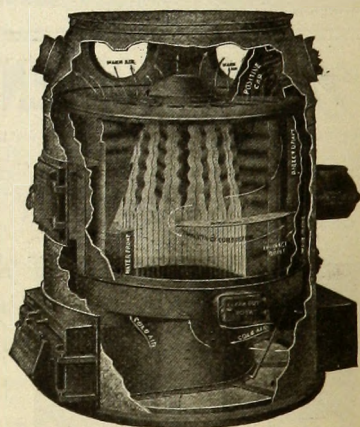
KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

We have collected a large amount of valuable information about home, church and school heating, how to arrange a heating plant and install it properly. This information is at your disposal if interested. Send your house plans or pencil sketches of floor plans and we will tell you how your heating should be installed. No charge.

The KELSEY is different from furnaces and hot water and steam systems. It offers fuel economy, ease of operation, durability, no leaky pipes, no unsightly radiators and it **does heat every room alike**. Over 35,000 of the best American homes are heated with KELSEYS. There is probably a Kelsey dealer near you who can install the system properly.

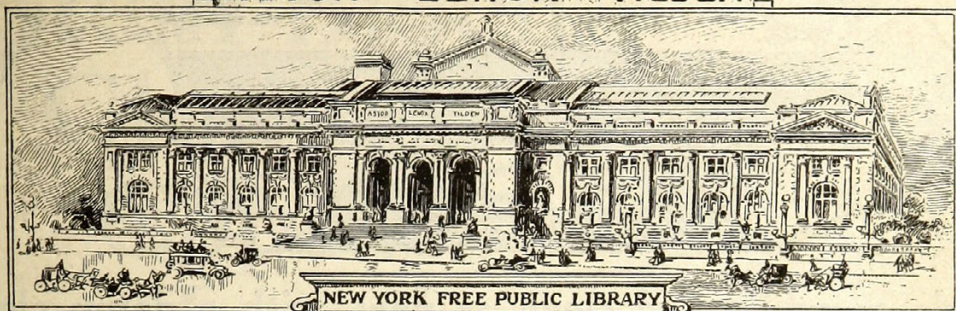
KELSEY HEATING CO.

60 E. Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y. 156 S. Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City



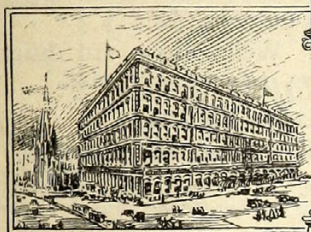
New York's Three Public Libraries United in one Group

ASTOR • LENOX • TILDEN

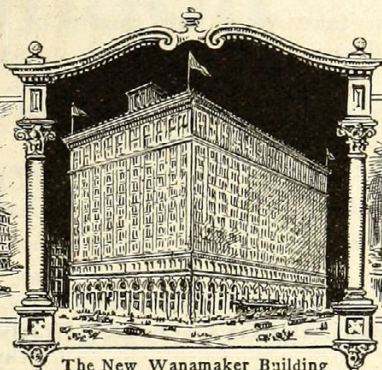


Wanamaker's Three Exclusive

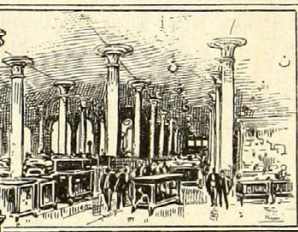
Stores United in One Group



A New York City land mark Monument of A. T. Stewart's greatness, reconstructed and rearranged now wholly as a Woman's Store.



The New Wanamaker Building Fourteen Galleries of Furnishing and Decoration with work shops.



The Men's Section occupying the entire Main Floor of the New Wanamaker Building.

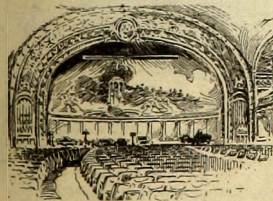
A Point of Progress in Furnishing Homes

the particulars of which are important to everybody building anew or reconstructing the old. It is now an admitted fact that we have worked out a great thought in constructing our large new building especially to install a new kind of Furnishing and Decoration business, wherein we have now upwards of three millions of dollars in fine and distinctive Furniture, Draperies and Floor Coverings and all that pertains to a home, and are able at all times to assemble and group the actual pieces of Furniture, Wall, Window and Floor Coverings and show by a staff of artistic and experienced men the harmonious furnishings of a single simple or elaborate room, or an entire mansion swung into balance and harmony, according to the individuality of the owner, with cost estimated, not by pictures or photographs, but definitely and reasonably by the actual articles. This business, just begun, is the growing quantity of the Wanamaker business, twelve years in New York and in Philadelphia for the last 48 years. Behind it there are all our valuable mistakes, and costly experiences and perfected systems, to enable us to perform in the best manner whatever we undertake.

The House Palatial is a lofty, solidly built mansion of two stories within our building, with 24 spacious rooms, furnished equally well with many of the best of the Fifth Avenue residences. Smaller and simpler buildings are in course of construction to show, beside the richest, the humblest and moderate though thoroughly artistic examples of Furnishing.

Correspondence invited, and a full staff of competent people ready to take on and execute promptly any work entrusted to us. Freightage from New York is a small matter in comparison with obvious satisfactions gained.

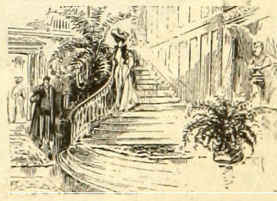
It pleases us to think that we have learned how to be economic and artistic and do things out of the common when desired.



Wanamaker Auditorium.

We have a little Guide Book to the Store, which we will be glad to send you. It tells much about our business and the merchandise, and will tell you about our specialized catalogues, so that you will know just what literature to ask for, when you want to know about our stocks. A postal card request will bring it. Address

JOHN WANAMAKER
NEW YORK

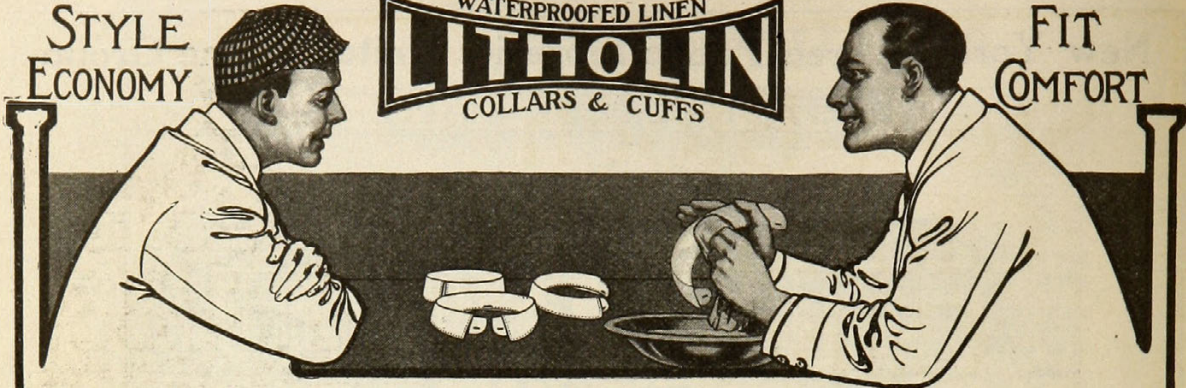


Foyer Hall, House Palatial.

STYLE
ECONOMY

WATERPROOFED LINEN
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

FIT
COMFORT



Made as white and clean as new, with a damp cloth

You, or the maid, can take your half dozen or dozen soiled **LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars**,—Cuffs also, and in as many minutes wipe them white as new with a damp cloth, and repeat it week in, week out. You cut down the laundry bill, look neat and dressy, feel comfortable and independent.

Never wilt or fray. Has celluloid prejudiced you? Well,—these are different. All styles, all sizes. The same collar you have always worn, only waterproofed.

Collars 25c.

Cuffs 50c.

Always sold from a **RED** box,—if any other color the goods will not be **LITHOLIN**.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail—postpaid. Booklet free on request, with illustrations of styles from which to order.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY

Dept. 17

7 Waverly Place, New York

"THE GARTER WITH THE HOLES"



The
Knee-Drawer Garter
PAR EXCELLENCE

Crown Make

"Perforated" Leather Garter

Perspiration and odor proof fabric lined. No metal or leather comes in contact with the skin. Made of one solid piece of leather. Either garter fits either leg. The perforation allows the pores of the skin to breathe.

50 Cents and \$1.00 a Pair

For sale at your dealer's, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY, Dept. D, 836 Broadway, N. Y.

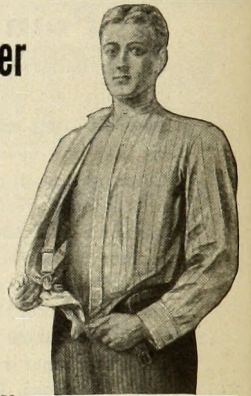
Crown Make "Coatless" Suspender

Under the Overshirt—
Over the Undershirt.

The only practical and satisfactory **Summer Suspender**, made to be worn under the shirt. Always invisible. Easy to put on and take off. **Cool, comfortable and negligee.**

Beware of imitations—The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4, 1905

50 Cents a Pair.

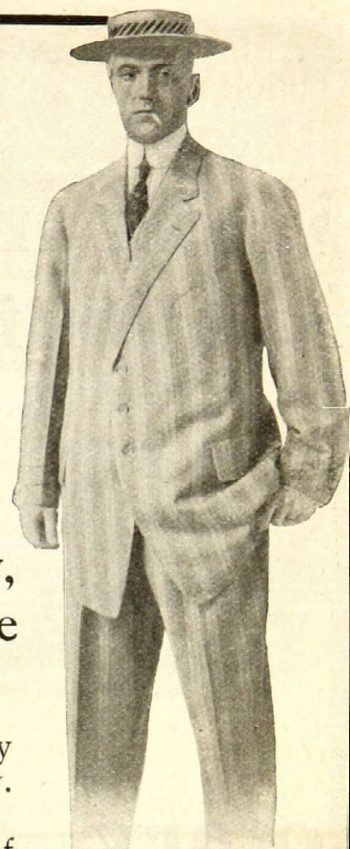


Lowest Priced Boats of Quality in the World The New Mullins 1909 Models

Designed by the world's greatest naval architects—Whittelsey & Whittaker, of New York, N. Y. They outclass all other boats. These remarkable new models are perfect in construction and detail. The **One Man Control** makes them simpler to operate than an automobile. **Mullins Underwater Exhaust** makes them noiseless and eliminates odors, dirt and grease. The **Improved Reversible Engine**, the celebrated "Ferro," is the simplest, most dependable marine engine built. Built of steel like government torpedo boats. They cannot leak, sink, water log or warp—never require calking, bailing or drying out—always dry, clean, comfortable and absolutely safe. We are the largest builders in the world of Launches, Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats. Write today for complete Catalog, and learn all about these wonderful boats and their low cost.

W. H. Mullins Company, 101 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio.

Stein-Bloch Clothes Capture London



FOR the first time in history,
American Clothes are
being sold in London.

They are Stein-Bloch clothes—and they
have completely captured London fancy.
It is another “American hit.”

Selfridge & Co., Ltd., owners of one of
the most important department stores of the British capital,
decided this spring that American ready-to-wear clothes were
superior to any others in the world.

They sent a representative to the United States who com-
pared all leading American makes of clothing.

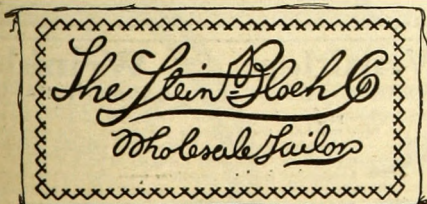
Knowing his critical British public—their aversion to
freaks and insistence on correct style and quality—he bought
Stein-Bloch Clothes alone, placing them on sale in London
March 1. On March 25 Selfridge & Co. cabled us to send
a representative to London at once for a further large order.

This is a quotation from Selfridge & Co.’s latest letter:

“You will no doubt be glad to know that Stein-Bloch Smart
Clothes have been most favourably received by the London public.
Under the circumstances, we are well satisfied that our judg-
ment was correct when we selected Stein-Bloch from among
several celebrated clothes makers of the United States.”

THIS LABEL IN A COAT REPRESENTS
THE BEST IN AMERICA OR ENGLAND

Send for “Smartness” filled
with fashion photographs.



THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

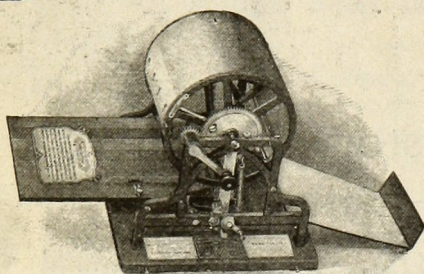
ROCHESTER, N. Y.:
Offices and Shops

CHICAGO:
1022 Republic Building

NEW YORK:
The Fifth Avenue Building

London Agency, Selfridge & Company, Ltd., Oxford Street, West, London

The Quick and Economical



Rotary Neostyle

is the most satisfactory office duplicator. There is no soiling of hands and no complicated type setting. The original stencil is written on typewriter as easily as any letter. Our composite stencil paper is now put up with backing sheet, etc., all ready to use.

The Neostyle prints neat, clear copies, all exact duplicates, at rate of 60 to 100 a minute.

Merely turn the crank and feed the paper—the rotation of the drum brings the printing surface of the stencil to the paper and the ink supply is automatic.

Address for booklet and prices,

Neostyle Co.
30 Reade St., New York
109 Franklin St., Boston
219 Randolph St., Chicago

INTEREST INCREASES ON APPROVED BONDS

and other substantial securities as one travels Westward.

The same manufacturer with the same collateral pays his Western Bank a larger interest rate on money borrowed than he pays his New York Bank. Interest rate then is influenced by locality. Rates in London are lower than in New York and lower in New York than in Omaha or Kansas City.

The careful but *well-informed investor* of funds is now looking to the *Middle West* for his *bonds*.

We own and offer approved Middle-West, Municipal, School and Public Service Corporation *Bonds* netting 4½% to 6%.

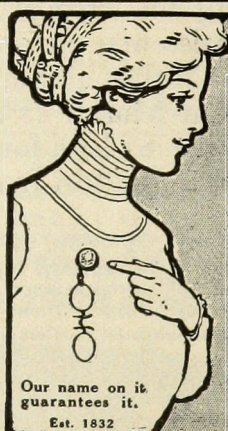
We should be able to assist you in selecting bonds to meet your requirements as to Stability, Convertibility, Interest Rate, and probable Increase in Value.

A pamphlet on the subject will be sent without charge or obligation.

Just say "*Pamphlet*" and as much more as you like.

THE CHARLES W. KIMBALL COMPANY

306 U. S. and Mexican Trust Building
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI



The Automatic Eye Glass Holder

winds up the chain and holds your glasses when they're not in use.

Among many other styles we have a **WHITE** holder with gold-plated chain for wear with white shirt waist or vest

Sold by jewelers and opticians or postpaid direct from us.

Black Enamel, 50c. WHITE, \$1.00

Other styles at other prices.

Our free booklet shows 36 styles.

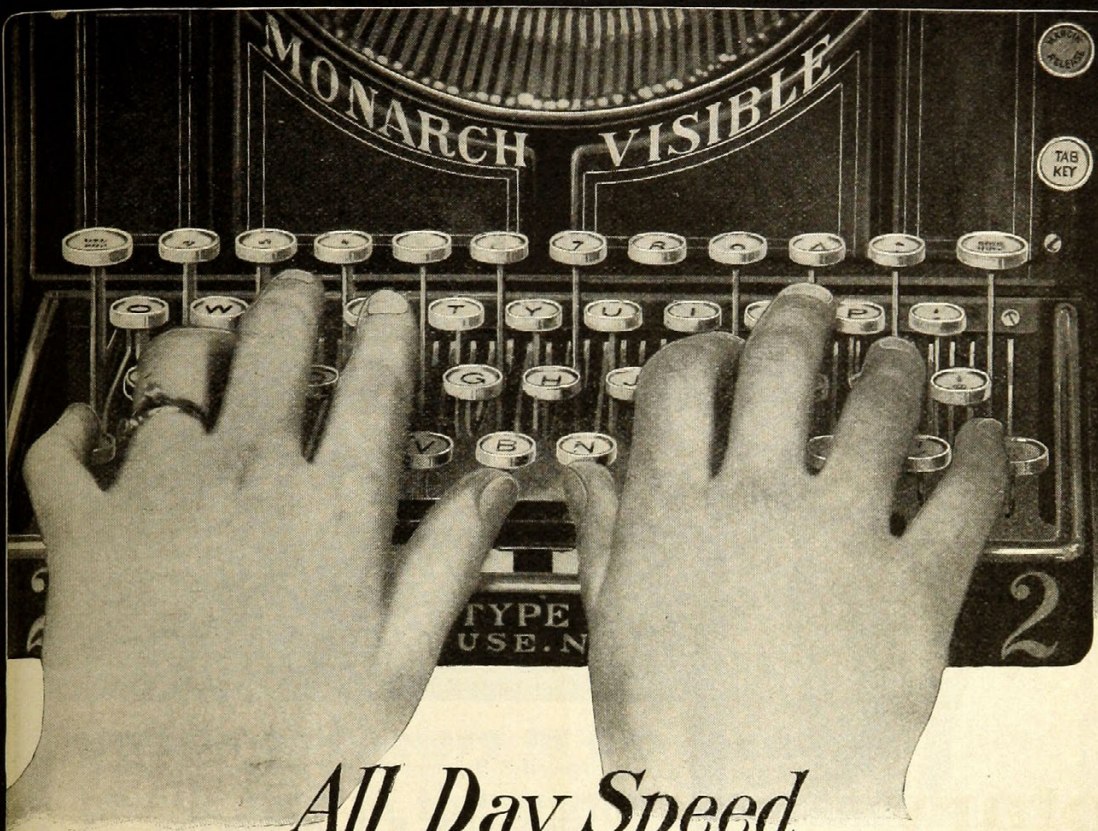
KETCHAM & McDUGALL
17 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

No MORE Wrinkles: Our New Wrinkle! THE KEEPSHAPE ADJUSTABLE GARMENT HANGER



Cuts pressing bills in half. Garments hung in your wardrobe will have their contour preserved. No more convex or bulging shoulders. No more sagging and stretching collars. No more wrinkles in back of neck. The keepsape is a full shoulder form, adjustable to square or sloping shoulders. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Hangs full suit for either man or woman. Price: \$1.00; 6—\$5.50; 12—\$10.00, delivered. Booklet. Ask your Dealer.

KEEPSHAPE CO., Dept. H. 132 Nassau Street, N. Y.



All Day Speed

Ordinary heavy-action typewriters so draw upon the operator's energy that her speed diminishes as the day's work progresses.

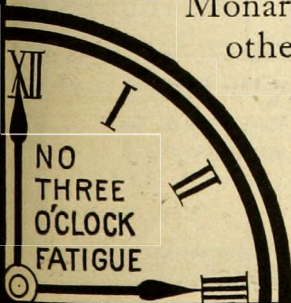
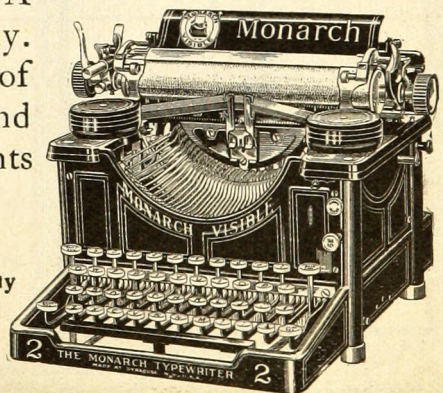
Monarch *Light Touch*

conserves the operator's energy—leaves a balance at the day's end. Monarch all-day speed results in increased production, decreased cost of typewritten work, per folio. A Monarch equipment means economy. Let us give you a demonstration of Monarch Light Touch and other Monarch advancements

***Write for Illustrated
Descriptive Booklet***

The Monarch Typewriter Company
Monarch Typewriter Bldg., 300 Broadway
New York

Canadian Offices: Toronto, Montreal
Branches and dealers throughout the world





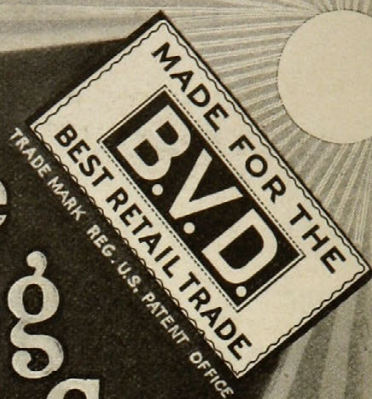
LOOSE FITTING
B. V. D.
COAT CUT UNDERSHIRTS
and
KNEE LENGTH DRAWERS.
50¢ and Upwards a Garment.



LOOSE FITTING
B. V. D.
UNION SUITS
PATENTED APRIL 30TH 1907
\$1.00 and Upwards a Suit.

Loose Fitting B.V.D. Garments

Keep you Cool in
Hot Weather.



TIGHT fitting, skin hugging undergarments intensify Summer heat, because they create *unnatural* warmth.

LOOSE FITTING B. V. D. GARMENTS

allow refreshing air to reach the pores, and permit a pleasant freedom of motion not possible with *tight fitting* undergarments.

B. V. D. Garments are cut on large, shapely, well proportioned patterns, scientifically designed to give the wearer the utmost freedom. Each and every B. V. D. garment looks as if it had been tailored especially for the wearer. The stitching is accurate; the buttons are strongly sewed on; and the garments are sewed in a manner which insures non-ripping seams.

The fabrics of which B. V. D. garments are made, are light, durable, thoroughly tested woven materials, selected for their cooling and wearing qualities.

Every garment of B. V. D. manufacture
Is Identified by this Red Woven Label



We make no garments without this Label.
Insist upon getting it.

Write for Booklet "E," "The Coolest Thing Under the Sun."

THE B. V. D. COMPANY,

Makers of B. V. D. Sleeping Suits,

65-67 Worth Street, - - - New York

"Onyx"



Hosiery

**Extract from speech delivered in Congress,
April 6, 1909, by**

Hon. Sereno E. Payne

Chairman Ways and Means Committee

"LORD & TAYLOR are the largest Importers of Hosiery in this country. These people buy in the regular way and do not knowingly handle any merchandise made by the smaller manufacturers, preferring the merchandise made in the large establishments, where better regularity of manufacture is maintained, thus handling the somewhat expert grade of merchandise."

This official statement of facts should cause the consumer to demand the "Onyx" Brand. For Men, Women and Children. From 25c. to the highest grade made. May be had from most first-class shops in every part of the United States. Accept no substitute.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to Dept. F, and we will direct you where to procure "Onyx" Hosiery.

Lord & Taylor

New York

Guaranteed B O N D S

No. 6. Irrigation



THE AMERICAN WATER WORKS & GUARANTEE COMPANY, in addition to controlling and operating 40 successful water-works plants in various parts of the country, has added greatly to the strength of its position by its irrigation operations in Southern Idaho—

Its properties—The Twin Falls North Side Land & Water Company, and the Twin Falls Salmon River Land & Water Company, have been, unquestionably, the most successful irrigation projects in the United States.

Several million dollars have been expended in thoroughly modern and permanent irrigation systems and 300,000 acres of rich agricultural land is being supplied with water.

All the work is done under Government and State supervision in strict compliance with the provisions of the United States Carey Act.

These operations have largely increased the assets and earnings of the American Water Works & Guarantee Company and have added materially to the strength of its guarantee.

Bonds issued by the Twin Falls North Side Land & Water Company and the Twin Falls Salmon River Land & Water Company are based on a lien sanctioned by the United States Government and the State of Idaho—and are further secured by a deposit of purchase money mortgages of individual owners—which are constantly increasing in value as the land is improved and the Purchase payments are made.

The bonds are also **absolutely guaranteed** as to both principal and interest by

The American Water Works and Guarantee Company, of Pittsburgh, capital and surplus \$4,000,000—

These bonds are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000.

They mature serially from 1911 to 1920 and pay

6 Per Cent. Interest

Write for the Illustrated Book—"Irrigation and What It Has Done for the West"

ADDRESS DEPARTMENT G

J. S. & W. S. KUHN, Inc.

INVESTMENT BANKERS

Bank for Savings Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Chicago

St. Louis

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Ice Cream Frozen in 8 Minutes Right on your Kitchen Table

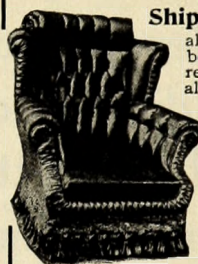
The Angle Freezer does it. No fuss. No muss. Turns as easy as an egg beater. Because the action is direct. The crank turns the can with its contents and the dasher remaining stationary thoroughly stirs the cream. No cogs, or gears mean no friction or work. Price \$1.00 to \$2.50 according to size. Write for our

25c. Receipt Booklet FREE

containing 38 recipes for frozen desserts, including the favorite recipes of chefs of 7 famous Hotels, such as the Waldorf, The Astor, Rector's, Murray's, the New Willard, etc. **ANGLE MFG. CO., 159-161 West 24th St., New York**

BISHOP FURNITURE CO. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

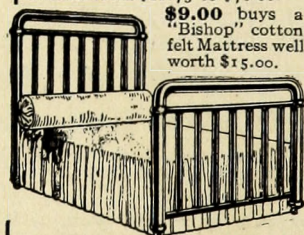
Ship Anywhere on "Approval"



allowing furniture in your home five days, to be returned at our expense and your money refunded, if not perfectly satisfactory and all you expected.

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward all points beyond. We furnish Homes, Hotels, Clubs, Hospitals, Y. M. C. A's, and other Public Buildings at wholesale prices.

\$29.75 buys this large Luxurious High Grade Genuine Leather Turkish Rocker No. 1268. In style, comfort and durability it equals most \$50 Rockers. Our **LARGE** catalog illustrates Turkish Rockers and Couches from \$12.75 to \$76.00.



\$9.00 buys a "Bishop" cotton felt Mattress well worth \$15.00.



\$34.75

Buy this handsome high grade Combination China Closet and Buffet, No. 576 (worth \$50.00). Made of select Quartered Oak, any finish. French Bevel Mirror 24x18 in. Length 56 in. Sixty styles of Buffets and Sideboards, from \$15 to \$135, in our large Catalog.

\$24.50 buys this beautiful Colonial style Brass Bed No. 990 (worth \$40.00). Massive 2-in. continuous pillars (6 uprights). Made in Double or Single widths, and Bright or Satin finish at same price. Our **LARGE** Catalog shows Iron and Brass Beds from \$2.25 to \$60.

If you are interested and want to save one third on high grade furniture, send 10 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing our 116 page Catalog of Home and Office Furniture and our "Art Book" of Mission Furniture.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO.
12-24 Ionia St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

I am a STEVENS

Outdoor Boy

The Stevens Boy is the kind of boy that makes the manly man. A **Stevens Rifle** is a wonderful all-round exerciser of those faculties which, well developed, make for success in business and profession.

Self-reliance, steady nerves, quick muscles and an active, responsive brain are all Stevens-built qualities.

The boy with the **Stevens Rifle** gets this training in a way that he enjoys and while getting good bodily exercise in the healthful outdoor air.

Stevens Rifles are thoroughly well made arms—accurate, easy-working and safe. Every one is tested before leaving our factory. They are known as the “*Bull's-eye Kind*,” because they have more marksmanship records to their credit than all other makes combined.

Dan Beard's “Guns and Gunning”

An interesting and valuable volume on camping, woodcraft, habits of game birds, which animals are pests and which are not, etc. Beautifully illustrated by Bellmore H. Browne. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Paper covered, 20 cents; cloth covered, stamped in gilt, 30 cents.

160-Page Catalogue Free

if you will send 6 cents to cover postage. Filled with valuable information on choice and care of firearms; notes on sights, ammunition, etc.

Ask your dealer and insist on STEVENS—there are no substitutes. If you cannot obtain, we will ship direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of catalogue price

**J. STEVENS
ARMS & TOOL CO.
710 Front St.
Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.**

Little Scout . . .	\$2.25
Stevens-Maynard, Jr. . .	3.00
Crack Shot . . .	4.00
Little Krag . . .	5.00
Favorite, No. 17 . . .	6.00



On the rim of the Grand Canyon



Besides the thrilling trip down and up Bright Angel trail at **Grand Canyon of Arizona**, you also may enjoy rides along the rim in modern canyon coaches. You go winding through fragrant pine forests with frequent glimpses of this gigantic gorge, which is colored like a sunset.

El Tovar provides city club comforts. A \$250,000 hotel set in a wonderful wilderness; management of Fred Harvey.

California and lovely **Yosemite**, in the high Sierras, next. Thence to **Seattle Exposition**, and **Alaska**. Home through the **Colorado Rockies**.

See all of the West this Summer at small cost. **Very low excursion fares.**

Won't you let me assist in planning your tour by mailing these Santa Fe '09 Summer books?

"A Colorado Summer," "Titan of Chasms,"
"California Summer Outings," "Yosemite."

Also special convention folders for N. E. A. at Denver, G. A. R. at Salt Lake, Elks at Los Angeles, and the Seattle Exposition.

Free on request. Say which ones you want.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr.,
A. T. & S. F. Ry. System,
1114-D Railway Exchange, Chicago.

ZON-O-PHONE RECORDS



The Pleasure
Doubled
The Cost Reduced

First present all that
is best of music and
musicians.

Mme. Tetrazzini's FIRST records in
America were Zon-O-Phone Records.

Now Ready, the FIRST Records of Mlle. CARMEN MELIS

Announced for NEXT SEASON in New York Opera

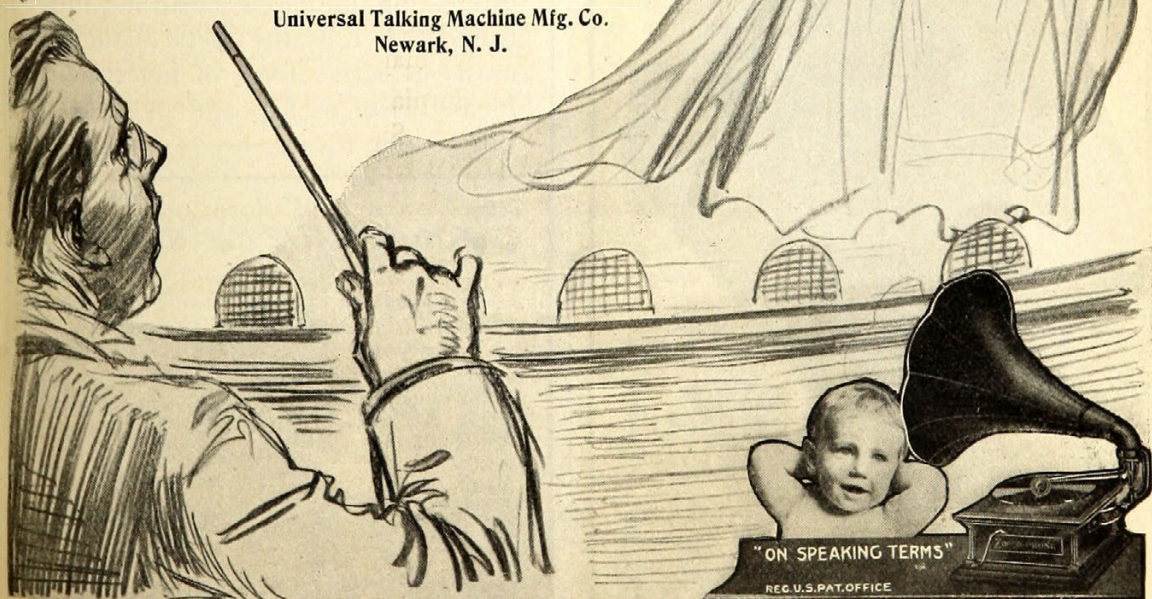
Records of the soloists and chorus of the famous La Scala Theatre, Milan, where our celebrities, Caruso, Bonci, etc., made their fame, were first given to America by the Zon-O-Phone, the original disk talking-machine.

The La Scala performances of the *complete operas* "Aida," "Il Trovatore," etc., have long been in the Zon-O-Phone lists, sung by Gasparini, Cosentino, Novelli, Mesdames Magliulo, Colombati, and others.

Music lovers can secure singers whose fame is made, before they are advertised to America, by writing to-day for our catalogue.

Complete library of all current selections with Monthly Supplements will also be sent free. Current music on Double Record Disks, Two Selections for 65c. Foreign Records, single-side, 10 inch, 50c, 12 inch, 75c.

Universal Talking Machine Mfg. Co.
Newark, N. J.



Whatever You Drink

With a drink or for a drink, in high glass or low glass, wine glass or tumbler, Londonderry makes a snappy, invigorating beverage.

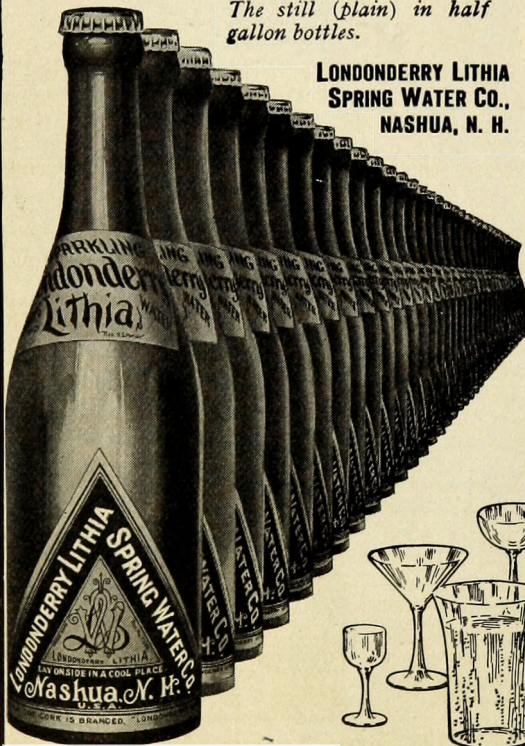
Londonderry

The Table Water Recommended by Physicians for its Alkaline Properties.

Pure and healthful—the right water for simple meal or sumptuous repast.

*The sparkling (effervescent) in the usual three sizes.
The still (plain) in half gallon bottles.*

**LONDONDERRY LITHIA
SPRING WATER CO.,
NASHUA, N. H.**



The Facts About 6% Irrigation Bonds

We are the largest sellers of Irrigation Bonds. And these bonds are, by far, our most popular securities with investors who know them.

Our experience with Reclamation Bonds covers 15 years. It covers the sale of many entire issues from 11 separate states. So we know the facts.

These bonds are farm liens of the most conservative class. Some are Municipal obligations. The interest rate—six per cent.—is larger than one can now obtain on any large class of equal security. The bonds are issued in serial maturities, and in denominations as low as \$100.

For the information of our customers—present and prospective—we have issued a book called "The World's Greatest Industry." It is interesting, unbiased, clear and illustrated. It tells the facts about this most attractive form of investment. Please write us a postal or send us this coupon for it.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

(Established 1893)

Municipal and Corporation Bonds

**First National Bank Bldg.
CHICAGO**

**50 Congress Street
BOSTON**

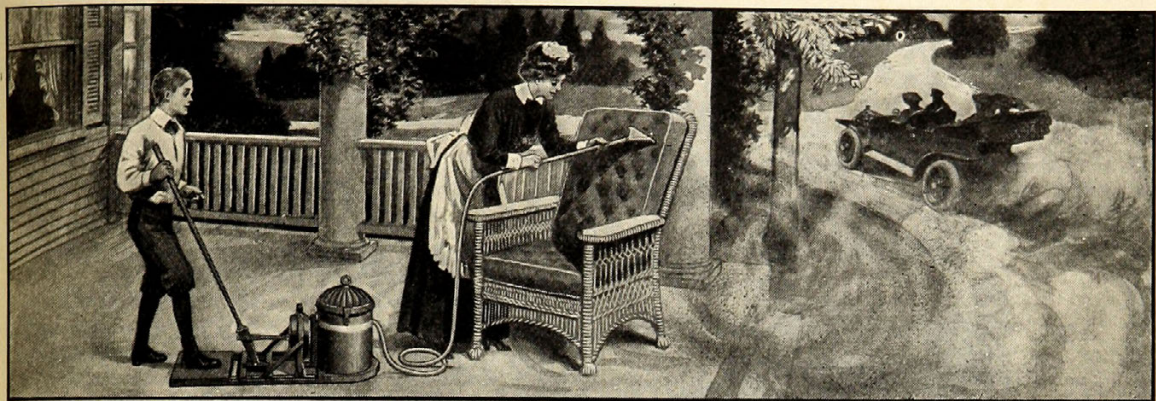
Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name.....

Town.....

State.....25

Summer Dust Troubles Overcome



By the

Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

Operated by
Hand

It Eats Up the Dirt

Or Electric
Motor

The season of open windows and doors is the season of the housekeeper's greatest trouble with dust. Every vehicle that passes stirs up the dust, and every fitful breeze that blows carries it into the home, there to be ground into carpets, rugs, upholstery, and wall decorations, and to fill every nook and cranny.

With broom, brush, or carpet-sweeper, the work of getting out this dust is an endless task—a continuous round of hard, laborious toil.

How different it is with the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER!

With the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER, you just take the nozzle and gently agitate carpet, rug, upholstery or curtain, and—whisk!—all dust and dirt, all germs, moths and eggs of vermin, are sucked out of it and gobbled down into the machine's capacious maw, never to trouble you again.

Sent to You Direct for \$25

The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is in the great majority of cases operated by hand. It requires no strength or skill of any kind—compared with sweeping, it is play. Weighs only 20 pounds, and is easily carried about.

Completely equipped for hand operation, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER costs only \$25. So tremendous is the saving it effects—in time, labor, health and actual money—that its small price is quickly returned many times over.

Any physician will tell you that summer's dust is laden with the germs of disease. Both at city residence and country home, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER will serve you well and faithfully in keeping everything clean, wholesome, sanitary and sweet.

This neat, strong, compact, portable machine brings within your easy reach the only thoroughly efficient and strictly sanitary system of cleaning that the world has ever known. How can you afford to be without it? Get ready for the summer by ordering one at once.

Send to-day for our Free Illustrated Booklet. It gives complete information about every phase of the cleaning problem.



The electric motor attachment of the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is not a necessity, but a luxury. The motor is of the best standard type. It is readily attached to your electric light fixture, and uses only about two cents worth of electricity an hour.

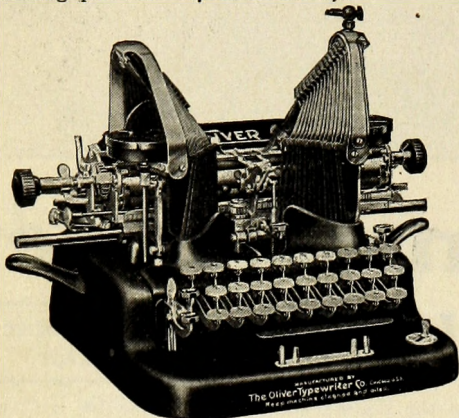
Equipped with motor for direct current, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER costs \$60; with motor for alternating current, \$65. When ordering, give voltage as well as kind of current.



THE AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The World's Best Typewriter for 17-Cents-a-Day

The Oliver Typewriter, whose pre-eminence is everywhere admitted, has cut the red tape of precedent in a characteristic way by adopting the brand new selling plan of "17-Cents-a-Day."



The machine is delivered at once, for a small "good faith" first payment. And by saving just seventeen cents a day the rest takes care of itself.

It's as easy as rolling off a log to buy the Oliver now. So easy that thousands are paying for their machines almost without knowing it. To some it means a few less cigars—or trifles they never miss.

But what are these in comparison with the magnificent Oliver Typewriter, whose practical utility places it on a par with the greatest of man's inventions.

Intelligent use of the typewriter has opened the way to some of the highest positions in the business world—to places of power and influence in government—to fields of useful endeavor in as many lines as individual ambition leads.

Have you an ambition that pleads for the wings of opportunity? Get an Oliver Typewriter and use it, as thousands have done—and succeed in reaching the coveted goal.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Ambition is a splendid thing—but it takes bread-and-butter to feed it. Which leads us to say that the Oliver is primarily a bread-winner. Multiplied thousands are earning their living with this indefatigable ally.

It's right there with unlimited service, year in and year out. Writes with the speed of a racer. Writes in an undertone. Does a wider range of work than any other typewriter and leads them all in typographical beauty.

So, if you want a typewriter—here's the one that will serve you best. One that has proved its fitness by every conceivable test. The finest \$100 machine that there is in the world today. And it's simply a question of paying—not \$100 spot cash—but the small first payment as an evidence of good faith, and then at the rate of seventeen cents a day.

Write for the simple details of the liberal selling plan or mention the matter to the nearest Oliver agent.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
Oliver Typewriter Bldg., 58 Dearborn St., Chicago

You have neither time nor patience to learn the art of stropping, but it's necessary to a perfect shave.

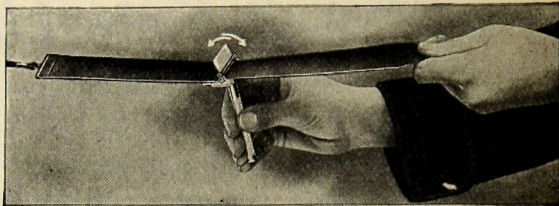
AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

(Strop and Razor in One—Strops Itself)

The only razor with which anyone can strop automatically, correctly and quickly without removing the blade, and shave with a barber's velvet smoothness. Combines all the good points of both "safety" and "old style."

Ask your dealer or send for our free booklet "Shaving Sense."

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Dept. C, 345 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
61 New Oxford St., London 14 St. Helen St., Montreal



Standard Outfit—Self-stropping, Silver-plated Razor, 12 Blades and fine Horrehide Strop contained in Leather Case, \$5. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days trial.

#15

"GEM" ADDING MACHINE
FREE 10 DAY TRIAL AT OUR EXPENSE

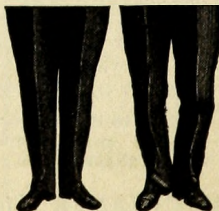
Has an AUTOMATIC CARRIER and a RESETTING DEVICE that clears the dials to zero. Does the work of high-priced machines 2 years' WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Special offer to agents. Address B. D. GANCHER, Automatic Adding Machine Co., 319 Broadway, N.Y.

Good-as-New Typewriters



at Sacrifice Prices We're starting a most unusual clearance sale of slightly-used typewriters, as serviceable as new. **You'll Save Two-Thirds by Buying Now.** We've an overstock of typewriters sold to us by money-pinched owners during the past year. Among them are several hundred excellent Smith Premier, Remington and Fay-Sholes machines.

We've rebuilt them and put them in perfect condition. Send for catalogue and list of unprecedented bargains. **Machines shipped for approval to any point in the United States, also rented anywhere.** **ROCKWELL-BARNES COMPANY, 1113 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago.**



STRAIGHT LEGS

If yours are not so, they will appear straight and trim if you wear our Pneumatic or Cushion Forms. Adjusted instantly, impossible to detect, easy as a garter. Highly recommended by army and navy officers, actors, tailors, physicians and men of fashion. **Sent on Approval.** Write for photo-illustrated book and testimonials, mailed under plain letter seal. **THE ALISON CO., Dept. 48, Buffalo, N. Y.**

"Blue Label" Ketchup

Pure and Unadulterated
Containing Only Those Substances
Recognized and Endorsed by the
U. S. Government.

ALWAYS during our business experience of over forty years, our aim has been QUALITY and our product is recognized as the BEST and PUREST of its kind. Using, as we do, only the most perfect raw materials—Red-Ripe Tomatoes fresh from the fields in perfect condition for our use—never the left-overs from market stalls (skins, seeds and cores being removed) cooked ever so lightly that the natural flavor may be retained; combined with skilfully blended pure spices—all handled by experienced chefs in a scientific way in sanitary kitchens, enable us to produce the Ketchup—"BLUE LABEL"—that is now, and has been for twenty years, recognized as the standard of quality and excellence.



The same statement is also true regarding our Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Meats, Soups, Plum Puddings, Preserves, Jams, Jellies, etc.

Owing to the acknowledged purity and high quality of our products, and our honest labels, no change whatever in either goods or labels has been required or made because of the enactment of the National Food Law.

Ask for and see that you get food products bearing our name. Always the guarantee of purity and wholesomeness.

DO NOT ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES

Write today for our booklet, "Original Menus," telling what to have for breakfast, luncheon or dinner.

Our kitchens, in fact, all portions of our factory are always open and visitors are made welcome.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

1909 Sportsman's SPECIAL

The best fishing craft made. Absolutely the boat to meet your demand for trolling. Speed Control, Noiseless, Strong, Safe and Fast. Length 16 feet, Beam, 4 feet 6 inches. Special offer—Complete, 2 H.P. miles per hour. **\$129.00**

THE SPORTSMAN'S SPECIAL

OUR 14 FOOT LIGHTHOUSE SPECIAL

The best small family boat made. Length, 14 feet, beam, 4 feet 2 inches. Draught, 13 in. Speed, 2 H.P. 6 1/2 miles per hour. For 14 ft. motor boat you can not possibly get any other that would put up the handsome appearance of its size on the water. At the recent Motor Boat Show which you more sold than the Lighthouse Special to be the most popular launch on exhibition. It has come near forward of the engine, and is set in the stern.

OUR 14 FT. FAST FAMILY LAUNCH

64 Styles of Boats

in Stock ready to ship at the FOLLOWING PRICES:

14 ft. Launch, 2 h. p. - \$94.50	21 ft. Family Boat, 5-6 h. p. - \$300.
16 ft. Launch, 2 h. p. - \$129.	25 ft. Family Boat, 5-6 h. p. - \$375.
18 ft. Launch, 2 h. p. - \$147.	30 ft. Family Boat, 12 to 14 h. p. - \$600.
18 ft. Auto Boat, 2 h. p. \$185.	28 ft. Family (Special) 12-14 h. p. \$750.
	35 ft. Family (Express) 40-50 h. p. \$1,850.

(20 miles per hour) (20 miles per hour)

OUR 1909 CATALOGUE FREE UPON REQUEST

DETROIT BOAT COMPANY

1117 Jefferson Ave. DETROIT, MICH.

OUR NEW 18 FT. FAMILY SPEED BOAT. 10 MILES PER HOUR.

THE BEST FAMILY BOAT MADE.

Length, 18 feet, beam, 4 ft. 4 in., draught, 15 in., 2 h. p. '09 engine: capacity, 10-12 persons. **\$185.00**

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

CRUISING PROPOSITION

Here is a \$1,000.00 Boat. Furnished for cruising. Length, 25 ft. Beam, 6 ft. 6 in., Draught, 24 in. H. P., 5-6; Reversible Detroit Engine; Capacity, 22 Persons; Speed about 8 miles per hr. Cabin is removable or can be fastened stationary.

OUR BIGGEST BOAT BARGAIN AT \$455.00

Best grade cedar canoe for \$20

Best grade of Cedar Canoe for \$20.00. We sell direct, saving you \$20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world. **DETROIT BOAT CO., 106 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

GRAY MOTORS

6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE 89.50 IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

1, 2 & 3 CYLINDERS. 3 to 30 HORSE POWER. Price—\$60 and upwards. Write for color catalog today—with beautiful color print of yacht Grayling—fastest cruising motor boat of its length and team in the world. Most complete marine catalog ever published. **GRAY MOTOR CO., 32 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.**

BELLE ISLE Marine Engine

2 to 3 H.P. Bare Engine \$23

Swiftest, most powerful, efficient and reliable 2-Cycle engine of its size on earth—entirely new design, improved and perfected in every detail—makes speedy little launch from an ordinary row-boat. Catalog describing all sizes FREE.

New Belle Isle Motor Co., Dept. G, Detroit, Mich.

You Save \$250.00

Through my new selling plan and your spare time. Here's a brand new \$600 car that's **\$350** yours for only **\$350**. Let me send it to you. **Waltham, Mass.**

My book "A" tells how I do it. **C. H. METZ**

2H.P. Detroit Engine \$29.50

Other sizes at proportionate prices ready to ship. Single cylinder engines, h. p.; double cylinders 8 to 20 h. p.; Four cyl h. p. Engines start without cranking. No cams, sprockets, only three moving parts. All engines counterbalanced. No vibration. Special jetor burns gasoline, kerosene, coal oil, alcohol, kerosene. Plastic white bronze bearings (no cheap Crankshaft drop forged steel. Bearing surfaces in stock 2 to 8 inder 50 no fuel in-naphtha, dis-babbitt used.) ground.

Adjustable steel connecting rod. Waterproof ignition system. For your launch, sailboat, rowboat, stern wheel boat, or railroad track car. 20,000 satisfied users, free catalog and testimonials. **Demonstrator Agents wanted in every boating community.** Special wholesale price on first outfit sold.

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS

1260 Jefferson Ave. DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and The National Association of Credit Men

The National Association of Credit Men, representing the leading mercantile houses of the United States, in addressing merchants throughout the country on the need of adequate and responsible fire insurance protection, says:

"Through the guarantee which it has given you an insurance company may suddenly become your debtor. Might it not be well to know ahead of time what kind of a debtor it is likely to be?"

The points which the Credit Men say ought to be considered in selecting a fire insurance company are given below. See how well they describe the Hartford.

What Credit Men Ask

1. "What is the net surplus above capital and all liabilities?"
2. "Has it (the insurance company) a record of paying its debts (losses) promptly and without unjust deductions?"
3. "Are the men who manage its affairs men of character and high standing in the community, upholding the principles of business which assure a long and honorable existence?"

What the Hartford Is

1. The Hartford's surplus January 1st, 1909, above capital and all liabilities—\$5,061,592.
2. After San Francisco, in putting the Hartford on its **Roll of Honor**, this same National Association of Credit Men said, "Considering that its gross loss was the immense sum of \$10,275,000, the Company is worthy of the highest commendation."
3. The Hartford's reputation for commercial honor is its most cherished asset, and its continued observance of good faith with its policy-holders is attested by its popularity and success. It is 99 years old and does the largest fire insurance business in the United States.

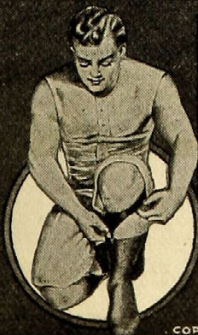


The service which the Hartford affords the public continues throughout the year and is not limited to payment of losses. It has published a book, "Fire Prevention and Fire Insurance," with separate chapters for Household, Merchants and Manufacturers, showing each how danger of fire may be reduced in his particular property. The book also gives valuable advice concerning insurance and may save you thousands of dollars no matter in what company you are insured. It is free if you mention MCCLURE'S. Send for it.

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Hartford, Conn.

PARIS GARTERS

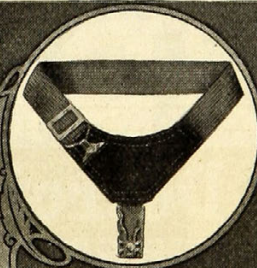
They
fit so well
you
forget
they're
there



A necessity with
Knee-Drawers
No metal can touch you

Sold Everywhere

A. STEIN & CO., 152 Center Ave., Chicago



You
need
them
the year
round

25-50¢

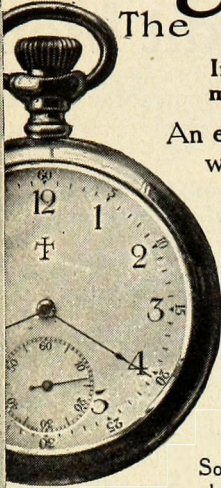
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PATENTED 1906

To make things economically, large quantities of one kind must be produced.

New Ingersoll Trenton

The Best Seven Jewel Watch



Ingersoll Values are only possible by making millions of watches all alike.

An entire factory is devoted to making the "I-T" watch, in just *one* perfected model. Other factories divide their forces among many sizes, styles and grades, making each in comparatively small quantities and at relatively high prices. The "I-T" values are overwhelmingly the greatest ever offered.

One grade of movement only—

\$5 in solid nickel case **\$7** in 10-year gold-filled case **\$9** in 20-year gold-filled case

Sold only by *responsible jewelers*. If not locally obtainable, sent express paid on receipt of price.

The "I-T" booklet, giving detailed information about watch movements and cases, free

Thin model, men's 16 size. See this mark on dial: †

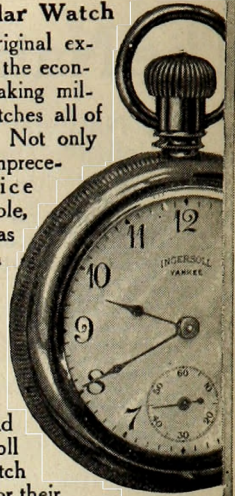
Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 49 Frankel Bldg., New York

The Ingersoll

Dollar Watch

was the original exemplar of the economy of making millions of watches all of one kind. Not only was an unprecedented price made possible, but there was produced a watch so good that half the people of America, who use watches, find the Ingersoll Dollar Watch adequate for their needs. Better today than ever and is selling at the rate of 12,000 per day; leading the world in numbers. Sold by 65,000 dealers or sent prepaid by us.

Look for "Ingersoll" on dial.



Remember.

Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15cts. Sample and Booklet from Park & Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West Montreal.

AFTER SHAVING

PONDS

EXTRACT

Relieves Irritation
Prevents Inflammation
Assures Comfort

Used by Men of Discrimination Everywhere

Write for interesting book, "Shaving Essentials"—mailed free on request.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, New York

"High as the Alps
in
Quality"



PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL Milk Chocolate

Possesses as does no other brand the true chocolate flavor.

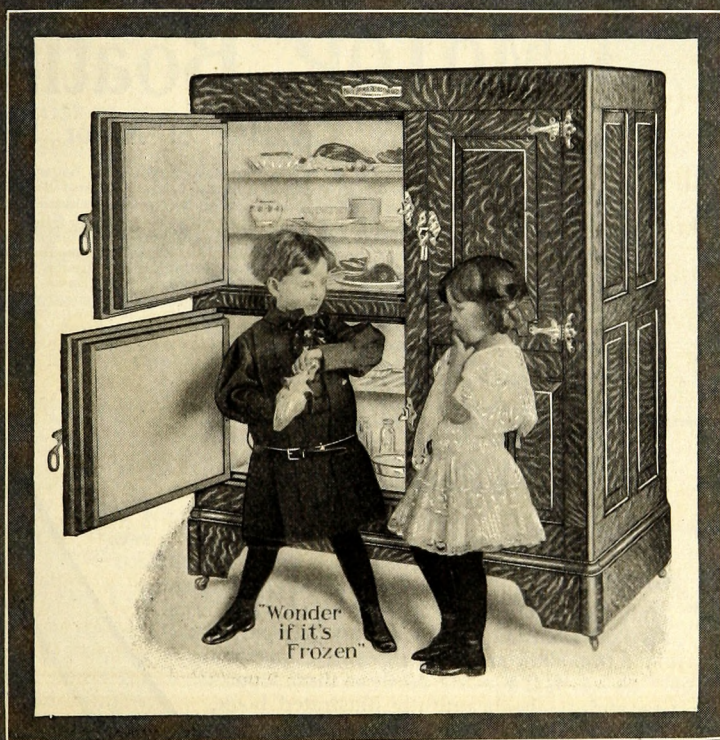
You never grow tired of PETER'S

Stagnant Air Like Stagnant Water

becomes laden with impurities, particularly in closed air-tight spaces as in the ordinary ice box.

The Bohn Syphon Refrigerator

keeps up a vigorous circulation of air between the provision and the ice chambers by which all the impurity-laden moisture is condensed on the ice and drawn off through the drain. This produces a temperature 10 degrees lower than in any other refrigerator and insures the perfect preservation of the food.



"Cold Storage in the Home" sent free for the asking, illustrates Bohn Syphon Refrigerators and explains how you may secure one on trial.

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.

Main Office and Factory, St. Paul, Minn.
New York Office and Salesroom, 59 W. 42nd St.

Take This Big Motor Boating Offer—Free

Take All Three Parts Below:

Part 1: A strongly bound copy of Goldie's invaluable work, "From Novice to Pilot"—including a complete exposition on How to Run a Motor Boat. This masterful book is from the pen of probably the greatest authority on the subject today. The work—complete—is offered you **free**.

Part 2: A 14x20 inch copy of the beautiful sea-scape, "Windstarke," the famous painting by Professor Schnars-Alquist. This wonderful sea-storm scene when framed and mounted on the wall, will prove a real art addition to your home. "Windstarke" is **also** offered you free by MoToR BoatinG.

Part 3: An introductory yearly subscription to the beautiful edition de luxe magazine, MoToR BoatinG—the National Magazine of Motor Boating—at the present low price of only \$1 a year.

MoToR
BOATING



MoToR BoatinG

The National Magazine of Motor Boating

¶ MoToR BoatinG is for everybody interested in motor boats, either as a prospective buyer or as an owner of a motor boat. No matter what information you want about motor boats—their parts or accessories—MoToR BoatinG is the most reliable source. The editorial pages of MoToR BoatinG contain everything of interest to the motor-boatman—descriptions of boats, parts and accessories—their purchase, management and care—cruising, races, and general information—all attractively illustrated with a profusion of beautiful pictures.

¶ The advertising pages of MoToR BoatinG are just as important to the reader, particularly to the prospective buyer, as its editorial pages. And who—veteran enthusiast or novice—is not a prospective buyer? These interesting pages embrace the announcements of all the standard manufacturers.

¶ Each copy of MoToR BoatinG is finely printed on richly coated paper, exquisitely illustrated—making it the real edition de luxe of all motor boat publications.

The Reason: MoToR BoatinG is now conducting one of the most extensive subscription campaigns that has probably ever been carried on by a similar publication. In order, therefore, to add 5,000

new subscriptions—entirely in addition to the maximum expected by the most exacting advertisers—MoToR BoatinG has, for a short time only, determined to make you the big three-part introductory offer above. ¶ To secure **all** these three "parts"—1, 2, and 3—the beautifully illustrated book, "From Novice to Pilot"—the big (14x20) picture masterpiece "Windstarke"—and an introductory yearly subscription to MoToR BoatinG at the present low price of only \$1—merely wrap up a dollar bill and mail it today at **our** risk—now—before this special time-limited offer is withdrawn. Address—today—

Motor Boating, Room 190,
2 Duane Street
New York City

—You

May Have

All Three

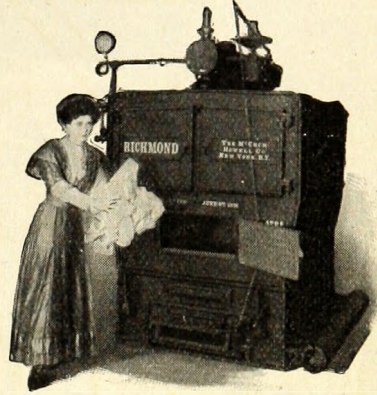
An Armful of Burning Newspapers

We have perfected a heating system so sensitive that the flames from an armful of newspapers will send a glow of warmth over every radiator in the house.

A system which insures plenty of heat *everywhere*—on the coldest day of January; and perfect comfort without overheating, on cool evenings in June.

A system so flexible, and so economical of fuel that it pays its own cost and saves its own maintenance.

And its *first* cost is *less* than that of common heating systems.



The Richmond System of heating represents the climax of inventive ingenuity. Compare the Richmond boiler, for instance, with any other boiler for producing steam or hot water.

You will find that the same fire which in common boilers heats 90 square feet of water surface, heats in the Richmond, 128 square feet, or 40 per cent more. Think of it!

"RICHMOND" Boilers — Radiators

The selection of heating system, whether it be for a home, a public building, a factory or a business block, is too important to leave to the judgment of others.

By inefficiency it may render comfort impossible; by improper design it may run the coal bill into an endless extravagance.

Find Out For Yourself

If you contemplate building, please write us for full details of the new Richmond system of heating, which saves itself on costs and pays for itself on maintenance.

Address in the West

Cameron, Schroth, Cameron Co.

Western Distributors for
Richmond Boilers and Radiators

184 Michigan Street
Chicago

"RICHMOND" Bath Tubs and Enameled Ware

If you are about to build, investigate, too, the Richmond line of enameled ware. Everything in enameled ware, from kitchen sinks

to bath tubs, which bears the name, Richmond, is the best that can be made, less expensive in the beginning and in the end.

THE McCUM-HOWELL CO. 44 E. 20th St., New York City

New Address after June 15th, Park Avenue and 41st Streets

"Diving" Flues

The flues used in common heaters deliver the burned gases and smoke to the chimney before it is half used.

While our *diving flue* forces the fire to travel over the heating surfaces until its heat giving power is exhausted.

You will find that common heaters are perched on separate bases and that the cold water enters them at the fire level.

The result is that the fire is chilled, and that for two inches around the edge of the fire box, where fire is most needed, there is nothing but dead ashes.

Adds Strength—Lessens Cost

The water line of the Richmond extends to the bottom of the ash pit. This water base level adds strength and lessens cost.

But more, it absorbs the heat of the ashes and warms the water before it reaches the fire. The result is that the Richmond boilers have no dead line of ashes or clinkers adjoining the water surfaces—but instead a hot burning line of flame.

Yet these are only a few of countless points of economy and of efficiency which are to be found only in Richmond systems.

COLORADO



Cool Colorado is the Land of real vacations

Six thousand miles of trout streams; mountain peaks which make the Alps green with envy; and air—why a few lung fulls of Colorado air are alone worth a trip across the continent.

The de Luxe Rocky Mountain Limited

—with stenographer, maid, barber and valet—makes the trip easy; actually a pleasure in itself. One night out from Chicago—two from the Atlantic Coast. Several other splendid trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham.

Can you afford not to go?

Write for our new eighty page illustrated book which tells how inexpensively you can spend a few weeks in the Rockies. Our folder "Thro' Scenic Colorado and Yellowstone Park to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition" is also free for the asking.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
16 La Salle Street Station, Chicago, Ill.

Rock Island-Frisco Lines

CRANE'S *Correct Social Stationery*



WRITING PAPER that is at once distinctive and refined; a paper that is of the shape, shade, texture and finish which good usage says is appropriate for social use—

Crane's Linen Lawn

—made in the Crane Mills at Dalton, Massachusetts, which have been producing fine writing papers for nearly a hundred years.

Its use gives your correspondence a certain social distinction not otherwise secured.

Go to your stationer and examine it. Ask particularly to see the new Parisian shades—Daybreak Pink, Willow Green and Orchid.

HIGHLAND LINEN

though not a Crane paper, has everything that perfect taste demands. It is a fabric-finished paper with a perfect writing surface. It may be had in white, blue and gray and in all the correct sizes. For the woman seeking a paper that is both dainty and stylish at a moderate price, there is nothing equal to Highland Linen.

Crane's papers and Highland Linen can be had at all stores where good stationery is sold.
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Shingled Houses

are distinctly American. Shingles are warmer (or cooler in Summer) than tiles, slate or clapboards, and more picturesque; and they admit of far more varied and artistic coloring than any other finish.

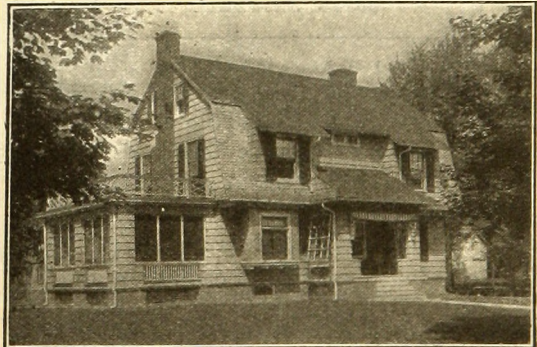
Cabot's Shingle Stains

color them in soft, beautiful and transparent tones, and thoroughly preserve them against decay or insects.

Samples on wood, and full information sent free on request.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Sole Mfrs., 139 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Agents at all Central Points.



*Stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains.
Benjamin V. White, Arch't, N. Y.*



"After all,
give me Standard Shawknit Socks"

Plain rich colors in men's socks now have the call for Spring and Summer wear. Our five new shades are neat and dressy with low cut shoes, and *when worn with tie of same color* the effect will be pleasing and quite correct according to Fashion's latest decree. Our special assortment of 6 pairs will match well with the newest colors in men's Oxfords.

This trade mark
stamped on toe

Shawknit
TRADE MARK
Look for it
when buying

Socks

Our five new colors in extra light weight silky cottons are popular with men of discriminating taste. They are warranted fast color, seamless, with reinforced heel and toe, and are made from the best selected long fiber cotton.

Style 3554F	Gun metal gray
3554H	Heliotrope
3554K	Hunter green
3554M	Reseda green
3554R	Ox blood
3554B	Snowblack

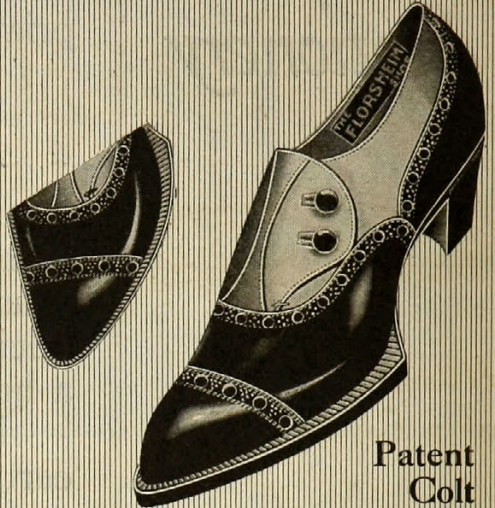
Price 25c. per pair, 6 pairs in a box of any assortment for \$1.50, delivered prepaid to any part of the United States upon receipt of price, but before ordering this way, **FIRST ASK YOUR DEALER TO SUPPLY YOU** Sizes, 9-11½ inclusive. When ordering direct, please state size desired.

Our beautifully illustrated catalog and price list will be sent free for the asking.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
Smith St., Lowell, Mass.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Shoe



Dull Top

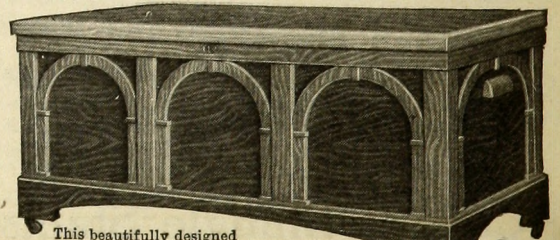
Two Button Oxford

Patent
Colt

YOU can't judge a shoe by its looks. That's why we put the name FLORSHEIM on every shoe we make. It's a guarantee of all that's best in leather, labor and style. FLORSHEIM Oxfords are made over special "Natural Shape" lasts.

Most Styles \$5.00
Write for Style Book

The FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.



This beautifully designed

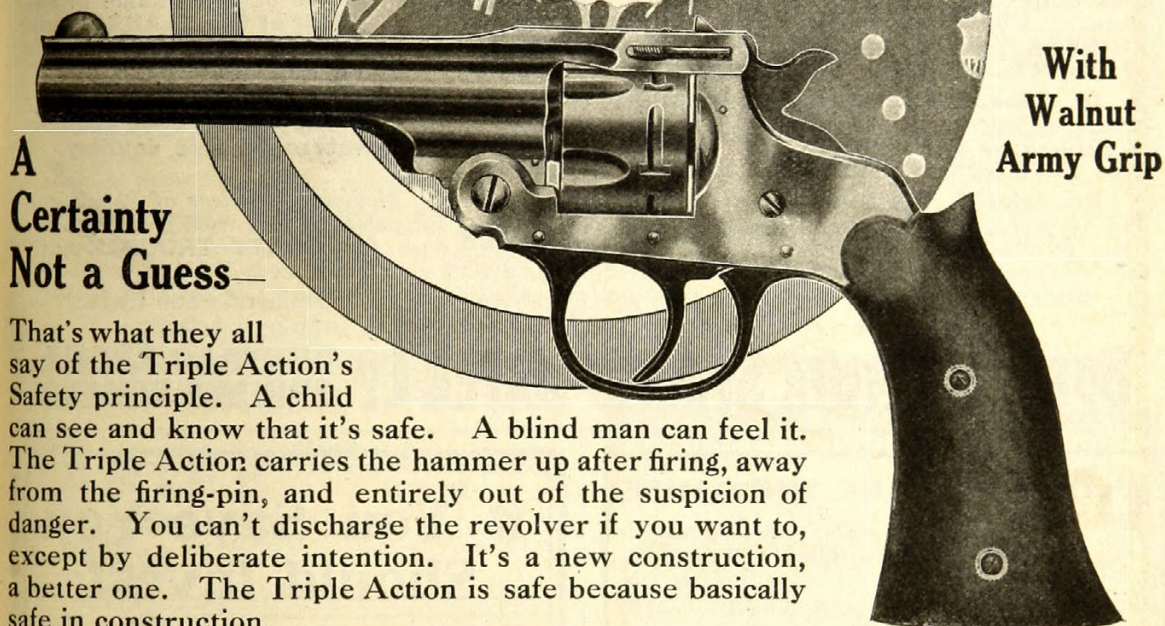
Red Cedar Chest

is a positive home necessity wherever there are valuable articles of clothing to preserve. It is moth, dust and damp proof, and obviates the expense of cold storage. It is one of many elegant designs at various prices, all shipped direct from factory for FREE examination. They are ideal wedding or birthday presents, and are just now in their greatest vogue. Massively constructed of Southern mountain grown Red Cedar, giving to the clothes a fragrant perfume, instead of the odor of moth balls.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. J, Statesville, N.C.

Free
Catalog of
Various Styles

The HOPKINS & ALLEN TRIPLE ACTION SAFETY POLICE REVOLVER



**A
Certainty
Not a Guess—**

That's what they all say of the Triple Action's Safety principle. A child can see and know that it's safe. A blind man can feel it. The Triple Action carries the hammer up after firing, away from the firing-pin, and entirely out of the suspicion of danger. You can't discharge the revolver if you want to, except by deliberate intention. It's a new construction, a better one. The Triple Action is safe because basically safe in construction.


The Walnut Army Grip gives a strong, firm hand-hold, and adds greatly to the weapon's effectiveness. 22, 32 and 38 calibre, 4 inch barrel; nickel, \$9.50; blued, \$10.00. At all good hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer doesn't sell it, don't take any other. Send us price: we will supply you direct and guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS COMPANY
12 CHESTNUT STREET, NORWICH, CONN.

**With
Walnut
Army Grip**

Four Inch barrel \$9.50
(Nickel Finish)

Write for our new 1909 Gun Guide and Catalog. It shows the most inclusive line of high grade, low price firearms made—revolvers, rifles and shotguns. Send for your copy of this TODAY. It's free.



WHEEL CHAIRS

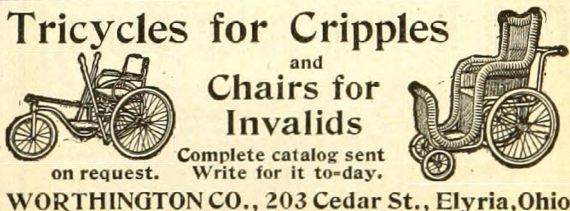
A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of these easy, self-propelling and Invalid's Rolling Chairs, with latest improvements. Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid, and sell on

THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL

Liberal Discounts to all sending for free Catalogue NOW.

GORDON MFG. CO.
406 Madison Ave. Toledo, O.

Tricycles for Cripples
and
Chairs for Invalids



Complete catalog sent on request. Write for it to-day.

WORTHINGTON CO., 203 Cedar St., Elyria, Ohio

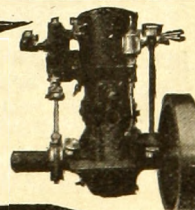
PERFECTION MARINE ENGINES

Catalog FREE

2H \$45
6H \$95
Complete

Send for details of our popular 3 to 4 h. p.—bore 3 3/8 in., stroke 3 1/2 in., weight 150 lbs. for launches up to 22 ft.—the most remarkable value ever given in a marine gasoline engine. Attractively priced. Described in detail in our new Catalog, listing 2 to 25 h. p., 1 to 4 cylinders. Be just to yourself. Get this Catalog and learn about our "Square Deal" plan—quick sales—speedy motors.

THE CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR CO., 1314 2nd Ave., Detroit, Mich.



BUFFALO

LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

**These Physicians Have Used It Personally and in Practice.
Are They Not Competent Witnesses?**

"For these Purposes it is Endorsed by the Highest Medical Authorities."

Dr. Geo. E. Walton's standard work on the *Mineral Springs of the United States and Canada* is an efficient diuretic, and proves of great value in **INFLAMMATION and IRRITATION of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS**, especially when dependent upon the **URIC ACID DIATHESIS**, as exhibited in cases of **GRAVEL and GOUT**. For these purposes it is endorsed by the highest medical authorities."

Dr. Chas. B. Nancrede, Prof. of Surgery, Medical Dept. University of Mich., and author of articles in *International Cyclopedia of Surgery*, is of the opinion that **"BUFFALO LITHIA WATER"** is one of the best alkaline waters in this country. I have used it with undoubted advantage in my own person."

Dr. John T. Metcalf, Emeritus Professor of Clinical Medicine, College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York: "I have for some years prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** for patients, and used it in my own case for **GOUTY TROUBLE** with decided beneficial results, and I regard it certainly as a very valuable remedy."

Additional testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.
Hotel at Springs Opens June 15th.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

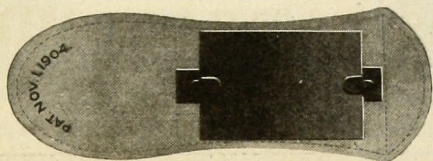
DON'T MISTAKE THE CAUSE

Lame feet, legs and knees, backache, pain resembling Rheumatism, and often permanent deformity are caused by a dropping of the bones of the instep resulting in what is known as

FLAT FOOT, BROKEN ARCH OR WEAK INSTEPS

Your feet can be restored to their normal shape and these troubles relieved by the use of the

C. & H. Arch Instep Support



A shadow view showing steel arch through leather top.

50 C.
PER
PAIR



State size of shoe.

At your dealer's, or direct from us by mail.

C. & H. ARCH SHANK CO., Dept. A-B, Brockton, Mass.

If You Save You Should Invest

The object of saving is to accumulate money.

Careful investment is the best aid to saving.

Your savings invested in well secured Public Utility Bonds will earn an income of 5%; thus increasing your savings.

Your surplus funds should earn for you as large an income as can be obtained with safety.

We offer investment bonds of merit combining safety and a liberal income yield.

Tell us your requirements.
Send for circular 19F.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS,

21 Milk Street, - - Boston, Mass.

CHICAGO. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.



CREX

GRASS CARPETS AND RUGS

TRADE MARK

Summer on the Porch

WITH the approach of Summer when Nature is clothed in all her beauty with blossoms and green grass there comes a longing for the "Out-of-Door Life" and the Porch really becomes the living room.

Hammocks are hung, rockers and settees installed, potted plants, palms and ferns give a decorative effect and on the floor are spread the very latest in porch comforts, the new, clean, sanitary

Crex Grass Rugs

CREX imparts a cool, refreshing atmosphere, even during the hot, sultry summer days and at such season one becomes fully convinced of its true value. No summer cottage, bungalow, club or home is complete without CREX.

Carpets Solid Colors — plain and striped effects—in all widths.


Rugs All sizes, in a large variety of exclusive designs and beautiful colors.

CAUTION—Avoid imitations. The genuine bears the **CREX** label.

Sold by all Up-to-Date Carpet and Department Stores. Send for free Booklet M. C., beautifully illustrated, in colors.

CREX CARPET COMPANY, 377 Broadway, New York

PUMPS WATER UPHILL

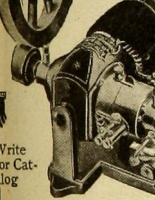


and works day and night without any attention from you. No expense for power. A

RIFE HYDRAULIC RAM

delivers water in any quantity to any point from stream, spring or pond. A 30 foot raise for every foot of fall. Best water supply service known. Plans and Estimates Free.

RIFE ENGINE CO., 2171 Trinity Bldg., NEW YORK



Start Your Gas Engine With The MOTSINGER AUTO-SPARKER

and run it without the aid of batteries. Not a cheap magneto but the original high grade speed controlled friction driven dynamo. Perfectly insulated, "water and dustproof." Fully Guaranteed. Operates the "make & break" and "jump spark." Charges all storage batteries for ignition and lighting on a small scale, perfectly with our special switch board in the circuit. Ten years actual service with over 36,000 Auto-sparkers in operation to testify to its merit.

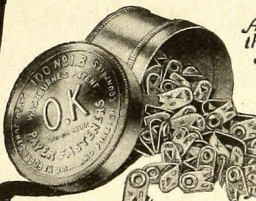
MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
20 Main St., PENDLETON, INDIANA, U.S.A.

MEDAL OF HIGHEST AWARD

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Add TONE to Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using only the Washburne Patent Adjustable

"O.K." PAPER FASTENERS



There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as Perfect Security. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger.

Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass, 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.

Handsone. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER!

All Stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co. Syracuse, N. Y.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

Established Thirty-one Years.

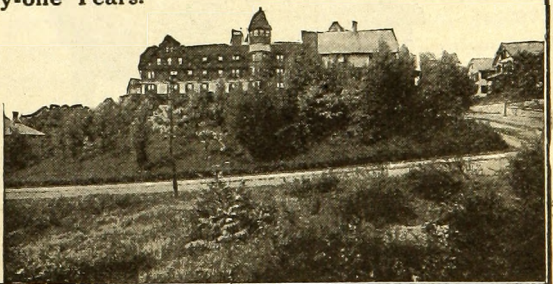
For the exclusive treatment of cancer and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths (except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs, and the thoracic cavity),

With the Escharotic Method

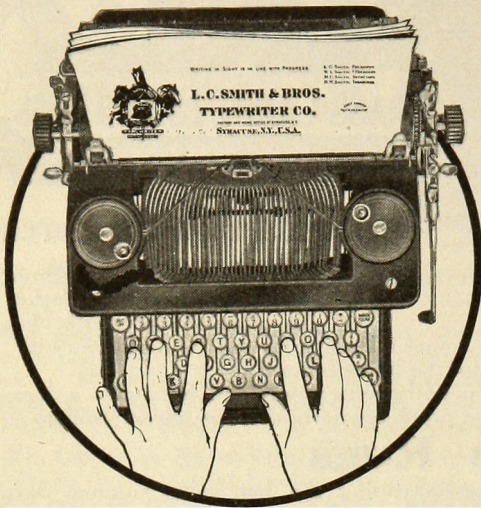
(without resorting to surgical procedure).

Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. This institution is conducted upon a strictly ethical basis. Complete information given upon request. Address,

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



We Want the Men



—and women who want the best—the keen, discriminating judges who are most particular in their requirements.

The NEW MODEL

L.C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

Ball-bearings at all frictional points—

Parts made with scientific accuracy—

Clever inbuilt devices for doing all kinds of special work (to take the place of awkward, expensive attachments)—

is made to satisfy particular people.

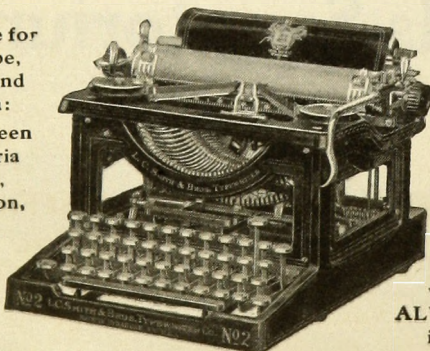
New Illustrated Book Free

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.

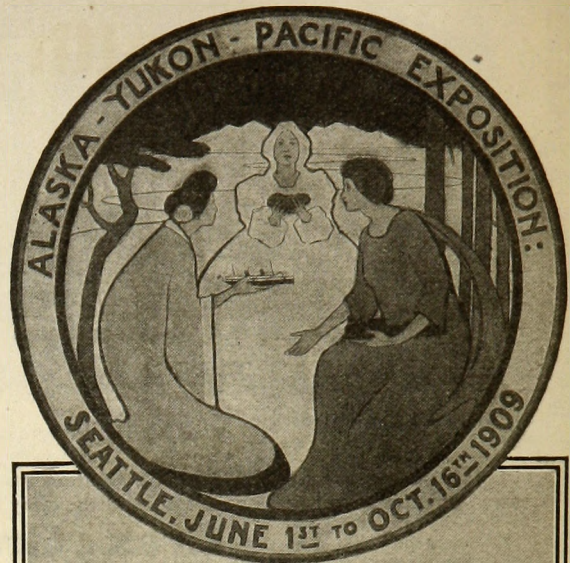
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Branches in all Large Cities.

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ALL the writing ALWAYS in sight



Low Fares to Seattle

\$62 for round-trip between Chicago and Seattle for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition via the

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

\$62 also for the round-trip between Chicago and Tacoma, Portland, Victoria or Vancouver.

Tickets on sale May 20 to September 30. Return limit October 31. Stop-overs.

Descriptive folder free.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago

AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

By S. S. Arabic, 16,000 Tons, Oct. 16, \$650 Up
30 TOURS TO EUROPE \$270 UP
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Agents Wanted If you have some spare time, we will pay you a guaranteed salary of 15c an hour, and also extra commission. More than a million people use our goods. We want men and women agents in every section to look after this business for us. Experience unnecessary. For particulars write to McLEAN, BLACK & CO., Inc., 4 Beverly Street, Boston Mass.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points.
443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 736 Old South Building, Boston; 206 Pacific Building, San Francisco; 200 Central Building, Los Angeles.

Health and Rest

are the two main objects of a country residence. The stillness which prevails away from the bustle and hum of a great city is particularly beneficial to tired nerves. City people are careful, therefore, to surround their country places with an atmosphere of quiet and restfulness. Many of our customers are people with country homes who have had their nerves sorely tried by the noisy clanging of a windmill's wheel (the source of their private water supply), until, in a spirit of desperation, they have felt compelled to remove the windmill and make trial of a

Hot-Air Pump

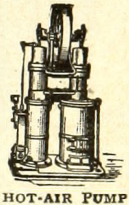
Be sure that the name **"REECO"-RIDER** or **"REECO"-ERICSSON** appears upon the pump you purchase. This name protects you against worthless imitations. When so situated that you cannot personally inspect the pump before ordering, write to our nearest office (see list below) for the name of a reputable dealer in your locality, who will sell you only the genuine pump. Over 40,000 are in use throughout the world to-day.

Write for Catalogue G, and ask for reduced price-list.

**RIDER-ERICSSON
ENGINE CO.**

35 Warren Street, New York
239 Franklin Street, Boston
40 Dearborn Street, Chicago
40 North 7th Street, Philadelphia
234 West Craig Street, Montreal, P. Q.
22 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. W.

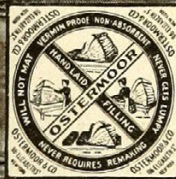
(Also builders of the new "Recco" Electric Pump.)



HOT-AIR PUMP

OSTERMOOR Mattress \$15.

To get the genuine that
is "built—not stuffed"



see that this trade mark
is sewn on the end

Don't You Find Hot Weather Sleeping

is most difficult, but most necessary? The long days of wakefulness and work require absolute rest at night. Summer heat weakens and irritates the nerves of sensation, so that the slightest uncomfortable touch or pressure of the bed produces restlessness. The Ostermoor Mattress is ideal in Summer. It is perfectly sanitary, refreshingly cool and absolutely comfortable. It rests the muscles and soothes the nerves and gives the "balmy sleep" which is "tired nature's sweet restorer."

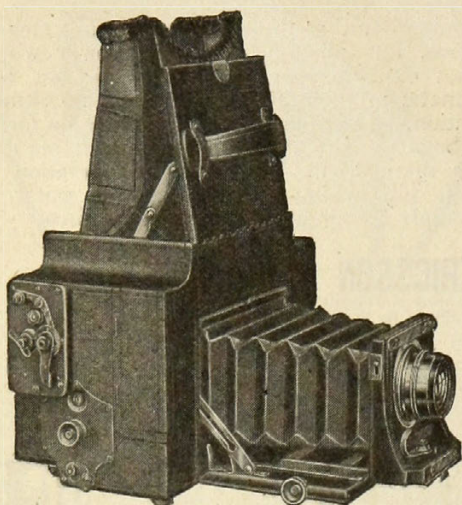
Our 144-Page Booklet, "The Test of Time" and Samples of Ticking Sent Free

With them we send the name of your Ostermoor dealer. When you buy, be sure that the name "Ostermoor" and our trade-mark label is sewed on end of mattress. Then, and then only, will you have a genuine mattress. If your dealer has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received. 30 Nights' Free Trial granted, money returned, if dissatisfied. Send for our free book, "The Test of Time."

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 112 Elizabeth St., New York
Canada: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.



GRAFLEX CAMERAS

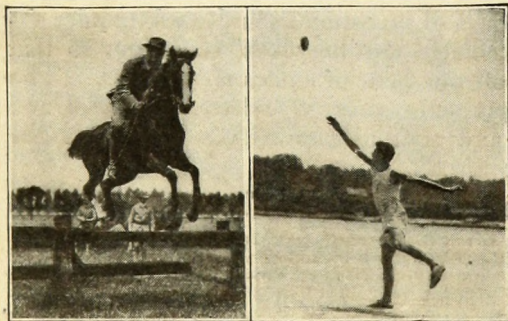


The Graflex will do all that any other camera will do, and do it better. In addition to this it will make exposures of any duration from time to 1-1000 of a second. It will make snap shots indoors or on dark days. It enables the user to see the image full size of negative, right side up, to the very instant of exposure. Focusing scale and "finder" are done away with; there is no necessity for guessing distances, no uncertainty as to what will appear on the negative.

Roll Film, Plates or Film Pack may be used with the Graflex.

Catalog free at your dealer's, or,

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Vose PIANOS

The tone, touch and magnificent wearing qualities of the vose Piano are only explained by the exclusive patented features and the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The vose is an ideal piano for the home. Over 60,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog, that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
VOSE BLDG. BOSTON, MASS.



ONOTO FOUNTAIN PEN

**FILLS ITSELF
IN FIVE SECONDS**

CANNOT LEAK
EVEN THOUGH CARRIED POINT DOWNWARD



The "ONOTO" is a perfect, simply-constructed safety fountain pen in which are eliminated all the disadvantages of the old-style fountain pens, and in which are incorporated all the salient features which modern scientific effort can put into a fountain pen. It takes you from yesterday to TODAY.

IT CANNOT LEAK

When the head of the pen is screwed securely to the barrel it is impossible for the ink in the reservoir to pass the point, thus making it absolutely leak-proof.

IT FILLS ITSELF

Farewell to the inconvenient glass-filler! To fill the ONOTO it is but necessary to pull the plunger back and push it forward—a five seconds operation.

IT REGULATES ITSELF

By the slightest twist of the regulating device, the ONOTO can be made to write finely or freely, as the owner wishes.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

There is not a part of the ONOTO Fountain Pen that we do not guarantee as to construction, workmanship and material.

There are three sizes of ONOTO Self-Filling Fountain Pens:

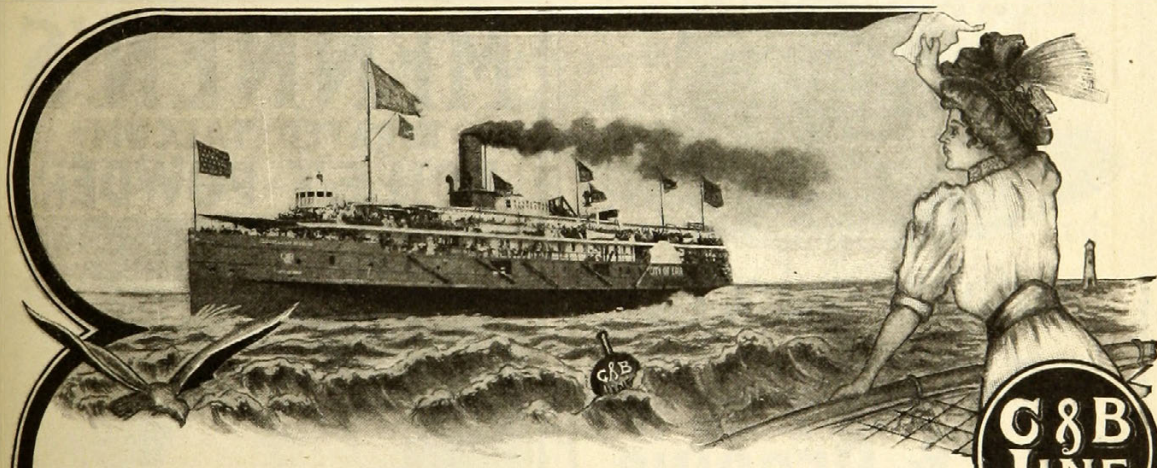
SMALL SIZE \$2.50 MEDIUM SIZE \$4.00 LARGE SIZE \$5.00

There is much more to be told about the ONOTO Safety Self-Filling Vacuum Fountain Pen.

Our handsome catalogue "Y" will be forwarded on request.

ONOTO PEN CO

261 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY



THE LAKE ROUTE Between CLEVELAND and BUFFALO FARE \$2.50

The Twin Flyers of the Lakes, "CITY OF ERIE" and "CITY OF BUFFALO."

The C. & B. Line steamers are new, fast and luxurious in their appointments, unsurpassed for comfort and convenience. The service is the finest offered on the interior waters of the United States.

Lowest rates and through tickets sold to Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac, Adirondack Mountains, Hudson River, Muskoka Lakes, St. Lawrence or Saguenay Rivers, and all points in the United States or Canada.

All rail tickets reading over the L. S. & M. S. Ry. or N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. will be accepted on this Company's Steamers without extra charge.

DAILY TIME TABLE

Leave Buffalo (Eastern Standard Time)	9:00 P. M.	Leave Cleveland (Central Standard Time)	8:00 P. M.
Arrive Cleveland (Central Standard Time)	6:30 A. M.	Arrive Buffalo (Eastern Standard Time)	7:30 A. M.
Cleveland Wharves—1290 West 11th St.		Buffalo Wharves—Cor. Ohio and Illinois Sts.	

Illustrated folder sent free. For fares and information address Department "D."

THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT COMPANY.

W. F. HERMAN, G. P. A., Cleveland, Ohio

B-C

From Now until JULY 1st—NOT LATER



THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May. These bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price before reaching the retail buyer in America.

By ordering from us **now** instead of waiting until the fall, you save from 20 to 40 per cent in cost, get a superior quality of Bulbs not to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

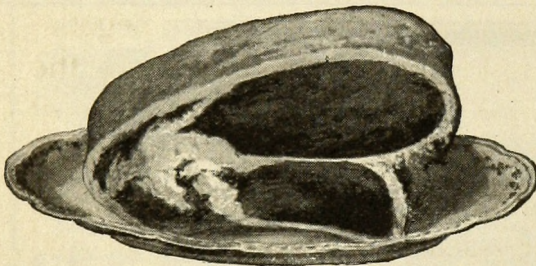
Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers in the original packages immediately upon their arrival from Holland, perfectly fresh, and in the best possible condition.

If you wish to take advantage of our very low prices, we must have your order **not later than July 1st**, as we import Bulbs to order only. They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not of a satisfactory quality. (References required from new customers.) Our import price-list, the most comprehensive catalogue of Bulbs published, is now ready, and may be had for the asking.

A FEW OF THE PRICES

	Per 100	Per 500
Fine Mixed Hyacinths	\$3 00	\$14 50
Fine Mixed Tulips	80	3 50
Extra Fine Mixed Tulips	1 00	4 50
Narcissus Poeticus	65	2 50
Double Daffodils	1 85	8 50
Narcissus Bicolor Empress	2 50	11 00
Narcissus Emperor	2 75	12 00
Narcissus Golden Spur	2 25	10 00
Narcissus, Mrs. Walter T. Ware, Splendid free-flowering	3 00	12 50
Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture	30	1 25

ELLIOTT NURSERY CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.



ROAST MEATS

hot or cold, are given just that "finishing touch" if seasoned with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It perfects the flavor of Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Veal and Salads. It gives relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents **Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn.**

For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the "**Box that Lox**," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—**Sample free.**

Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen's Chemical Co., under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. **Sample free.**

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper)

Specially prepared for the nursery.

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor—Sold only at Stores.

No Samples.

The Value

to the public of these informing announcements regarding the exercise of selection in the purchase of burial caskets and appointments rests upon great material fact.

It is this:

That before this far-reaching subject was opened to the public at large, the NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, through years of patient, progressive effort, had created the higher standards which these announcements express, and established them in practice everywhere among representative funeral directors.

The Higher Standard

represented by NATIONAL Manufacture includes every grade of casket, befitting every degree of circumstance. The superior character is as marked in the cloth covered hard-wood products as in those of massive carved mahogany or oak and those of perpetually enduring Bronze.

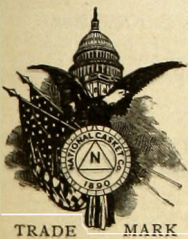
This Company has published a short historical booklet on Bronze. It touches also upon the bringing of caskets wrought of this eternal metal, formerly privileged only to a Nation's great, within reach of moderate private means. Those who wish to receive it should address the nearest of our establishments.

In the circumstances attending arrangements for funerals, the easier the way is made to assurance of highest quality, the greater the service to those most closely concerned.

No feature of the necessary negotiations could be more simple than the stipulation that the casket be of NATIONAL make. No other means will make so certain the advanced modern ideals of quality, design and character, for the highest fulfillment of the final offices.

NATIONAL CASKETS are furnished everywhere by Funeral Directors of highest principle and ability. *You should know by whom in your own locality.*

The NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY makes no sales direct, but maintains 23 show-rooms in principal cities for the convenience of Funeral Director and purchaser.



NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY

Albany; Allegheny; Baltimore; Boston; Brooklyn; Buffalo; Chicago; East Cambridge; Harlem; Hoboken; Indianapolis; Louisville; Nashville; New Haven; New York City; Oneida; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Rochester; Scranton; Syracuse; Washington; Williamsburg.

We sell only through Funeral Directors



UNFIT

UNTRAINED—UNFIT—Can't do the work when he finds it to do.
The result of neglected opportunity.

The attached coupon is *your opportunity*. Without any cost or obligation to you it will bring you information and advice that will clear the way to a good paying position *at your chosen line of work*. It will bring you the VOLUNTARY testimonials of thousands of once poorly paid men and women who to-day are earning splendid salaries due wholly to the help of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton. The number heard from in March was 335.

Never mind how far away you live—what you do or what your age—MARK the COUPON. There's an I. C. S. way that fits your case exactly. You can qualify in your *spare time*. Besides putting you to no expense and under no obligation, marking the coupon entitles you to six months' free subscription to the I. C. S. illustrated monthly, "Ambition."

International Correspondence Schools, Box 814, SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me, absolutely free, "Ambition" Magazine for six months, and also explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
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Mechanical Draftsman
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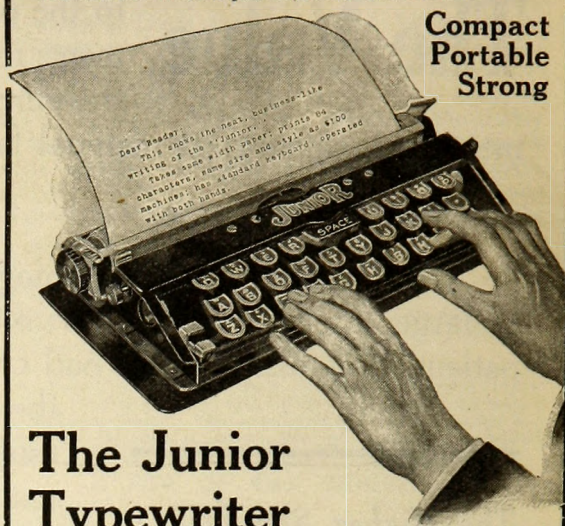
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A Typewriter for \$15

Which Does Work Equal to Best \$100 Machines

**Compact
 Portable
 Strong**



The Junior Typewriter

Costs less than the big heavy typewriters, for in it is omitted their complicated mechanisms *without losing any of the efficiency*.

The first strong, serviceable, efficient typewriter ever sold at a price within the reach of all.

Does everything an expensive typewriter can do—just as easily, quickly and neatly. So compact and light, it is easily carried about or slipped into desk drawer.

Standard Keyboard with 28 keys operated with both hands, printing 84 characters—same as \$100 machines.

Same Size and Style of Type. Writes single or double space. Takes paper 9 inches wide.

Speed 80 Words a Minute. Much faster than the average person operates any typewriter. Writing always in sight.

Built Entirely of Hardened Steel. Every part thoroughly tested. Guaranteed for one year. Could not be better made at any price.

LET US SEND YOU ONE ON APPROVAL

Send your order for a Junior today, with money order or draft for \$15, and it will be shipped you express prepaid. Money back if you do not find it everything we claim for it. If you'd like to know more about the Junior before ordering **WRITE TODAY FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET.**

JUNIOR TYPEWRITER COMPANY

831 Broadway, Dept. 62 New York City
 Representatives wanted in every locality to sell the "Junior."
 Hustlers earn big money. Write us today for particulars.

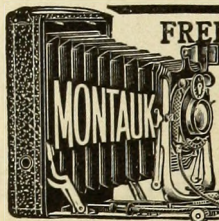
FREE BOOK ON DEVELOPERS

with every order of
ENSIGN FILMS

HAUFF DEVELOPERS
 IMPERIAL PLATES SUSSEX PAPER
 Free catalogue on request

G. GENNERT, Dept. U.

NEW YORK, 24-26 East 13th St.
 CHICAGO, 20-24 State St.



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD** or **RENTED** ANYWHERE at $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ M.P.'S PRICES, allowing **RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE.** Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Illustrated Catalogue H.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 92-94 Lake St., CHICAGO



BIG DIVIDENDS

NEXT-Winter and **EVERY**-Winter dividends so delightfully large that they really represent an investment paying from 50% to 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ % every year, are not merely summer drafts from the Bank of Dreamland. The Peck-Williamson **UNDERFEED** Heating System—applied either to Warm Air Furnaces, Steam or Hot Water Boilers—gives to those about to build, and to owners of gluttonous coal eaters and unsatisfactory heaters, the unequalled opportunity to secure cleaner, more even heat at less cost than is provided by any other system ever devised. NOW is the time to prepare for the enjoyment of the greatest possible health-promoting economy, for the

Peck-Williamson Underfeed HEATING SYSTEMS

WARM AIR Furnaces- STEAM AND HOT WATER Boilers

Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills

Cheapest slack—stuff that would smother fire in an ordinary heating plant—yields as much clean, even heat in the **UNDERFEED** as would highest priced anthracite. The difference in cost goes to you. An **UNDERFEED** heating plant adds to the renting or selling value of any house, because of

This illustration shows the Steam and Hot Water Underfeed-Boiler.



the decreased cost of heating. As all fire is on top, smoke and gases—usually wasted—are burned in the Underfeed and turned into more heat units.

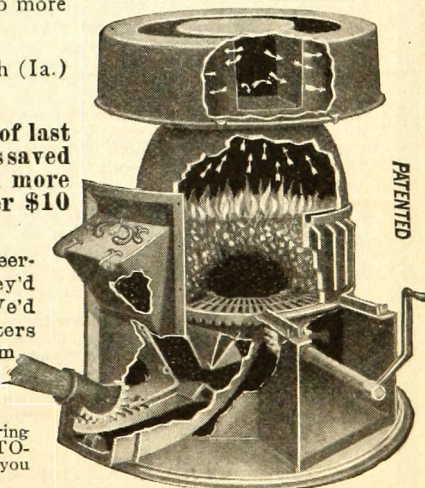
A. K. Bailey, publisher of the Decorah (Ia.) Republican, writes us:

“Compared with my hard coal bill of last year, I find that my **UNDERFEED has saved me about \$40 for the winter. With more economy, I might have saved another \$10 sure.”**

If all our testimonials which ring as cheerfully as this Iowa echo were published, they'd make a book as big as an encyclopedia. We'd like to send you a lot of fac-simile letters and our Underfeed Booklet for Warm Air Furnaces or Special Catalog for Steam and Hot Water Boilers.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—**ALL FREE**. Write **TODAY**, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.

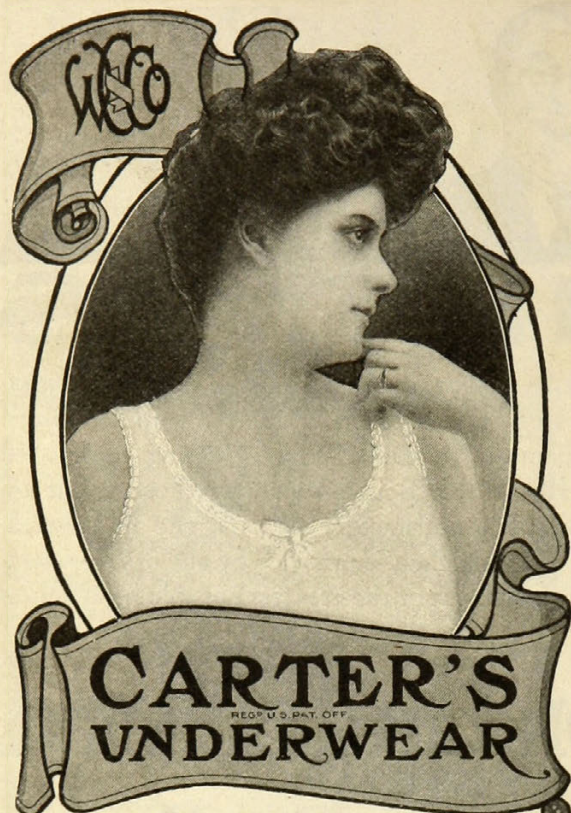


The Peck-Williamson Company,

426 West Fifth Street,

CINCINNATI, O.

We want Furnace Dealers, Hardware Men and Plumbers to write at once for our New Selling Proposition.



"Tailored to fit the form."

"I don't know why it is," said a lady customer to a saleswoman in a big store, "but I can't get a garment to fit me like Carter's, no matter how much I pay for it."

"That's easily explained," said the saleswoman, "you see, Carter's Underwear is *tailored to fit the form*. I know of no other underwear so scientifically proportioned. It's in the knitting quite as much as in the designing, too, for see how fine the fabric is."

This conversation, overheard by one of our salesmen, gives you one of the manufacturing secrets responsible for the superiority of Carter's Underwear. Now you know why Carter's is so different—why it wears so well and retains its shape so long.

The beautiful fabrics with their fine *invisible ribs* will appeal to you and so will the beautiful and *durable finish*. All our garments are made and finished in the pure air and sunshine of a Massachusetts village and not peddled from house to house to be hand finished and perhaps contaminated as some goods are. Carter's garments are bleached by an expensive process which does not rot the fabric, and in addition are finally *sterilized* and reach you ready to put on.

Try Carter's. When you see how well it fits and how long it wears you will want your husband and the children to wear Carter's too.

Made in Union Suits and two-piece suits for women and children. Union Suits for men. Also infants' shirts and bands, silk, wool, and cotton.

For sale by nearly all first-class dealers. Insist on the genuine. Send for booklet, samples, etc.

The William Carter Co.

Dept. 04

Needham Heights (Highlandville), Mass.



More than Merely "Guaranteed Hose"

EVERWEAR HOSE are made for **EXTRA EASE** as well as **EXTRA WEAR**. They retain their shape and hold their color through all their long wear and many washings.

You should remember these particular advantages, and the name **EVERWEAR**, when buying hose. For it's so easy to make a mistake in purchasing—So easy to become confused in names.

So always look for the name **EVERWEAR** on the Hose. Examine them closely—see that they have that smooth, soft texture: the neat shape and the fine finish found only in **Everwear**.

We guarantee six pairs to wear six months—and we give new hose **FREE** if they show a hole, rip or tear within that time.

Order six pairs from your dealer today. If he hasn't them, we will send them express paid to any part of the United States. Send for our free booklet—"An Everwear Yarn."

Everwear

TRADE MARK

HOSIERY

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box—Solid or Assorted Colors

SILK LISLE

Men's, \$3.00 a box.

Colors: Black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, London smoke, light and dark shades of blue, gray and green.

Ladies', \$3.00 a box.

Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

EGYPTIAN COTTON

Men's, \$1.50 a box

Light or medium weight. Colors: Black, black with white feet, blue, green and burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan.

Ladies', \$2.00 a box

Colors: Black, black with white feet, and tan.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY, Dept. 15, Milwaukee, Wis.

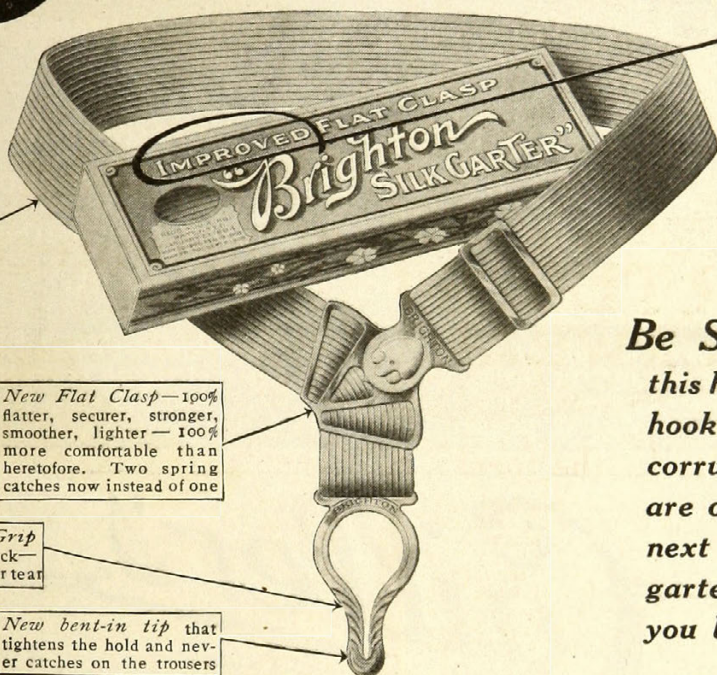
Brighton Garters

This Silk Web is the famous stretchy kind that never binds or chafes the leg—yielding or snugly holding at every motion—the same elastic that is used in the finest surgical appliances

New Flat Clasp—100% flatter, securer, stronger, smoother, lighter—100% more comfortable than heretofore. Two spring catches now instead of one

New Corrugated Grip that draws in the sock—no possibility of slip or tear

New bent-in tip that tightens the hold and never catches on the trousers



Be Sure
*this heartshaped
hook and this
corrugated grip
are on the
next pair of
garters
you buy*

These improved Brighton Garters give a sense of security to the whole dress of the leg; a trim and sleek appearance to the ankles; a smooth and firm support to the socks, without rubbing, chafing or tiring the leg. *Pure silk*, wear-resisting webs in all colors; nickeled brass rustless metal parts, rounded on edges to prevent wear or tear of socks. At your dealer's—25c a pair—or we mail them direct—our guaranty card in every box.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS

Give positive balance to the shoulders, direct and easy support to the trousers, freedom from all feeling of restraint, comfort in every motion. Exclusive artistic webs, firegilt mountings, elegant in finish. At your dealer's—50c—or we mail them direct—our guaranty band on every pair.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., PHILADELPHIA
MAKERS OF PIONEER BELTS

Eskay's Food



The mother of Ruth Chisholm found she could not stand the strain of nursing and was compelled to put baby on the bottle. Several infants' foods were tried with poor success.

ESKAY'S FOOD agreed with her from the first feeding, and Ruth continued to thrive, as her picture shows.

Hundreds of similar cases prove the strength of our claim that Eskay's Food added to fresh cow's milk is the nearest approach to mother's milk.

A generous free sample of Eskay's (10 feedings) and our helpful book "How to Care for the Baby" sent free to any mother on request. May we send yours to-day?

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.

443 Arch Street, Philadelphia



Cailler's

A Delicious Confection

GENUINE

SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

A Nutritious Food

So exquisitely smooth, rich, delicate and delicious that once you have become acquainted with it, no other chocolate will ever tempt or satisfy you again.

CAILLER'S is without a rival for richness, smoothness, palatability and nutritive properties. Made from rich, pure chocolate and cream-laden Swiss milk. Every bite is a delight.

CAILLER'S is much more than a confection—it is an ideal and most wholesome food for children and grown-ups.

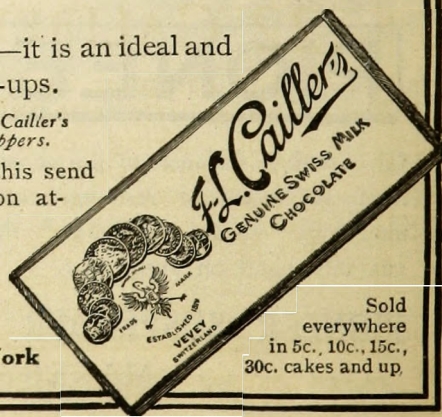
Save the tissue-paper wrappers—a ½ lb. cake of Cailler's will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of 100 wrappers.

FREE As soon as you have read this send your name and address on attached coupon for a liberal sample.

J. H. FREYMANN

Agent for U. S. A.

60 University Place, New York



Sold everywhere
in 5c., 10c., 15c.,
30c. cakes and up.

Name

Address

Kindly send me, postpaid, a free sample of CAILLER'S Genuine Swiss Milk Chocolate at the above address

CUT ON THIS LINE

COUPON NO. 107

WINCHESTER



.22 CALIBER AUTOMATIC RIFLE

For camping, canoeing, automobiling, or any outing, this novel little repeater affords more pleasure than any other gun. Being reloaded by recoil, it is only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot. It shoots clean and inexpensive cartridges, is easy to load and light to carry.

IT MAKES AN OUTING OUTFIT COMPLETE

Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—the Red W Brand—are Made for Each Other and Sold Everywhere.



Come Into the Light

There are some few foods which must be factory cooked, because every home lacks the facilities. Crackers and beans are among them.

Home-baked beans ferment and form gas, because they don't digest. Most of them fail to get half enough heat.

They are mushy and broken, while all people like beans nutty, mealy and whole. It isn't your fault; it's your lack of facilities.

We employ steam ovens, so we apply 245 degrees heat without bursting or crisping a bean.

We bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through. Thus Van Camp's don't ferment and form gas.

We bake the tomato sauce into the beans and get our delicious blend.

Beans are 84% nutriment. They contain more food than the choicest beef, yet they cost not a third as much.

They are appetizing, hearty and economical. And our beans are ready to serve.

Don't you think it worth while to serve a can of Van Camp's, and learn what they mean to you?

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

Don't judge Van Camp's by other baked beans. We pay \$2.25 per bushel to get the whitest and plumpest of Michigan beans. Some beans sell for 30 cents.

We use whole, vine-ripened tomatoes to

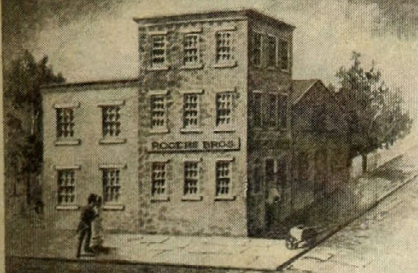
make a sauce that costs five times as much as some others.

Don't expect cheap beans, poor sauce and wrong methods to make such a dish as we make. Insist on the genuine.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

FACTORY IN 1847



IN the little factory
here pictured was
first made the
brand of silver plate
grown famous under
the name

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces that are so stamped have for more than sixty years borne a reputation for quality and beauty. This brand to-day is the heaviest grade of silver plate made.

The time-proven durability of "1847 ROGERS BROS." silver has won it the popular title "*Silver Plate that Wears.*" From the small beginning in 1847 has grown the largest silver business in the world.

Many exquisite designs—some fancy, some simple and chaste—offer wide latitude for choice.

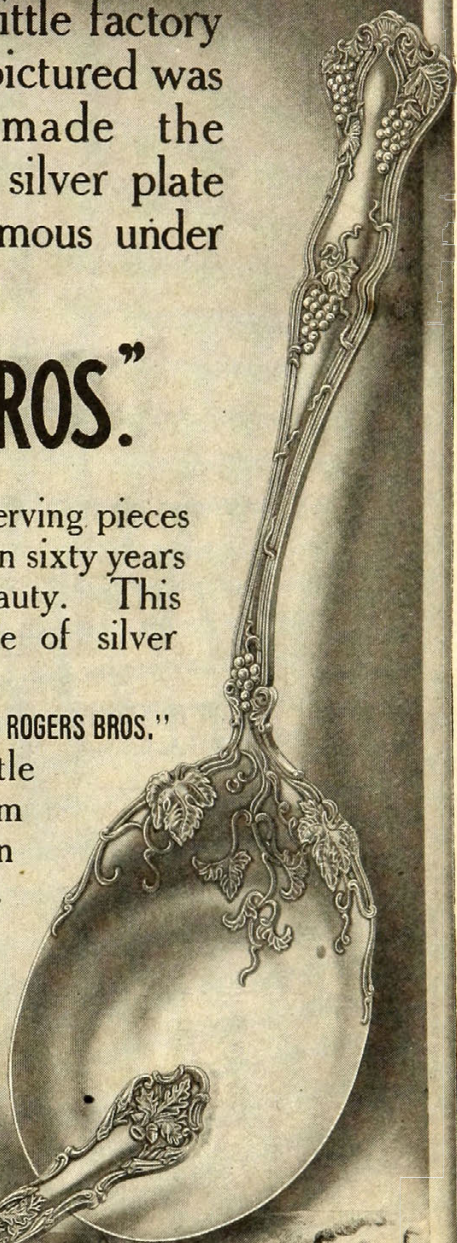
"1847 ROGERS BROS." ware is sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "F-33" showing all designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

(International Silver Co., Successor.)

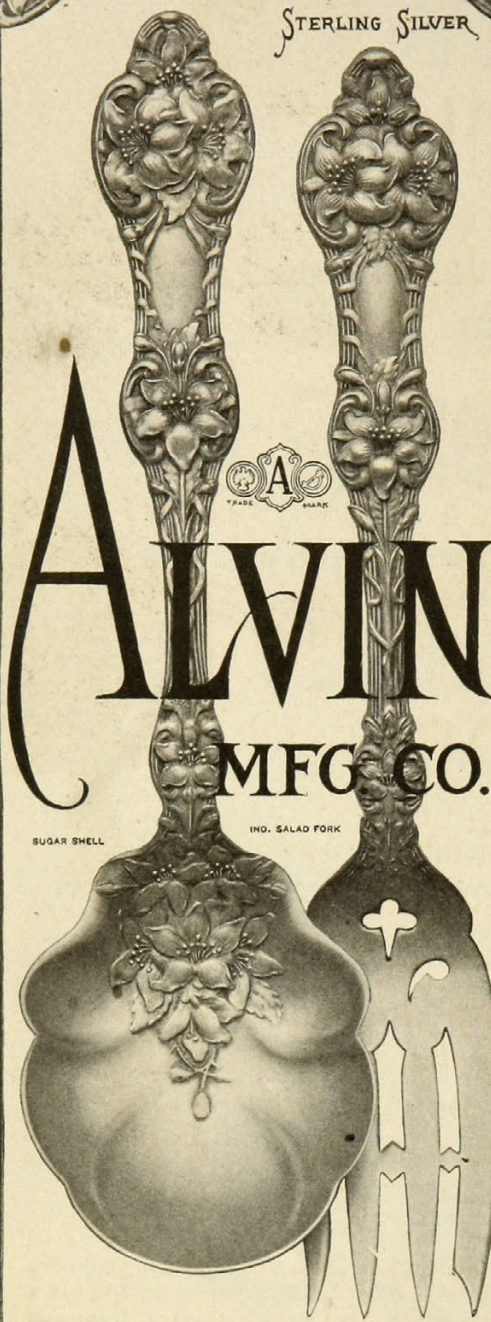
Meriden, Conn.

**New York San Francisco
Chicago**



PRESENT-DAY PLANT

ORANGE BLOSSOM
STERLING SILVER



ALVIN MFG. CO.

SUGAR SPOON IND. SALAD FORK

ORANGE BLOSSOM

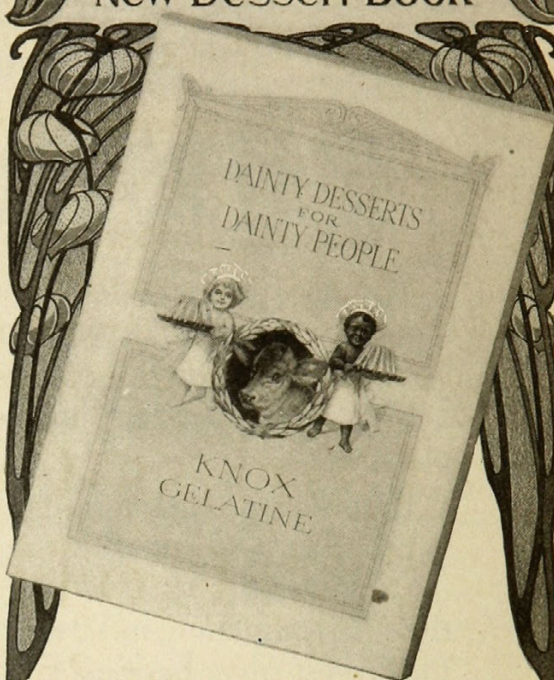
A "wedding pattern" in sterling silver, of excellent weight and the finest workmanship; a design which can never get out-of-date because of the lasting sentiment with which it is associated. Ask any high grade jeweler to show you this pattern, or send for pamphlet "C" to

ALVIN MFG. CO.
52 Maiden Lane, New York

KNOX

GELATINE

New Dessert Book



KNOWING from past experience that housekeepers are always looking for common sense suggestions for varying and improving their dessert course, I have at great expense issued a new recipe book that covers the entire question. The book has been greatly enlarged and improved, contains many new recipes and is handsomely illustrated in colors showing just how the dishes will look when made up. It is full of the daintiest and most delicious desserts imaginable, suitable for any and all occasions, at every season of the year. Also Salads in Jelly, Candies, Ice Cream, Sherbets, Hints on Serving, etc.

How to Get the Book

For the name and address of your grocer I will send the new illustrated recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," free. If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine, send me his name and 2c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint sample package, or for 15c. a two-quart package (stamps taken). A copy of the handsome painting "The First Lesson" will be sent for one empty Knox Gelatine box and 10c. in stamps. The picture is a fine work of art and an ornament to any home.

CHARLES B. KNOX
1 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

We Share the Profit With You

Your Dividend Payable Today

In refusing to come to the machine processes almost universally adopted by manufacturers of two-for-a-quarter collars, we share our profit with wearers of

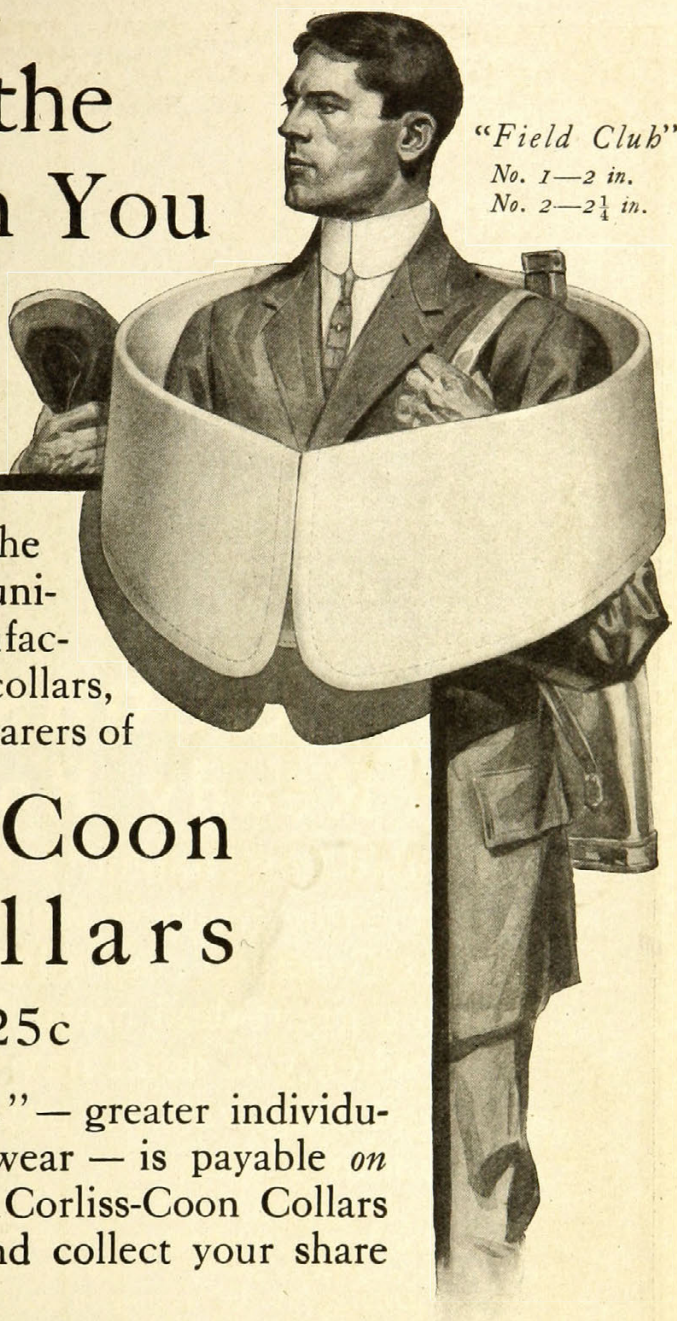
Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collars

2 for 25c

Your double "dividend"—greater individuality of style and longer wear—is payable *on demand*. Simply demand Corliss-Coon Collars each time you purchase and collect your share of the profit regularly.

"On deposit" with discriminating furnishers everywhere. If you experience any difficulty in "collecting" through your furnisher, you have recourse through our Factory. Your order with twenty-five cents mailed to Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. A, Troy, N. Y., will bring two of these extra value collars (any style or size) to your door. Our New Style Book to help you make selection will be mailed to any address on request.

"Field Club" illustrated above is an "extra dividend" collar. The accuracy required in a collar which must exactly meet in front and stay together through a hard day's wear adds to the expense of making. But you get more style than is possible in any other shape of fold collar. The required exactness is found only in the Corliss-Coon "Field Club." Two Heights. "Field Club" No. 1—2 in.; "Field Club" No. 2—2¼ in. Regular and Quarter Sizes.



Corliss, Coon & Company, Dept. A, Troy, N. Y.

A near view of asphalt in
Trinidad Lake (looking down).
The wrinkles show its pliable na-
ture. The channels are surface water.

Genasco Ready Roofing

Trinidad Lake asphalt is the backbone of Genasco. It is the greatest weather-resister known. It makes Genasco cost a little more, and makes it worth a great deal more, because it lasts.

And when you don't have leaks, damages, repairs, and renewals to pay for, you have real roof-economy.

Get Genasco—the worth-while roofing for residences everywhere, for farm buildings, factories, warehouses, etc. Look for the hemisphere trade-mark, and you'll get the roofing backed by a thirty-two-million-dollar guarantee. Mineral and smooth surface. Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book.

THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt, and largest
manufacturers of ready roofing in the world

PHILADELPHIA

New York

San Francisco

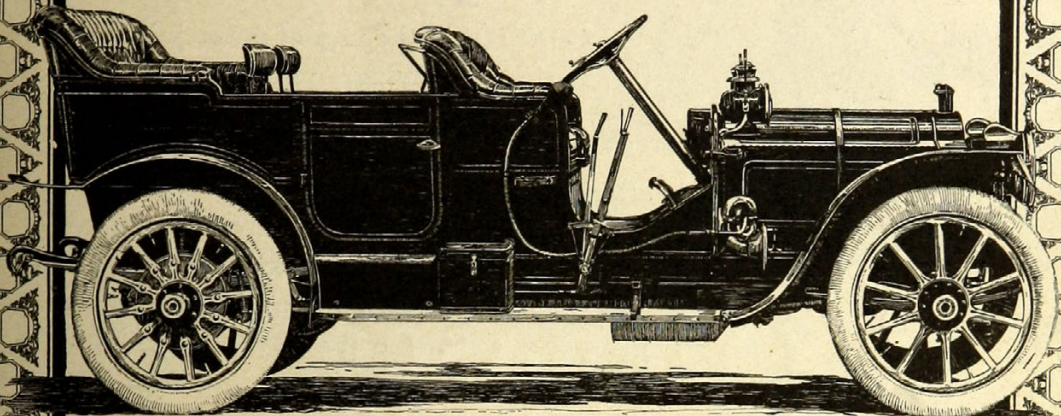
Chicago



Packard

MOTOR CARS

1910



The Packard "Thirty" Touring Car

HERE is the climax of twelve years of consistent progress in the manufacture of motor cars of the highest type.

Packard "Thirty"

Touring Car	Runabout
Limousine	Close-Coupled
Landaulet	Phaeton

Packard "Eighteen"
Town Car

Open Car	Runabout
Limousine	Landaulet

Complete information from any Packard dealer, or, write for catalog.

Packard Motor Car Company
D e t r o i t , M i c h i g a n





Welch's Grape Juice

CONSIDER the uses of grape juice.

A rich, satisfying, refreshing, non-alcoholic beverage.

A natural tonic, with none of the bad after-effects of wine.

A food drink for convalescents that nourishes and builds up the system.

A delicious refreshment to serve either plain or as a punch or to use in making dainty dishes or frozen desserts.

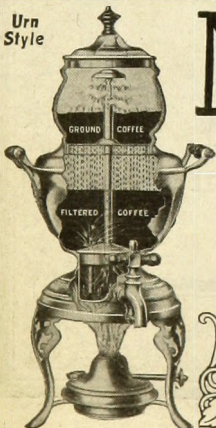
BUT REMEMBER that of grape juices there are many brands. That of these many brands there is one that has the richness and the flavor of full-ripe, fresh-picked Concord Grapes; that is made by a process which transfers the juice from the clusters to the bottles unchanged in any way and that is so pure that physicians prescribe it.

That brand is Welch's, put up in the heart of the great Chautauqua Grape Belt under ideal conditions and sold only under the Welch label.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents.

Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.

Urn
Style



Manning- Bowman "METEOR" Coffee Percolator

—For making coffee as it *should* be made—with *all* the coffee aroma, flavor and goodness and *none* of the harmful element.

The grounds *cannot* steep or boil as in the old-fashioned coffee pot—*because they are kept above the liquid*. The boiling water is *sprayed over them*, carrying off only the enjoyable part. No uncertainty—no failures—coffee always right—always appetizing—always healthful.

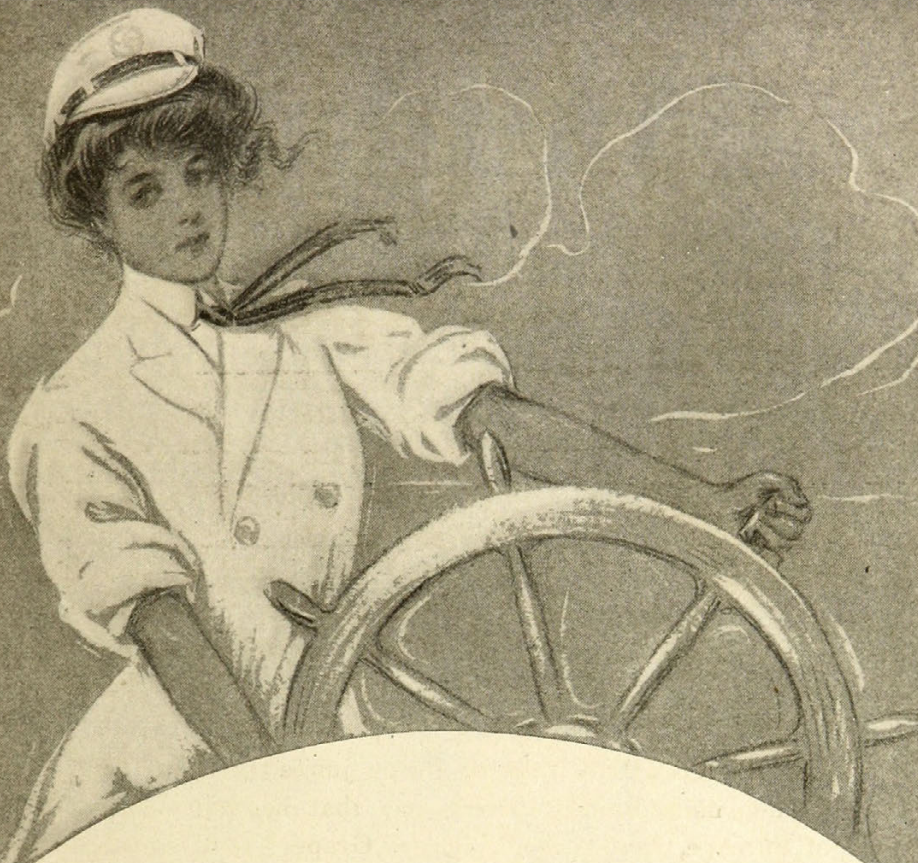
Made in Urn Style with alcohol burner for table use, and in Coffee-Pot Style for stove use. Very strong and handsome—real **MANNING-BOWMAN QUALITY**. Over 100 styles and sizes. All leading dealers. Write for booklet "F-11."

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

(Makers of Manning-Bowman Denatured Alcohol Gas Stoves and "Eclipse" Bread Mixers)

Pot
Style





Steer Clear of Dyed Soaps!

Fairy Soap doesn't sail under false colors; it doesn't have to—it has nothing to hide. Dyes and high perfumes disguise poor ingredients. Fairy Soap is made only from Edible products; if you were an Eskimo you would eat it. Fairy Soap (the floating, oval cake) is white and pure. Its price—five cents—is the only cheap thing about it.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO.



"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

"Standard"

(Trade Mark)

Baths and Lavatories

effectively assure to the bathroom in which they are installed the highest degree of sanitation, thorough working efficiency and permanent beauty.

SEND FOR OUR NEW BOOK

Our beautifully illustrated 100-page book, "Modern Bathrooms," describes in detail a series of up-to-date bathrooms and tells you just how to secure the best possible equipment at the least possible cost. When you buy new bathroom fixtures you'll need this book. Send for it now.

Enclose 6 cents postage, give us name of your architect and plumber, if selected.



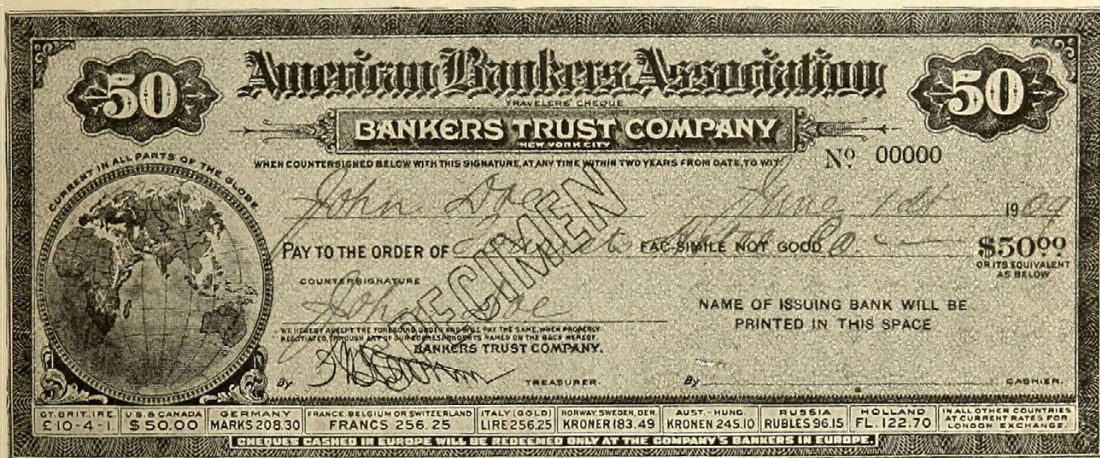
Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. E**

Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms, New York: 35-37 West 31st Street. Pittsburgh: 949 Penn Avenue. St. Louis: 100-102 North Fourth Street. Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street. Philadelphia: 1128 Walnut Street. New Orleans: Corner Baronne and St. Joseph Streets. Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E. Toronto, Canada: 59 Richmond Street, East. Montreal, Canada: 39 St. Sacrament St.

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Denominations: \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, tinted in blue, green, straw and orange respectively.

Persons traveling in places where they are unknown frequently meet with vexatious delays and embarrassment in obtaining funds for their expenditures, because ordinary forms of credit—drafts, checks, etc.,—require personal identification, which can seldom be furnished by the traveler. To carry any considerable amount of actual money is of course unsafe.

To obviate such difficulties and provide for American travelers a perfectly safe and convenient uniform money order, current at par in every land, the American Bankers' Association has established a world-wide system of Travelers' Cheques.

These Travelers' Cheques carry their own means of identification, and personal introduction is unnecessary. They are readily cashed at face

value by hotels, banks, stores, railroads and steamship companies, etc., in this country and abroad. Everybody is protected in cashing these cheques whether he knows the bank that issued them or not, because every cheque bears the acceptance of the accredited agent of the American Bankers' Association—an unquestionable guarantee of reimbursement.

Holders of these Travelers' Cheques know exactly what their funds are worth in any country—without solving problems in foreign exchange—because every cheque has engraved plainly on the face its value in domestic and foreign moneys.

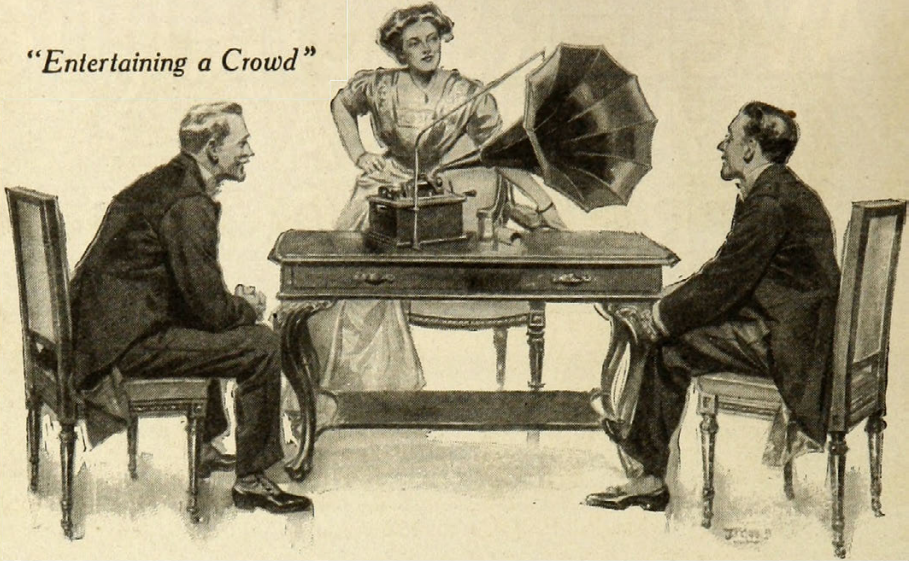
Just as valuable and convenient for travelers in the United States as for tourists in Foreign Countries

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OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY,
ACCREDITED AGENT OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

"Entertaining a Crowd"



Songs and music never before offered in Record form can now be had in Edison Amberol Records

MUCH of the world's best music has heretofore been too long for any record of any sound-reproducing instrument. If used, it had to be cut or hurried. Such music, executed as the composer intended it, is now offered in Edison Amberol Records.

Amberol Records play twice as long as standard Edison Records, and longer than any other records of any kind.

Thus Amberol Records bring to Edison Phonograph owners an exclusive and unusual list of songs and musical selections.

The new Edison Phonographs play both the standard Edison Records and the Amberols. Any Edison Phonograph (except the Gem) can be changed to play both at a small expense.

No instrument, except the Edison Phonograph, plays Amberol Records; so if you want the music that Amberols have made possible your instrument must be an Edison Phonograph.

ANY Edison dealer will play these new Amberol Records for you, and supply you with both Phonograph and Records. Any dealer will change your present Phonograph to play both standard Edison Records and Amberols. Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.



TRADE MARK

Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 20 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

EDISON RECORD TALENT



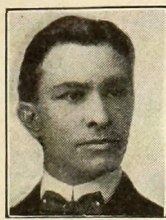
Mabel McKinley



Grace Cameron



Anthony & Harrison



Manuel Romain



Will Oakland



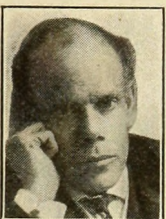
Cal Stewart



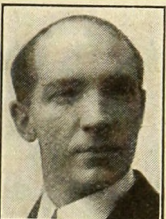
Billy Murray



Steve Porter



Marshall P. Wilder



Harry Lauder



Ada Jones



Len Spencer

**These people are among the
greatest entertainers in their lines
in the country**

YOU know them, at least by reputation. They have spent the best part of their lives in perfecting themselves for the sole purpose of entertaining others. Each is a specialist; all are among the best that the field of opera, music hall, concert, musical comedy and vaudeville has produced.

They represent a few of the artists now contributing to the monthly programs offered in the form of Edison Records. The owner of an Edison Phonograph commands the services of this array of talent; not for himself alone, but for his family and friends; not on occasions, but all of the time.

The Edison Phonograph does not specialize. Its great and ever-increasing popularity is due to the fact that its powers of entertainment are as broad as the land—offering to each what each prefers.

IF all of the artists who have contributed to the June list of Edison Records were billed to appear at a single performance, neither distance nor price would keep you away. Yet they can do no better in their various lines than they have done in making these new June Records.

There are forty Records from which to choose, twenty of them Amberols.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States—\$12.50 to \$125.00.

Standard Edison Records, 35c. Amberol Records, 50c. Grand Opera Records, 75c.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 20 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.



The New 88 Note ANGELUS

In purchasing a player-piano or exchanging your old-style piano, for the modern one which everyone can play (as you will soon find it expedient to do) it is to your best interests to secure for yourself the finest and most completely equipped instrument it is possible to have.

Month after month, through these pages, we have been advancing argument after argument in favor of the ANGELUS Player Piano. We have given you reason after reason why it is better, and why, from every practical view-point, its posses-

sion is infinitely more desirable than that of any other instrument of its kind. To these reasons, we now add still another.

The ANGELUS Player-Piano, instead of restricting the user to the incomplete 65-note range, is now built to play the full 88 notes, the entire compass of the piano keyboard.

This new and extremely important feature, gives you exactly the same playing range as that of the concert-pianist—the full 88-note range—from the lowest note in the bass, to the highest note of the treble.



PLAYER-PIANO

The new 88-note ANGELUS plays all 88-note and all 65-note music rolls. This gives the user a far more comprehensive selection of music than is available for any other player-piano.

The 88-note ANGELUS rolls have three exclusive features, which assure a musicianly rendition.

These; The *Artistyle Expression Characters*, indicating proper tempo, volume and accent so clearly that the playing of even a novice is as artistic as that of a skilled pianist; *Marginal Perforations*, which cause the *Melodant* to accent the complete melody, note for note, in clear contrast to a subdued accompaniment; and other *Marginal Perforations*, which in controlling the sustaining pedal of the piano, produce the most delightful tone-prolonging effects.

Each of these features is obtainable only in the genuine ANGELUS rolls.

The *Phrasing Lever*, the *Melodant*, the *Diaphragm Pneumatics*, *Melody Buttons*, *Artistyle Music Rolls*, and the *Duplex Spool*, are other patented and exclusive advantages of the ANGELUS.

These comprise the most complete and most invaluable playing-equipment possessed by any player-piano made today. It will, therefore, be to your ultimate satisfaction to hear and play the ANGELUS instruments yourself, before you are led into purchasing any other.

The KNABE-ANGELUS, EMERSON-ANGELUS, and the ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO in the United States. The GOURLAY-ANGELUS and ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO in Canada.

Write for our beautiful new booklet, and name of convenient dealer.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.
Regent House

Business Established in 1877.
Regent Street

MERIDEN, CONN.
London

*It's
Hawaiian*

*Picked
Ripe
Canned
Right*

American women are just finding out that they may serve on their tables
ANY DAY IN THE YEAR a tropical fruit in its fullest perfection—

Hawaiian Pineapple

Hawaii is the world's pineapple garden. The fruit grown there has a size, tenderness and flavor which cannot be duplicated elsewhere. This luscious pineapple is canned in Hawaii by the most approved sanitary methods and sent to our home tables in its full deliciousness. Send for booklet.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE GROWERS' ASSOCIATION, Tribune Building, New York



NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

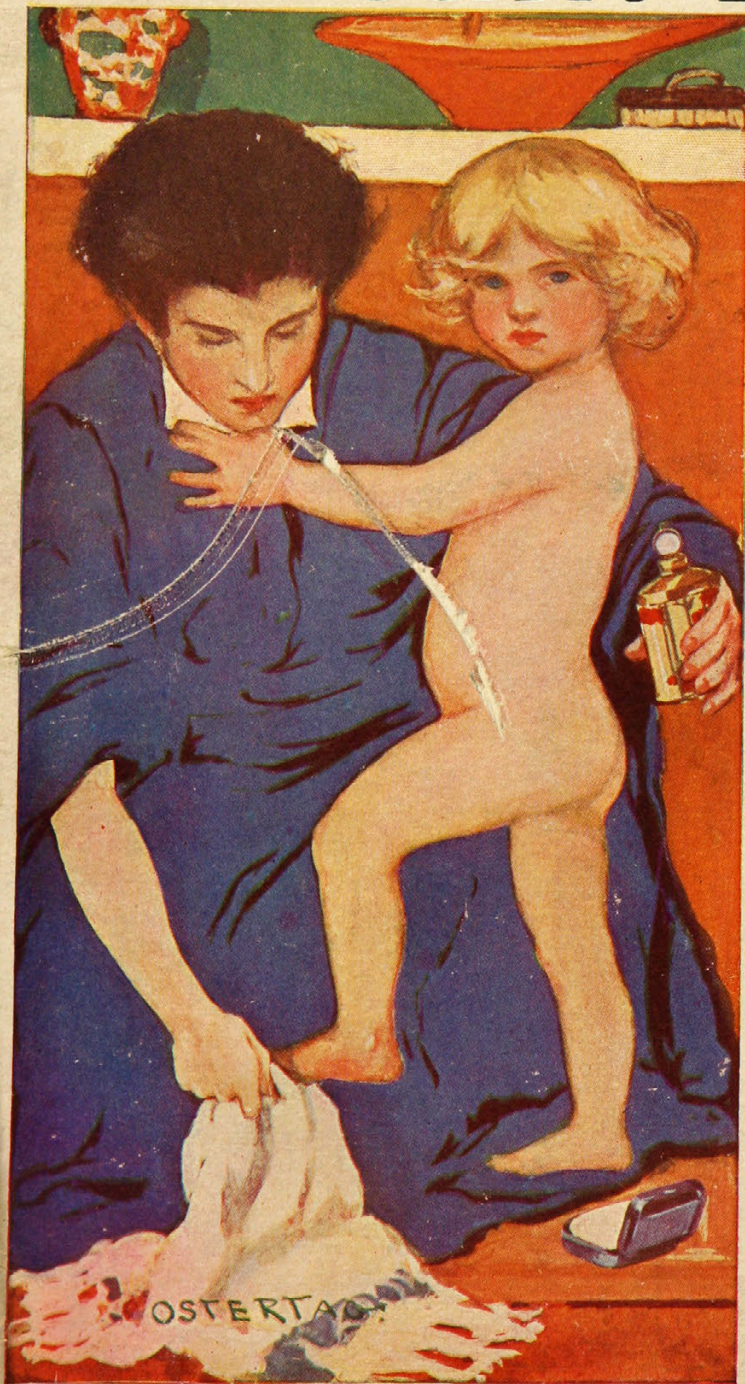
Williams' Talcum Powder

After Baby's Bath

apply Williams' Talcum Powder. Use it freely on neck, at joints and in all folds and crevices of the skin. It will prevent and alleviate chafing, prickly heat and other irritations common to infants, impart a velvety softness to the skin and prove delightfully soothing and refreshing.

Williams' is a delicately perfumed talc powder, absolutely pure and of almost impalpable fineness. The new box with hinged cover and perforated top avoids the annoyance of turning and sticking and prevents leaking of the powder and escape of the perfume.

Two odors
Violet
and
Carnation.



THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.

Makers of Williams' famous Shaving Stick, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, etc.